

EASTER NUMBER

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*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Woman is the Sunday of man.
Hope is the gardener of the heart.
Sorrow makes us very good or very bad.
The breaking of a heart leaves no traces.

Love makes time pass, and time makes love pass.

The best shelter for a girl is her mother's wing.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

Envy is the homage that inferiority pays to merit.

Love dies often from indigestion than from starvation.

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.

The thought of eternity consoles us for the shortness of life.

Men would be saints if they loved God as they love women.

Recollection is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.

It is but a step from companionship to slavery when one associates with vice.

Friendship that begins between a man and a woman will soon change its name.

Do not take women from the bedside of those who suffer; it is their post of honor.

Intelligent people make many blunders because they never believe the world is as stupid as it is.

We swallow at one mouthful the lie that is sweet and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.

How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others?

The moment past is no longer; the future may never be; the present is all of which man is the master.

How many women would laugh at the funerals of their husbands, if it were not the custom to weep.

Tea and Dorothea

By Grace Sanderson

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I T was late in the afternoon of the twenty-third of December—the day before Christmas eve—and Dorothea Moreland, coming in from a round of Christmas shopping, had found Tom Marton comfortably seated before the cheerful grate fire in the cozy little sitting-room, awaiting her return. And now, as he sat across the tea table from Dorothea, Marton was in the seventh heaven of happiness. Though, of course, no one was aware of this but Tom, himself.

When Dorothea had entered the softly lighted sitting-room a few moments before, Marton told himself that he had seldom seen a more beautiful picture, as she paused for a moment, her slender, graceful figure silhouetted against the background of rich, red drapery that framed the doorway. And now that she was near him, he could only sit and drink in her warm, dark beauty in silent delight. Not that Dorothea was not always beautiful, but somehow, this afternoon, she seemed especially so—a symphony in brown from the top of her shapely little head with its crown of rich, rippling, nut-brown hair, to the toes of her small, shapely velvet shoes. Her eyes were large, sparkling and dark—almost the same shade of brown as her hair, and her complexion was a pale, clear olive. The only note of brightness about her was the vivid scarlet of her full, pouting lips and the small cluster of holly berries pinned against the waist of her brown velvet dress.

As for Tom Marton, he was quite as much a picture in his way as was Dorothea in hers. He was a finely built, stalwart young fellow, with a healthy blond complexion, and just at the present his cheeks were richly tinted from his recent exposure to the sharp winter wind, which added considerably to his attractiveness. His eyes held a childishly innocent look—somewhat strange in a man—and when he spoke it was in a drawling, musical voice that women always loved to hear.

Dorothea held the small, silver tongs suspended above the cut glass sugar bowl and looked at Tom inquiringly. "How many lumps do you take, Tom?" she asked, with a little gleam of mischief in her dark eyes. "Three, isn't it?"

"Dorothea," said Tom, protestingly, "you've evidently got me mixed up with someone else. Make it one. Don't you think I'm sweet enough, already?"

"You are looking particularly happy this afternoon," was Dorothea's comment, as she dropped a lump of sugar in the cup and handed it to him.

"I am in your presence," said Tom, by way of explanation.

"It is comfortable in here," said Dorothea, glancing at the white paned windows with a little shiver, "the bright fire, the warmth—"

"And the tea," interposed Tom, lazily.

"Yes and the tea," Dorothea put her two little brown feet on the fender and toasted them luxuriously.

"What have you been doing, lately?" asked Dorothea, suddenly, as she carefully inspected the toe of one small shoe. "I haven't seen you for at least a week."

"Nothing in particular," said Tom, absently, as he glanced at Dorothea with a veiled expression in his dark blue eyes, "just about the same old thing."

"And just about the same old thing," said Dorothea, severely, as she bit a half moon from the side of a tiny cake—"means that you have been amusing yourself flirting with some girl and making the girl fall in love with you. You are such a flirt," she continued, rather vindictively, "that it would be impossible for you to ever fall in love."

"I have given you," returned Tom irreverently, looking at her reproachfully over the top of his teacup, "five of the best years of my young life."

"If you have ever given me more than five hours of your young life," said Dorothea, scornfully, "I don't know when it was."

"And you have never appreciated the time I have given you," added Tom, mournfully.

Dorothea laid down her cake and stared at

him with unblinking brown eyes for at least a minute.

"I think, Tom Marton," she said, with icy deliberation, "that I appreciate you just as much as it is possible for you to be appreciated."

"I don't know whether to that as a compliment or not," said Tom, somewhat doubtfully.

"Neither do I," returned Dorothea, quietly.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?" quoted Tom, looking at Dorothea with mild inquisitiveness.

"You may take your choice," replied Dorothea, in her most impersonal voice. "You know it does not make the least little difference to me."

"Compliment number two," said Tom Marton. "I really believe," he said reflectively, after a moment of silence, "that I shall end by marrying my stenographer. She is positively the only young woman of my acquaintance who under-

"stands my peculiar disposition."

"Well, I don't see how she could possibly fall in love with you," commented Dorothea, dryly, "if she does understand your peculiar disposition."

And her smile held a little trace of impish mischief in it.

"The word 'love,'" said Marton, carefully, "was not mentioned in my former assertion. And I am not quite sure," he added dreamily, "that I really understand what the word 'love' means."

"And I am quite sure," said Dorothea, reaching over to pour Tom his second cup of tea, "that you don't. It is necessary to have experienced it in order to know the true meaning of the word 'love'."

"It used to be," said Tom regretfully, "that when a man—I said a man—loved a woman well enough to bestow upon her his name—and sometimes his fortune—

"Sometimes," echoed Dorothea, softly.

"That she promised to love, honor and obey—

"But now," interrupted Dorothea, eagerly, "it is the man who promises to love, honor and obey."

"You are quite wrong there," said Marton, dryly, "the man promises to hurry, hustle and pay. That is the daily motto these days for the average American man with the average American wife. For the wife to be a suffragette means the husband is a suffragette."

Dorothea smiled her appreciation. "And you really think you will marry your stenographer?" she inquired, returning to the former subject with careless interest.

"I might."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I will have to kill her husband first," said Tom, placidly.

"Tom, what dreadful things you do say," Dorothea poked the tea grounds in the bottom of her cup thoughtfully. Then she remarked: "I'm certainly glad I'm not in love."

"Well, don't boast about it—that's when things always happen," he reminded her warningly.

"I thought I was going to fall in love, once," said Dorothea, musingly, "but I found that I was mistaken—and I'm awfully glad I was, too." she added, with conviction.

"So am I," said Tom, cheerfully, "but what was the name of this fortunate young man who doesn't realize the trouble he has escaped?"

"His name—oh—er—his name was Jack—John, I mean."

"John—that's a good old-fashioned name," replied Tom, promptly. "I suppose his other name was Smith?"

"No, it wasn't Smith."

"Possibly Brown."

"Twasn't Brown, either."

"Oh, well—I don't see the difference. What's in a name, anyhow?"

"I think," said Dorothea, glaring at him furiously, "that you are the meanest—the very meanest man I ever knew."

"Your pardon," Tom bowed humbly. "It's the truth that always hurts."

"Don't be silly," returned Dorothea, half smiling. "If you'll be good and quit talking, I'll tell you something else."

"I can't help being silly," said Tom sadly, "it's the nature of the brute. But go on and tell your story. I'll be good—pon my honor I will."

"That settles it," said Dorothea. "But you must promise first," she cautioned, "that you won't tell Evelyn Waring."

"With the greatest of pleasure. I know that you and Evelyn Waring don't like each other."

"Nonsense—Evelyn talks too much, that's all. But about the man. It was something over a year ago. He was a lovely boy—had the sweetest disposition."

"Did he have any money?" interrupted Tom, sweetly.

"No,—shortly—he didn't have any money."

"Dorothea," said Tom, shaking his head skeptically.

"And," continued Dorothea, "he was perfectly devoted to me, he called on me a good deal—sent me five pound boxes of chocolates—flowers—every day—the latest books. He certainly was good to me," said Dorothea, with a tender accent, "and I'll never forget him—even if I don't love him any more."

"I must admit that did look rather suspicious," said Tom, a trifle moodily, "but I have done those very same things myself—and you know I have."

"Yes, you have always been good to me," Dorothea setting on the table—great, glowing, dark red roses. In the drowsy warmth of the room they diffused a perfume as rich as their beautiful coloring, and brought to Dorothea the remembrance of many such cozy half hours they had spent together. She leaned over and touched the flowers caressingly. "And don't think that I don't appreciate them always, Tom—even if you are a flirt."

"But to return to our man," continued Dorothea, her attitude abruptly changing to one of delightful pensiveness, "I did not tell you that this particular man loved me."

Tom crossed his right foot over his left. "Go on," he yawned lazily, "I'm getting excited."

"Yes—he loved me," repeated Dorothea. "That is, he said he loved me."

"Oh, ho, he said he did? It seems to me that I too, have said something, sometime, somewhere, that sounded very much like that."

"On you—" her small nose tilted disdainfully. "That is merely a habit with you, as I said before, you're too much of a flirt to ever fall in love."

"Perhaps you could reform me if you tried," suggested Tom, softly.

"I think not—your case is hopeless. But, Tom, he told me the same thing so many times—that finally I began to

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crocheted (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crocheted (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. pur, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. st. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; p. k. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Crocheted Yokes

THese hand-made yokes are very pretty for children's dresses or aprons. Begin by making a chain long enough to go around the neck. Then in working the upper pattern, make the next row as follows:

2nd row.—14 d. c. with ch. 1 between each in first 14 sts., ch. 3, 15 d. c., ch. 1 between, ch. 3, repeat, finishing with 14 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—13 d. c., with ch. 1 between ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 3, ch. 3, 14 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3, repeat, finishing with 13 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—12 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 13 d. c., repeat.

5th row.—11 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3. Continue by decreasing the double crochet groups in each row until a point is reached, and between these points increase the chains of three.

Finish with two or three rows of ch. 3. Add picots to last row. Edge the neck with rows of ch. 3 and picot edge.

Pineapple Yoke

Make chain required length. 1st row.—1 d. c. in each st.

2nd row.—Shell of 6 d. c., ch. 3, skip 5 sts., repeat.

3rd row.—Shell of 6 d. c. on shell, then shell of 8 d. c. on next shell, alternate thus to end of row.

4th row.—Shell of 6 d. c. on shell of 6 d. c., 8 d. c. on 8 d. c. with ch. 3 between each, repeat.

5th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 3, 7 d. c. with ch. 1 between, repeat.

6th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 3, 6 d. c. with ch. 1 between, repeat.

7th and 8th rows the same, simply reduce groups of double crochet one to form point.

9th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 3, shell of 6 d. c. between second and third stitches of next shell, ch. 3, shell between fourth and fifth sts. of same shell, ch. 3, repeat.

10th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 3, shell on shell, ch. 3, 1 tr. c. between shells, ch. 3, shell on shell, repeat.

11th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, shell on shell, ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, shell on shell, repeat.

12th row.—Shell on shell, 1 d. c. on d. c., shell on shell, ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat to next shell.

13th row.—Shell, ch. 1, shell, 4 d. c. under each, ch. 3, repeat.

14th row.—2 shells on shells, *4 d. c. between second and third d. c., repeat from * to end of row. Last row is same as this, simply add picot of ch. 3. Finish the neck by working three rows same as the 14th. Picot last row.

MARY M. BURK.

Crocheted Rose Jabot

Another little finish which is especially pretty to wear with the dressy low neck collar of either Dutch or sailor shape is not beyond the ability of even amateur crocheters. For this rose coarse cotton is also best as it is most effective. Make a chain of 7 sts., into it 17 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in each third st., 6 d. c. under each, ch. 3, ch. 5, turn and going in opposite direction work 1 s. c. on each d. c. or 6 in all, with ch. 5, turn.

Turn and work back to starting point, making 10 tr. c. under each, ch. 5, turn and work back, making 6 chains 7 sts. each, turn and over each ch. 7 work 15 tr. c. finish; break thread and crochet 4 or 5 chains each, finished with crocheted ball stuffed with cotton. After laundering do not iron flat, but pull into shape so each petal will stand out.

Flowers made of satin and Louisine ribbon

are also at present worn a great deal. A little row of tiny rose buds, violets or forget-me-nots, backed with green satin ribbon folded to simulate leaves, are made and sewed to a large safety pin and are charming worn with a white waist or collar.

A simple rose or a bunch of ribbon violets are often seen, and when well made these silk and satin flowers are lovely.

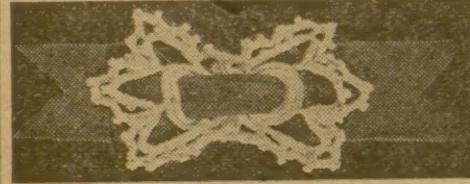
Wire, stamens, cups and also hollow artificial stems can be bought to help carry out the idea.

Crocheted Buckle

As our recent article on neckwear met with such gratifying approval, this month we give another hint or two, including directions for making the little crocheted buckles and also illustrate the popular side plaitings.

Anyone who can crochet can easily make one of these dainty little buckles, through which

velvet ribbon of any hue is run, forming a striking and very attractive finish for stock or collar.



CROCHETED BUCKLE.

Wind medium coarse crochet cotton around one's finger, 25 times to begin with. Slip off, and single crochet over this, all around until ring is well covered. Crochet around once more, putting 1 s. c. in each st., join by sl. st., ch. 20 sts., 1 s. c. in ring, repeat, making 4 chains of 20 each, and joining, dividing the ring into 4 equal parts, 7 s. c., ch. 3, 7 s. c., ch. 3, 7 s. c., ch. 3, 7 s. c. over each, ch. 20, ch. 10, 1 s. c. in third stitch after the first picot. Repeat twice, making 3 chains, 10 on each, ch. 20, 4 s. c., ch. 3, 4 s. c., ch. 3, 4 s. c. over each, ch. 10. Make another motif in the same way. Join by lapping one point over another and thread inch and a half wide velvet ribbon through the center ring of each motif. The buckle like effect is very pretty.

Pillow Top in Geometrical Design

Anyone with a small amount of ingenuity can mark out the design for this pillow with little directions. Take a half yard square of blue chambray or silk, fold it to get the center. Over the center lay a saucer and mark around with a lead-pencil. Inside this circle make one around an ink-bottle. In each corner with the saucer mark a circle that touches the larger center circle. Now lay the saucer between the corner circles so that it touches the little circle

Beginning on the 6th chain work 24 Rose treble stitches o. 25, treble o. 2. (In detail this means throw over the needle 25 times bringing up a loop through the 6th chain, thread over, draw through two loops, thread over and draw through the rest of the coil. Draw up the thread so tight that it curls the upper part of the stitch, 1 chain to fasten the coil. Repeat this detail for 24 chain; in the last chain work ten stitches, in the base of each stitch work a stitch until to the start, there are nine more stitches in with first stitch. Fasten on the next shade of blue and make 3 chain and a slipstitch between each loop. Go around twice more with 3 chain and a slipstitch in center of previous 3 chains.

Lace in Plain Crochet

Make a chain of 23 stitches. On this work four cross treble stitches with a treble between each. Begin in this way: For the first cross treble, thread over needle, bring out a loop through 4th chain from needle, thread over neede, bring up loop through next 3rd chain; there are now five loops on the needle, and are now worked off by twos as a double, this is the cross treble. Now a treble (twice over the needle) in next chain, a treble in next chain, 2 chain, a cross tr. made as the first but using the center of last tr. in place of the chain as at first. Repeat from * ending with a tr. after the cross tr.

2nd row.—Chain 2, 4 singles under the cross tr., 1 chain and 4 singles over each cross tr. under the 2 chain, end with four singles over the first cross made.

3rd row.—Ch. 6, make a cross tr. on it as in first row, use the 1 ch. between the singles for the base of tr., (a tr. in same place, a cross tr., using the next 1 ch. for the base of this cross tr.), repeat until there are four cross trs. in the row. End with 1 tr.

4th row.—Like 2nd row.

5th row.—Like 3rd row.

6th row.—Like 2nd row.

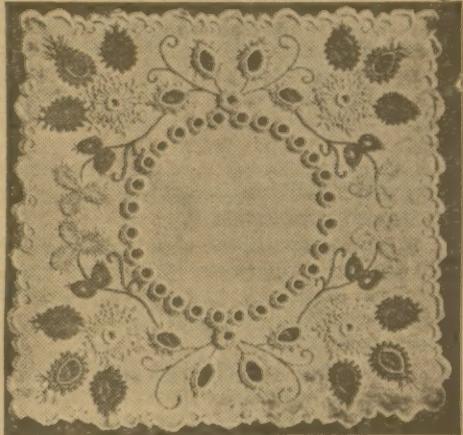
7th row.—Like 3rd row.

LACE IN PLAIN CROCHET.

needle for a picot, ch. 5, sl. st. in the fourth for a picot, ch. 5, sl. st. in the fourth for a picot, a double in the first picot, single between 2nd and 3rd rolls; 3 chain single between next rolls; 3 chain a single between next rolls. Repeat from the beginning until around. Make four of these motifs.

The round motif in the corners is made by winding five times over the forefinger with the cotton, slip off, use the cream color silk and fasten the windovers together with five chain, and fill the ring with 28 roll stitches o. 15. (Detail of roll stitch: Wind fifteen times over the crochet needle, bring up a loop through the ring, thread over the needle and draw the loop through the coil on the needle, thread over and draw through the loop on the needle.) Join on top of 5 chain.

2nd row.—Ch. 5, sl. st. in the fourth from the



CENTERPIECE DECORATED WITH CROCHET.

needle for a picot, ch. 5, sl. st. in the fourth for a picot, ch. 5, sl. st. in the fourth for a picot, a double in the first picot, single between 2nd and 3rd rolls; 3 chain single between next rolls; 3 chain a single between next rolls. Repeat from the beginning until around. Make four of these motifs.

Clover Leaf Motifs

Light pink silk, chain 18 for a stem, and 13 for the foundation of one leaf, sl. st. back over 13 sts., turn and make the leaf as follows: one single, 1 half double, 1 double, 1 r. st. o. 5, 1 over 6, 1 over 7, 1 over 8, 1 over 7, 1 over 6, 1 over 5, 1 double, 1 half double, 1 single, this fills one side; 1 chain to turn to other side, now in same order of stitches for this side of leaf. Ch. 14 for next leaf, sl. st. over 13 and make the stitches in the same order as before. Do this once more so you have three leaves, then work singles on the stem and fasten off. Make four of this kind of motif.

Back of these clover leaves are little motifs to represent leaves, these are made of pale green like the center rings and one end pinched together when it is sewed on. Eight of them are required.

The two very heavy roll stitch rings on the sides of the circle are made in white silk. First wind five times with the cotton, slip off, fill with roll stitches o. 15 but these slightly different from those described already. Wind them 15 times and bring up a loop through the ring and take it right through the coil on the needle. This will coil the roll right around the ring and bring the thread up the back part of the ring in place of by its side. It is not as easy to do as making it the other way and if it cannot be done then use a plain ring.

Outline the scrolls with pale green and make the scallop edge with heavily padded white silk.

Crocheted Napkin Ring

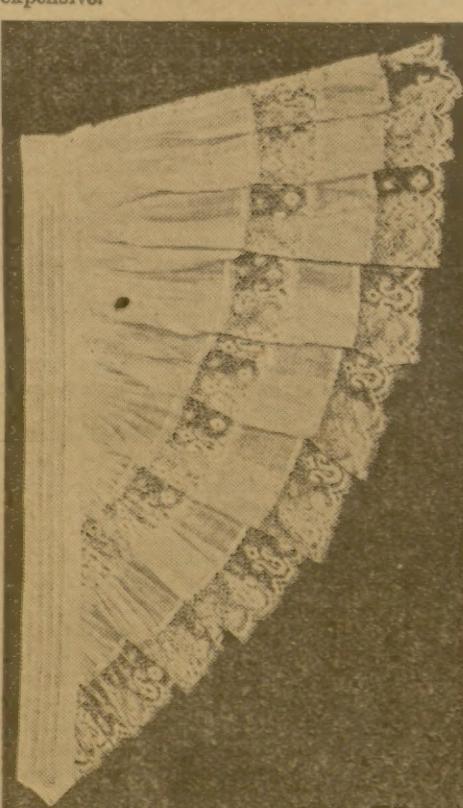
Make a chain of 14 stitches. Join to form a ring. Then, without breaking the thread, make 1 single in the ring, then 5 doubles. Repeat from * 5 times, 1 single and fasten with slip stitch.

It will take 6 of these rings for a complete napkin ring. Fasten them together by the first and fourth scallops. Run a ribbon through the rings and fasten on the under side.

These napkin rings are prettiest made of coarse silk thread.

Lace Jabot

For jabots the large side plaiting or flat rever is the latest. These are decorated elaborately with embroidery and fine lace, while netting, tatting and darned net, is also popular and expensive.



SIDE-PLAITED LACE JABOT.

Centerpiece Decorated with Crochet

One half-yard square of Momie Cloth was used for this design. Two shades of yellow silk, one of cream, one of pink and one shade light green, these should be in skeins of twisted silk which can be used to crochet, also a spool of white crochet silk as it takes rather a lot of this. To save silk, white tidy-cotton is used for the filling of the simulated mold crochet motifs.

When all the motifs are made they are sewed on with the same color of each motif, most are fastened with a buttonhole stitch with the top on the motif and making them long and short, this makes rays around the motif so treated.

The corner ones with the picot edging are sewed from the wrong side securely and only rays worked on the extreme points. The inside circle of rings is also sewed from the wrong side. They must be securely fastened as the cloth is to be cut away, and in the largest motifs spiders are worked from the wrong side of the same color as the motif.

For the rings in the circle wind tidy cotton five times over the forefinger, slip off, and fill with the white crochet silk full of singles, fasten off neatly and hide the end on the right side, and use the wrong side of the rings for the top or right side. You will need 29 of this size ring.

For the long oval-shaped rings on the sides of the centerpiece, wind the cotton five times over two fingers, slip off and fill half full of doubles in white silk; to make the points work 3 chain and work 3 doubles around the last double; now fill the remainder of the ring and before joining make a point as before and join neatly. The wrong side of these rings are also used as the right side. Make 8 of this kind.

The rings with the picots, in the corners of the centerpiece are wound the same and filled half full with doubles, then a corner made the same, and the rest filled and joined. On this work 2 singles and 3 chains all around, being careful to get the 3 chain picot on the extreme points. Make eight of these covered with the darkest yellow, and four with the lightest.

The rings with the picots, in the corners of

the centerpiece are wound the same and filled

half

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A Few Words by the Editor

PRESIDENT TAFT once remarked: "The administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to civilization." President Taft, being himself a lawyer, and having been a judge, is ever ready to defend the courts, and when he, the first magistrate of this country, finds it necessary to thus publicly impeach the administration of criminal law in the United States, then indeed must something be radically wrong. No less than eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-six people were murdered in this country in 1910. Now how many do you think of those who committed these murders were capitally punished, or in other words, put to death? Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred of our readers would, if they had to answer this question, reply that in their opinion at least one out of every four or five was hanged or electrocuted.

It will astonish, astound and horrify you to know that only one out of eighty-six of these red-handed assassins was executed. In sporting parlance if a man takes human life, the chances are eighty-six to one against his suffering the extreme penalty of the law.

You will naturally ask, how does the terrible record of 1910 compare with other years. It will grieve you to know there were nine hundred more murders in 1909 than in 1910, and fewer executions, for in 1909 one in every seventy-four murderers was put to death. These figures are vouched for by Judge De Courcy, justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. You will thus see that instead of growing less murderous and lawless, we are growing more so.

How does this gory record, horrible and revolting, compare with that of other countries? In 1896 for each million of the population in the United States, there were one hundred and eighteen murders, while in Italy amongst a passionate and quick-tempered people, there were only sixteen murders to the million; in Great Britain less than nine; in Germany less than five; in Canada with conditions very similar to ours, but where there is wholesome respect for the law and a prompt and fearless execution of its mandates, there were only thirteen murderers to each million of the population as compared to our deplorable one hundred and eighteen. Surely these figures should make us bow our heads in shame.

London has a population of seven millions, and yet in 1910 there were but nineteen cases of murder. Did any of these murderers escape the hand of the law? Indeed they did not. Great Britain does not believe in dallying with crime, or tempor-

rizing with criminals. Laws are passed to be enforced and are enforced. Exact justice is meted out to rich and poor alike. There is no theatrical display, no hysteria, no trial by newspaper, no sensationalism. The law is just public business, and it is administered without fear or favor. No obstacles are placed in the path of justice, because no obstacles would be tolerated. If a man is innocent, he is quickly released; if he is guilty of murder within two weeks after sentence, his life is snuffed out by the hangman.

It will interest you to know how London dealt with its nineteen cases of murder. Of the nineteen murderers, five committed suicide before arrest, the balance were either executed or committed to insane asylums. Contrast this record with that of New York City where in 1910 as against London's nineteen, there were one hundred and nineteen cases of homicide, and only forty-five of those cases resulted in conviction. How many of those convicted were executed? We are unable to state, but rest assured unless they were friendless and penniless foreigners, few of them went to the electric chair.

In Chicago, in 1910, there were two hundred and two murders. Only one of the assassins was hanged, fifteen others having been sent to the penitentiary and the balance set free. Thus you will see in Chicago the odds against the murderer being executed are more than two hundred to one.

Louisville, with a population of two hundred and twenty-four thousand, had, in 1910 a record of forty-seven murders (twice as many as London with a population more than thirty times greater) and of those who committed these forty-seven murders, not a single soul was hanged.

In 1909 and 1910 there were one thousand and forty-eight indictments for murder in the State of Texas alone, besides a large number of murders that got by without even an indictment.

To show to what lengths frivolous and preposterous technicalities are allowed to clog the wheels of justice, in Alabama a conviction for stealing hides was set aside, because the indictment failed to state whether they were goat, mule, cow or sheep hides. In South Carolina an indictment was dismissed because "father" was spelled "farther," and another indictment was dismissed because in the spelling of a word one letter was omitted.

We feel it our duty to place these terrifying facts before you. To keep you in the dark would be criminal. It has been claimed that capital punishment does not deter men from

murder. It certainly does not in the United States, for the simple reason that only in rare instances is it ever resorted to. If we assumed the same attitude toward assassins as does our neighbor across the border, this detestable and brutal bloodletting would quickly cease.

In Europe the professional criminal, the lawless and hot-headed are ever haunted by terrifying visions of noose or guillotine, while with us the desperado and gun-fighter has only pleasant and cheery visions of a clever and cunning lawyer, a forgetful and indulgent public, and impressionable and sympathetic jury and a lenient judge. If sentenced to death, the criminal knows that interminable appeals will give him years of life, during which time his crime will be forgotten, and the death sentence commuted by an obliging governor to imprisonment of brief duration. His cell door will ultimately swing wide and his liberty will be restored by a pardon on petition of sentimental or weak citizens.

A man in New York state offered to get a murderer free for twenty thousand dollars. He succeeded in his task, but failed to collect his money. Now he is suing the man whose pardon he secured for failing to keep his end of the bargain.

The remedy for this deplorable condition of things is plain enough: The trial of murderers within thirty or sixty days of the commission of their crimes; executions to take place within two weeks of the passing of sentence; rigid enforcement of the law; the brushing aside of legal technicalities; appeals only to be allowed when circumstances absolutely justify the reconsideration of a case, which is exceedingly rare; the arousing of a whirlwind of public sentiment that will stiffen the backbones of judges and juries, and strike terror to the hearts of the lawless and deter foolhardy governors and boards of pardon from wholesale jail deliveries of red-handed assassins, who once released will renew their wanton slaughter of law-abiding, helpless citizens.

Press and pulpit should thunder against the blood lust which now disgraces us in the eyes of the nations, and drags our fair fame in the dust before the world. All that is best amongst our citizenship revolts against conditions as they are. The lawless and brutal must not be allowed to convert our fair land into a shambles. The brand of Cain must be removed from the national brow, and the process of removal must commence immediately, for with conditions as they are not a life in the country is worth a moment's purchase.

Comfort's Editor.

EASTER SERMON

By Uncle Charlie

CHRISTIANITY has set a radiant arch of hope in the Heavens, and the keystone of that arch is the resurrection of our Lord. The festival of Easter could not have come at a more propitious or opportune time. Nature wakes from her long sleep, and casting off her winter winding sheet of snow and ice, decks hill, valley and meadow with a mantle of green, and bids the flowers again burst forth into life and loveliness, nourishes the earth with revivifying showers, and replaces tomblike silence and cheerless desolation with abundant life, and a universal chorus of rejoicing, in which bird, beast and man exultingly join.

Nature seems to anticipate the anniversary of our Lord's resurrection, and decking herself in her radiant spring garments stands by the riven tomb to greet the Son of nature's God on His resurrection.

The grain of wheat or corn, or in fact any other seed, that has lain dormant, giving no signs of life, apparently sleeping the sleep of death through the winter, when planted in the earth and acted on by the influences of spring showers and sunshine wakes to life and new growth. It is indeed one of the greatest wonders of nature, but so common and ever present that most people scarcely give it a thought.

Here we see the miracle of the resurrection repeating itself in the humblest forms of nature, in a startling and astounding manner.

Up to the time of Christ's resurrection, for centuries hopeless humanity had been marching in one unbroken column into the shadows of death. Millions and millions had descended into the dark valley of oblivion, and not a single soul had ever returned. The earth was dotted with a myriad graves, but not from one of those sepulchres had a human being ever come forth and given evidence of life. Death was ever the conqueror, and not until the resurrection of Christ was the grim tyrant vanquished and robbed of victory, and the merciless grave deprived of its sting.

The grave, once the end of all human hopes and aspirations is now a stepping stone to a higher life. In speaking of the death of a departed loved one, we do not say that he is dead, but that he sleepeth. We do not mourn our friends as lost but gone before, gone to that home of many mansions which the risen Lord has prepared for those who love Him. We bury our dead, not in fear and trembling, but with hope and confidence. The burial service opens not with the dirge of despair, but with St. John's triumphant words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever believeth in Me shall never die." And again the clarion voice of the militant Christian rings exultingly over the valley of the shadows: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day on the earth, and though worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh I shall see God; whom I shall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold and not another. Now is Christ risen from the dead,

and become the first fruits of them that sleep, for as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive."

With these comforting words to hearten and cheer us this blessed Easter-tide, let us see what we can do individually and collectively to bring about the resurrection of the true Christ spirit in every section of this mighty land. Great indeed is the

thousands. Arrogant wealth dictates to courts and legislatures and exacts tribute from the whole nation. The workers toil seven days a week without any opportunity to thank God and little reason either. With his vitality sapped by ceaseless toil the worker falls a victim to disease, is killed at his task or ends his days in the poorhouse; while his children, driven by the lash of necessity, are ground into dividends in mill and factory, or drift into crime or are swept into the vicious dens of the white slave traffic.

The very existence of the home, once the bulwark of the nation, is being threatened by an epidemic of divorce, which, if it goes on increasing at the present rate will soon result in more families being broken up by this blighting evil than are at present scattered and destroyed by death. In every avenue and walk of our national life we find insatiable greed and a mad desire to acquire riches without effort. This striving for wealth at any cost has dulled the finer sensibilities of the people, robbed them of that sense of honor and that reverent regard for truth, purity and justice that was once their pride and boast, and converted numbers of them into mere swashbucklers on the high seas of commerce, ready to hoist the pirate flag, and pillage and plunder all who cross their rapacious tracks.

Nearly half a million women are herded in dens of vice the country o'er, New York alone having a total of thirty thousand. In the great city on Manhattan Island last year a thousand girls disappeared as entirely and completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. Six thousand girls and women are yearly supplied to the white slave dens in New York City to replace a like number of their unfortunate sisters that have found their way to morgue and cemetery, for the average life of these unfortunate after they begin their career of shame and vice is less than five years.

We are horrified as we contemplate the bestial sensuality and the crime and atrocities of Rome under the Cæsars, and yet in this great land of the free, the land of Pilgrim and Puritan, the land of Lincoln and Washington, God's last effort on behalf of the human race, this mighty land of churches and Bibles, we see our girls, the joy and pride of ten thousand homes, snatched from the family fireside and hurled hellward to ruin and destruction every hour of the day. Little, alas, is done to prevent this terrible sacrifice of girlhood on the altar of lust.

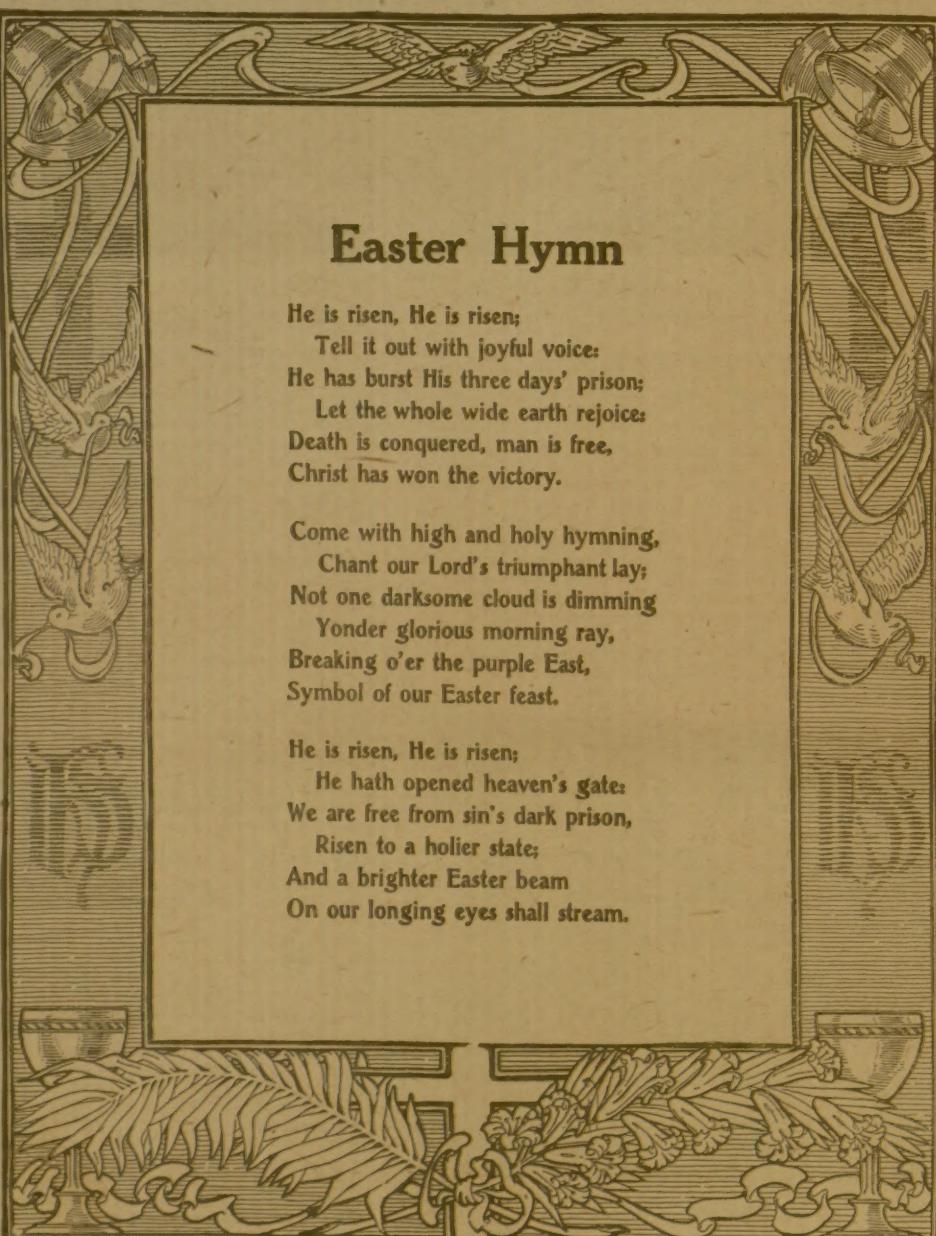
In one section of our newspapers we read of a social function conducted on a scale of such mad extravagance as would have staggered Rome in its palmiest days. On the same page we read of a boy, eight years of age, heir to twenty million dollars, living in magnificent isolation, whose slightest wish is catered to by a retinue of fifteen servants. His reign over his princely mansion is absolute.

In a parallel column we also read that in the city of New York five hundred thousand men are out of employment,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

need for this resurrection, for all that is best in the national character is now sleeping the sleep that is almost akin to death.

Crime, corruption, graft and every form of evil and wickedness exist in an appalling degree on every hand. Bloodthirsty criminals, unwhipped of justice stalk the land and slay their



Easter Hymn

He is risen, He is risen;
Tell it out with joyful voice;
He has burst His three days' prison;
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

Come with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

is

absolute.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideals, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

GOOD people frequently send us money to pay for subscriptions to be credited to COMFORT's Wheel-Chair Club and authorize us to send the paper to people who cannot afford to subscribe.

I shall be pleased to have the COMFORT sisters send us names and addresses of shut-ins or other unfortunates who would appreciate the gift of a COMFORT subscription.

For the coming month let part of your charity work consist in finding out from neighbors and friends those who are doing without COMFORT because they have not the means to subscribe.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I know I am very presumptuous to write to the Corner again so soon but if you can't print my letter please print my name and address in this column for Mrs. Goodwin whose address I lost in moving. She sent me postage for quilt blocks and I wish very much to send them to her.

Mrs. Wright. Patience can be acquired. I know by experience. I was a nervous, impatient girl. When I married I found myself in a strange atmosphere with much to vex and try me. My little ones came close together sapping my strength. I worked too many hours and slept too little. The little annoyings became worse and worse and my nerves were worn to a frazzle. I was entirely devoid of patience, although I loved my children dearly.

At last I found myself unable to endure it any longer. We moved to Dakota, way out on the prairie of ourselves. Our home was our own. Required to be patient; to conquer myself. It required constant watchfulness but I won out. Today my friends say, "How patient you are with that flock of children!" You just have to guard your tongue. When the children do something that makes you feel like scolding them, just stop and hold onto yourself for a minute. Then quietly, but firmly reprove the child and unless the child obeys punish him with calmness and determination. A few days and you will find it easy to control them and easy to control yourself. I believe you are nervous and fretful like myself. I fretted and worried until my nerves all went to pieces and now I just dare not worry.

One of the essential things for mothers to learn is to overlook a lot of childish failings and whims. Don't expect children to have the reason and fore-thought of an adult. Children are often accused of motives in their thoughtless actions of which they know nothing but which will become imbedded into their young natures if perpetually dinned into their ears. It is true, many of us fall to fully appreciate mother until she is gone, but usually mother was more to blame than the child, and after she is gone the once ungrateful child forgets the things that made him or her disrespect mother and only kindly memories linger. If I fail to hold my children's esteem I shall feel that I have failed most miserably in my duty as a mother.

Don't be stingy of caresses, pet names, praises and loving words. These will give you a stronghold on the children. Take an interest in all their doings. Let them know you are always ready to champion them. Tenderly point out their wrongs, appeal to their pride by loving words and never for a minute let them get it into their heads that someone else loves them better than you do.

Of all things a home where father and mother quarrel is the most disagreeable. The majority of men and women who quarrel are the grumpy sort who hate to have children around, can't tolerate their noise, and make the child's life miserable by perpetually telling it to sit down and be quiet; not to ask questions, etc., etc., etc. Such parents waste no time, love or much else on their children but let them know about forty times a day that they are in the way; that they were not included in their life's plans, etc.

I was intensely interested in the December letter. Since my last letter was published I have received a large number of letters from readers interested in Pastor Russell's sermons; also one letter from a Southern sister who declares Pastor Russell has just about ruined the South. I received also a lot of reading matter for which I wish to thank the senders.

Mrs. Hayes. Although I did not give much encouragement to the would-be homesteaders who wrote me while I lived in S. Dak., I want to say if your father will leave Tennessee and go to the Black Hills he will undoubtedly find relief from his asthma. The climate there is wonderfully helpful to lung trouble.

In January COMFORT I saw an inquiry regarding sick chickens for which the poultry editor had no diagnosis. I would like to suggest that perhaps the lady's chickens were suffering from what is known here as infantile paralysis. It is now thought by some that the disease is communicated from chickens to people. I certainly would hate to eat any of her dock or their eggs. While we lived in Dakota I encountered a new disease in chickens which some called malignant roup. It began usually with sore feet which sometimes lasted a long time; the feet swelled, the toes drew up and finally rotted off a joint at a time. Then the head swelled and blindness ensued. I lost many baby chicks by it and quite a few old hens. One hen we shot because red growths shut her eyes completely, and several others because their legs were rotting off. One hen I killed was so rotten the feathers fell out of her so bad I could hardly carry her away. Several of them had bald spots on them. My last young chickens I kept penned and they did not get it. The disease was quite prevalent and some called it the bumble foot or blood poison due to the cactus thorns piercing the hen's feet.

Wishing COMFORT and all its editors success and happiness. Long live COMFORT!

Mrs. J. H. DIEHL, 115 North Barclay St., Waterloo, Iowa.

Mrs. Diehl. Your talk on patience is excellent, and its teachings are to be studied and followed.

I, too, like your emphatic talk about training

children, and you are right in believing that the accuser will many a time convey to the childish mind something heretofore unknown, and of course under such circumstances the idea conveyed must be harmful, and right here is where self-control develops *patience*; it should never be mistaken for indifference, for it is concentrated strength.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
As I have been a subscriber ever since I can remember I will write to you.

Now I will describe myself. I am fifteen years old and have brown hair and eyes and weigh seventy-five pounds.

I have been in bed with rheumatism three years the third of last October. I can sit up three or four hours at a time but can't bear any weight on my feet, but I try to be cheerful and lively and not give up to my afflictions. I live in a little village, there are four stores, a post-office and a cotton gin here.

My brother and sister are both dead. I wish all the sisters would write to me as it is so much company for me to read and write.

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and the sisters.

MISS BERTHA STALLINGS, Embro, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of this dear paper for a long time and like it very much. When I got my first paper I thought I would write to the Sisters' Corner sometime, but have always put it off for fear I could not write anything interesting. But now I come asking for the sympathy of the dear sisters, especially those who have lost a little one.

Our sweet little boy died January the eighth, the day he was just six weeks old.

Maybe some of the sisters will think I did not have him long enough to miss him much, but you who have lost a little darling will know how hard it is for me.

I have a good husband and a lot to be thankful for, but right now my lot seems very hard.

I get very lonesome sometimes, because my husband goes to work early in the morning and comes home just about dark. I am here all day by myself, and if some of the sisters would write to me I would be very thankful. I am eighteen years old, have been married one year and five months; have blue eyes and brown hair and weigh one hundred and two pounds.

Mothers be kind to your little ones, you don't know how soon they may be taken from you, and it would be very hard indeed to think that you were not as loving and kind as you might have been.

Hoping to hear from the sisters, I am sincerely yours,

MRS. RUTH FARNSELY, Floyd Knobs, R. R. 3, Ind.

Mrs. Farnsely. How weak my pen when I would send to you a message of sympathy, for I feel afraid lest I but further wound your deep mother-love.

You will not seek in vain for sympathy from those who have lost little ones, for death is only first understood when he puts his hand upon one whom we love; yet we all according to our capacity do sympathize with each afflicted sister.

"Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul; we may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence, not in an exemption from suffering."—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I will again write to our dear COMFORT page and tell you all about our baby, as our dear editor has already told you of our getting one. Will give my experience thus far. She was only three weeks old when we took her, and is now eleven months, and I don't think a healthier baby could be found. She had been fed on malted milk, but I began feeding cow's milk, making it about one third water and just enough sugar to make it the same consistency of breast milk until about three months of age, when

Sisters, you who have no little ones, adopt a baby by all means. You have no idea of the joy they are in the home. It would break our hearts to give our baby up, but I don't really believe we could love our own any better. She is certainly a little sunbeam in our home. She has medium complexion, rosy cheeks, brown eyes and curly brown hair.

If any sister wishes to get a baby from the same lady, and will write me, I will send her address.

For hives there is nothing better than onion tea. It is also good for kidneys. When constipated put a little sulphur in tea.

When baby has cold rub with quinine and lard, and give olive oil and you soon have cold broken up.

Will give a few hints on turkey raising as I have been very successful the last three years, raising seventy-nine first year, eighty-five second, and fifty-seven last year, all from six hens each year. Always sit turkeys so you can have two turkey pens to go together, as they can keep hawks and crows off. Have little turkey bells on them so you can find them easy. Two pens will care for about sixty pouls. Sit your pens in a large coop and see that they roost in same every night. Elther floor it over, or move every few nights as dust is harmful to turkeys. I always turn turkeys out as soon as they can walk. Never allow them far from home for first few days. Feed several times a day. When small give fresh water every day. Dryness and cleanliness are the most essential points in turkey raising.

Never allow them in rain or dew until fully feathered. Never raise turkeys with chicken pens if you wish to have success.

I forgot to speak of baby's bottles. I use the little graduated nursing bottle and anti-colic nipple. In hot weather boil bottle every day in strong soda water; also nipple. I don't boil regularly in cold weather, but wash bottles every day in soda water and scald in clean water.

Sisters if you will wash babies' clothes every day you will find them much easier to keep nice and white.

If any of the sisters could send me a few house-plant cuttings with name and color, I would be very much pleased. As mine froze I can give none in exchange.

Long life to COMFORT,
MRS. PEARL LACKEY, Georgetown, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT AND FAMILY:

Here I come with my mite, hoping at least one hint will help someone.

Before giving my hints will describe myself and home. Am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds, blue-gray eyes and brown hair and mother of four children.

Modesto is a busy town of about six thousand inhabitants and growing rapidly. Weather never severe; summer nor winter.

Fruit raising and Alfalfa do extra well. Dairying is quite profitable. Land is high and going higher; selling from one hundred and twenty-five to one thousand dollars per acre, depending on location and improvements.

Spring will soon be here so if the sister suffering from neuralgia will gather the sticky leaves from the tip of the branches of peach and apricot trees, sew in muslin, pound, then place over the seat of pain she will find a cure, I believe. If the leaves are helping draw the pain out, it will hurt according to the pain. I mean if severe so will the remedy be, if it does not hurt then it is not helping any.

Magnesia will often correct fermentation in stomach and bowels.

Sugar and turpentine bound on a cut will draw out all soreness and poison, causing it to heal quickly.

A pint of warm whey added to the yeast dough will bring it up in a hurry, and as hurry seems to be an American disease will add another hurry item. By placing an oven used on blue flame stove on top of your range you can do a double baking.

Mrs. Beeken, Salt River Valley, Arizona, offers a very good place for those suffering from catarrh. One can make a very good living there dairying.

Mrs. Smithburger. Try drawing a deep, deep breath when children trouble you; it is wonderful how it quiets one.

Will come with more hints some day if I am not too tiresome. Yours for all that is good.

Mrs. R. GRAHAM, Modesto, Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I enter your happy circle to tell you how I enjoy COMFORT, especially the Sisters' Corner from which I get so much cheer and consolation. My heart goes out to the dear shut-ins; how I wish I could help them all.

Do any of the dear sisters know how to make aprons out of old shirts? For the benefit of those who do not know, I will explain how they are made. Take the back part of the shirt for the apron proper;

the front is used for the ruffles which extends up the sides as well as around the bottom; the sleeves are used for the band and ties, and a pocket can be added from the scrap if so desired. When finished it makes a pretty roundabout apron. This is one of the many ways I make use of my John's discarded shirts.

For the sister who asked for a pile remedy in October number I will give you this one which cures my cousin of piles and is also good for rheumatism. Place in a small muslin bag some ground nutmeg.

(It is better to grind the whole nutmeg as that bought ready prepared is weakened by standing) tie about the waist next to the skin letting the bag hang as nearly over the afflicted parts as possible.

Could any of the dear sisters suggest a remedy for ingrowing toe-nails.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson. I hope to get a number of new subscribers to your valuable paper just as soon as the weather moderates (as it is very cold here now) so that I can get out among my friends.

Hoping the Lord will bless Mrs. Wilkinson and all the dear sisters for their noble work I remain most sincerely your COMFORT friend.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am always anxiously waiting for COMFORT, and always turn to the sisters' letters first, also Uncle

Until a short time ago, scarcely one person in a thousand had ever tasted a really good soda cracker — as it came fresh and crisp from the oven.

Now every man, woman and child in these United States can know and enjoy the crisp goodness of fresh baked soda crackers without going to the baker's oven.

Uneeda Biscuit bring the bakery to you.

A food to live on. Stamina for workers. Strength for the delicate. Bone and flesh for little folks.

It will cost you just 5 cents to try Uneeda Biscuit.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Charlie's answers are read with great pleasure. He surely is doing a great work.

I have a request to make of you. About ten weeks ago I poisoned my finger with a rusty pin, and then I bruised it on the wash-boiler handle. My finger swelled as large as a child's wrist. The doctor lanced it before it was time and paralysis set in. Nobody ever will know what I suffered. I used about one hundred and seventy flax seed poultices, and several boxes of salve. It discharged for over six weeks. Now it has healed over, but my finger is stiff and the end of it is numb and pains me, and is nearly always cold.

If there is anybody in our great COMFORT family that can tell me what to do to bend my finger again I would be very grateful to them. Either write direct to me or through COMFORT.

Hoping that somebody will send in something that will give me back the use of my finger.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. D. O. HOFFMAN, Vera, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if our dear Mrs. Wilkinson will let a Cleveland sister have a little space in the sisters' column?

Mrs. Florence Cayemberg. I know how to sympathize with you if you have pain in the hands and arms, as I have had that for about ten years, although now not so bad as in former years.

Before my baby was born two years ago, the pain grew constantly worse until it became almost unbearable.

It would act just as you say, always in the night. I tried all kinds of liniments but of no avail, till a friend advised me to try bathing the hand and arm in hot water containing a tablespoonful of mustard. I also gave it a good rubbing and found it did me good.

I once called on my doctor who said he couldn't do anything for me as it was the nerves. I should wash as little as possible, and not strain the arm. I imagine working with the hands a great deal in water has a tendency to increase the pain. I think well of Mrs. Wilkinson's remedy and recommend it to all similarly afflicted.

In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and slips into his pockets fragments that he picks up with a trowel. He hastily conceals himself as Nora Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the tumble-down stable, where she cares for her pony, Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter, who inherits from a Scotch mother, strength and ambition. The Ryall land is mortgaged. Nora manages the estate, and her father complains of his narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora's eye rests on an envelope addressed in a lady's handwriting. Sir Joseph Ferrand's land joins the Ryall estate and his cousin, Elliot Graham, is the caretaker. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills with Bob, the sheep collie. She meets Elliot Graham, who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. She is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she tries for one on the opposite bank. The cast is short and she stands on the bank of the river. Pretending she is slipping in he puts his arms around her waist. Nora utters a cry and before she can turn the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Elliot Graham witnesses the scene and inquires the trouble. Nora explains that Bob resents the stranger's familiarity. Elliot introduces Miss Ryall of Ryall—he has been fishing in the Ryall water without permission and apologizes. Nora tells Elliot of Mr. Ferrand's audacity and fearing a quarrel between them prevents Elliot from following him. Elliot wishes he bore the relationship of brother.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entrapped by an adventurer, and passes a sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and they eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes about her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides across the valley.

After the river incident Elliot rides to the cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle drawn by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. Expressing a desire to see the horses Elliot leads her to the stables. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Elliot commands him to go about his business. Elliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Ferrand does not know who he is and attempts to strike Elliot. Sir Joseph appears and reminds his son he's been making a fool of himself. Selwyn Ferrand meets a man shambling along, who admits he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk, Stripyple meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will answer the one bearing the stamp of Gilliey and Roberts. At the mention of the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unnaturally white face.

Matters grew worse. Mrs. Ryall is exacting in her demands for money and is anxious to know the Ferrands. Nora, going for a walk, meets Sir Joseph. In his confusion he hastily puts something into his pocket. Elliot Graham appears and she confides in him, and because he loves her would help her. She cannot understand—he has known her so little time and powerless to resist she allows him to kiss her. Nora hurries home. Her stepmother accuses her of meeting a man in secret—and he a groom. Nora denies he is a groom and Mrs. Ryall, in her anger, slaps Nora across the face. Feeling the bitterness of the blow Nora leaves home. She overhears Sir Joseph and his lawyer talking, not dreaming they have reference to her. Meeting a boy with a bundle, she exchanges a brooch for a new suit of boy's clothes and goes to Porlash.

Mr. Ryall, returning from a fruitless search for Nora, finds Mrs. Ryall entertaining Sir Joseph, who invites them to dinner next day. It was one, such as Mrs. Ryall had never sat down to before, and after a glass of two of wine her tongue becomes unloosened; Sir Joseph is attentive and Mrs. Ryall is satisfied.

Entering Porlash Nora buys a pair of scissors and cuts her hair short. She assumes the gait of a boy and inquires for work. Not getting any she walks into the country. An old lady drives along—the pony stumbles and Nora springs to her rescue. The old lady invites Nora to ride. Getting home an old man comes out and she tells Jacob she has found a boy for him. Nora attends to the horse then brings order into a disorderly kitchen. Taking hot water to Miss Deborah she stops to admire some pictures, one of which bears a striking resemblance to Elliot Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryall return the Ferrands' hospitality by giving a picnic. Champagne flows freely and the uproar reaches Elliot Graham as he walks down the valley. Florence Bartley expresses her pleasure to Mrs. Ryall and hopes Miss Ryall will be there next time. Elliot overhears her answer and the inference of an attraction for Nora in the city. Nearly a month after Nora takes her place in Miss Deborah's household, Mr. Trunton, the Nelsworth lawyer calls; that evening she tells Jacob he must go to Lonaway. Describing the place to Nora she requests to go and the next morning sails over with Captain Marks. Reaching a small farmhouse she passes to Mr. Hodges a notice to quit. She visits the other tenant Shufley who receives the notice with the same amount of interest. Standing on a precipice she spies Captain Marks in his boat. She attempts to call to him, when she sees a second figure. She sinks to the ground, then rising flees to the farthest part of the island.

Elliot goes to London with three of Sir Joseph's horses. Meeting Mr. Stripyple he offers Elliot hospitality and in his talk praises Sir Joseph. Elliot, hearing the word Australia looks up, Stripyple catches the steady look and inquires if he were connected with a place called Wally Hollow. It was his father's place. Getting into difficulties Sir Joseph takes it with the debts and liabilities, his father signing an agreement that Sir Joseph shall hold Wally Hollow estate until liabilities are paid. Stripyple realizes that Sir Joseph has the Walla Hollow estate in his grip, that it is worth £100,000 and belongs to Elliot Graham. Elliot returns to the city, and meeting Mrs. Ryall inquires for Miss Ryall. She admits she has been staying in the same house with Nora, who leaves the day before with her friends, and her special friend—it's all settled and a very happy match. Mrs. Ryall requests he does not mention meeting her, especially to Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph, seeing Mr. Ryall drive away calls on business. He wants a deed to a piece of land adjoining his estate. He is willing to give a thousand pounds and Nora's signature is necessary. He proposes to Mrs. Ryall that they manage the affair and gives her one hundred pounds to go to London for Miss Ryall's signature, she signing as a witness. Elliot deciding to go back to Australia is sent to Lonaway Island by Mr. Trunton, who wants someone to survey it.

CHAPTER XVII.

ELIOU GRAHAM took a great liking to Cyril. The lad amused and interested him; and also puzzled him; for Cyril was a strange mixture of boyish impudence and audacity, and of a reserve and aloofness far beyond his years.

One day they strolled towards the cliffs, where Nora had located a particularly fine nest of one of the rarer sea-birds. "Here we are," she said, "this is the place. Lie down and look just below." Elliot obeyed, and, extended to his full length,

By Charles Garvice

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peered over the edge of the cliff. "There's a shrub that looks as if it would hold. I can steady myself by that just long enough to get one of the eggs—to take them all would be cruel. Just give me a hand, will you, till I find my footing."

Elliot, looking down into the great depths below, where the waves were beating inullen rage against the rocks, shuddered, and rose to his feet.

"You won't do anything of the kind," he said; "you'd slip and break your silly young neck. What do you want the eggs for? Anyhow you aren't going—it's too risky."

"Very well," said Nora, throwing herself down on the grass. They gazed out at the sea in silence for a minute or two; then suddenly Nora said:

"I hear Margery calling after one of the cattle—you'd better go and help her."

He rose at once, and went down. But there was no Margery in sight, and he returned, to find Nora clutching at the shrub with one hand, and feeling in the nest with the other. Elliot's heart grew sick, then fear gave place to anger.

"Come up, come up at once!" he said, sternly.

"All right, wait till I get the egg," called up Nora.

Elliot swore under his breath; fear and anger combined were making him lose his head.

"You come up!" he commanded her. "Leave the eggs where they are, and come up at once, or I'll fetch you."

Nora finished her task with deliberation, then came up, laughing. Elliot leaned over as far as he could, and lugged her up the last few feet; then he clutched her by the collar, and said, in as fierce an outburst of anger as he had ever been guilty of.

"I'll teach you to play tricks on me, young man. I'm going to give you a good hiding."

Nora tried to struggle out of his grasp, then she clung to him and sobbed out, piteously:

"Don't—don't beat me. No, no, don't beat me! Oh, don't, don't!"

Elliot had raised his open hand, but the lad's piteous terror softened him.

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the cliff, a couple of footmarks which she knew must be Elliot's. She saw the footmarks descending the slope, then they disappeared. At that moment she suffered as Elliot had suffered the day he had watched her balanced on the ledge. With eyes half blind with terror, she peered into the depths below.

A sea mist hung above the beach, and she could distinguish nothing. Presently a puff of wind came, the mist rose and dispersed, for a moment or two only, but long enough for her to see a form stretched out on a strip of sand between two boulders.

It was Elliot.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Ryall enjoyed her time in London exceedingly. She came home with an elaborate story prepared to tell to her husband—of having met Nora in London, and obtaining her signature to the paper for Sir Joseph. The latter part, of course, would not be needed until Sir Joseph took over possession of the land. When she arrived home, Martha met her in the doorway.

"The master is ill, mom."

"Oh, is he? Nothing much, I suppose. Bring me a bottle of soda water to my room, and look sharp about it."

As she went through the hall she opened the library door and looked in. Ryall was sitting in the low armchair with his hands gripping the arms; his chin was sunk on his breast, and he looked as if he were asleep.

"Here, wake up, do!" she said, impatiently.

"I have just come back from London; and this is a nice way to welcome your wife, I don't think."

He raised his head and looked at her vacantly.

"You've got back, Amelia?"

"Yes, and I've had a rattling good time! You look a bit off color, Reginald. What's the matter with you?"

He was watching her with a curious intentness, suddenly he said:

Sir Joseph pressed her hand sympathetically. "We must hope for the best, my dear lady. I trust it is not so bad as the doctor fears. You must try to bear up, and look on the bright side. I will not intrude upon you any longer—you will count upon us for anything we can do?"

He moved to the door; then, with his hand upon it, said softly:

"I hope you had a pleasant time in London?"

She colored and dropped her eyes.

"Oh, yes," she said in a low voice. "And—er—that little matter—"

She went to the bureau, took out the deed, and held it out to him.

"Nora, my stepdaughter, has signed. She has gone abroad to be married."

He lifted his thick lids and shot a swift glance at her; then he put the deed in his pocket, and murmured, "Thank you, thank you very much. I am glad we have settled the business. You will be sure to send to the Hall for anything you may want? Good night, my dear Mrs. Ryall."

CHAPTER XIX.

When Nora saw that it was Elliot lying there, apparently dead, her heart gave one great leap, then seemed to cease beating. But "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and it crept back to her chilled heart. It would be impossible for her to make her way round to the beach and reach him before the tide rose and covered the spot where he lay. And yet he must be reached, and carried beyond high water mark.

There was not a moment to be lost. It was the Long Cliff, where the Great Skua had built its nest—the descent which she had before abandoned as impossible—it had to be made now. She ran to the quarry, and, after much trouble, succeeded in finding a coil of rope. She took with her also a short crowbar and a mallet.

Panting under her burden, she reached the edge of the cliff. Rapidly letting the rope down, she tried it, and began to descend. She found the descent extremely difficult, but her excitement inspired her, and she scarcely felt the chafing of her hands and the terrible strain upon her arms.

Presently she saw something which filled her with despair—she had nearly reached the end of her rope! There was nothing for it but to drop. She fell on loose sand, and with such force that she was half buried in it. For a while she lay incapable of movement, then she dragged herself towards the prone figure. With a terrible dread she felt for his heart; and she uttered a low cry of joy as she felt it beating feebly.

With a low cry of joy she sank beside him, took his head on her lap, and called to him in tones which might well have wakened him from the sleep of death. He stirred, gazed at her for a moment, then spoke:

"Nora!"

For a moment she did not realize that he had addressed her by her real name; then she shrank back, and the blood surged hotly over her whole body.

"No; it's you, Cyril," he said, as if disappointed. "What are you doing here?"

He raised himself on his elbow, and looked round. He saw the sea close beside them, looked up at the cliff, and remembered.

"Yes, I slipped and fell—I must have come an awful cropper. Have I broken any bones?"

"I—I don't know," she said in a low voice. "Can you stand?"

He rose with difficulty, then sank down again with a sigh of relief.

"I appear to be all right, luckily for me. Where is the boat? How did you know I was here?"

"There is no boat," said Nora.

"What? Then how on earth did you get here?"

"Don't talk," she admonished him. "You ought to rest—lie quiet, at any rate."

He looked upwards, and saw the end of the rope sway in the wind. He strode to her, and, gripping her by the shoulder, pointing upwards.

"Do you mean to say—do you mean to say—" he said, thickly, "that you came down that cliff by that rope, and dropped—and dropped when you came to the end of it?"

She was silent.

"My God!" he said at last. "Why—why, it was almost certain death! And you risked it for me!"

He sank down beside her, his hand closed over hers, he looked at the sea, up at the cliff, and then at her face.

"Cyril! A boy who has done what you have done doesn't want any thanks; it's the finest thing I've ever heard of! And I called you a coward, didn't I?"

He rose and drew her to him, lavishing the boundless wealth of his gratitude and affection in his embrace. She yielded—for a moment or two his warm cheek pressed against her face—then suddenly she struggled out of his arms, put her open palms against him, and held him off.

"I'm—I'm all right," she panted. "Go away—and let me lie down and rest for a bit. I shall be all right then."

She threw herself down, and he covered her with his coat; then he walked away to some little distance, and gazed out to the sea. The wonder of the courage still held him like a spell.

As for Nora—she had made the discovery that she loved Elliot as passionately as he loved her. To this knowledge was added an intolerable shame. She could not bear the idea that he should ever find out her deception.

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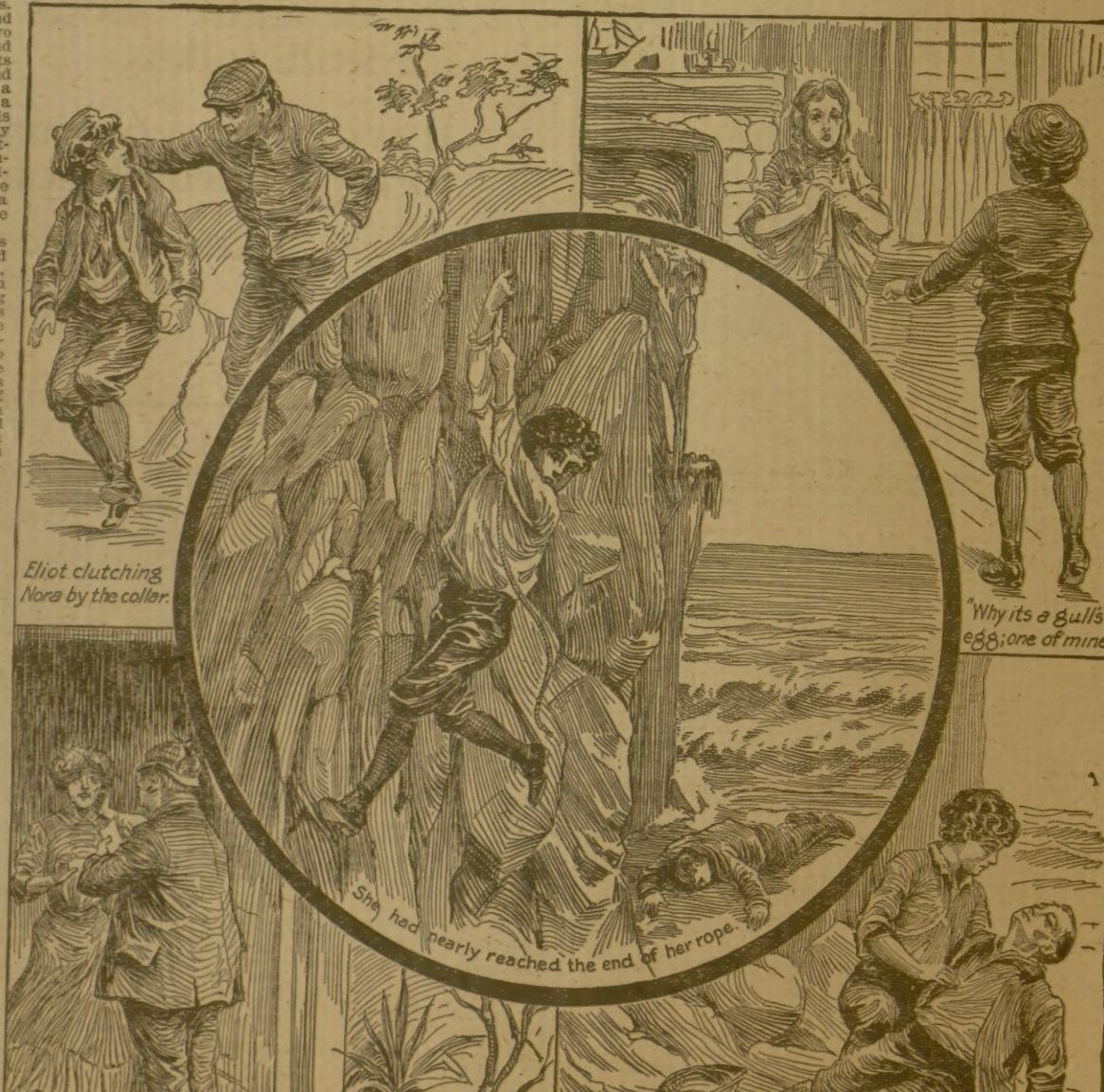


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"All right, all right!" he said quickly. "I won't give you a hiding, though you deserve it if ever a boy did. You're a rum sort of boy—one moment you are risking your life as if you didn't know what fear was, and the next you are whining and yowling at a cuff of the head. Strikes me, Master Cyril, that for all your bounce, you're a coward at heart."

"You're a coward, if you like," she said, "to strike a boy only half your size—and all for nothing!"

"Oh, nothing, you call it, do you? You young beggar, you made my heart come into my mouth. But there! it's all over now. Let's shake hands and be friends again."

But Nora would not shake hands, and scornfully walked away. She was secretly pleased however, that Elliot's anger had been raised on account of his terror for her life.

The time approached when Hodges and Shufley would stamp up their rent, and Nora would have to leave the island. One evening she brought her eggs to the sitting-room, and began sorting them. Elliot praised the collection. "There's only one egg I want," said Nora. "The Great Skua's. I saw a couple of the birds the other day off the Long Cliff, but they've nested rather far

The Appeal of The Baby

By Violet Knapp

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BERNARDINE felt distraught. She paced the room uneasily, now and then pausing before the glowing grate fire, and stroked the kitten curled up on a cushion in front of the coals.

"Well, here I am with my cat and cups of tea, leading a regular old maid's existence," she exclaimed aloud. "It is just what I've always pictured as most desirable, but—"

and her voice trailed off into silence. She walked to the window and pulled aside the heavy crimson curtains, feeling of the silky velour with a lingering caress as she did so. "How I love beautiful things, rich, luxurious things," she said. "And thanks to dear Aunt Constance, I now have them," but she heaved a sigh as she looked out upon the waste of snow and sleet before her. The porch lights showed massive granite steps and portico, leading to a wide driveway and walk, which disappeared in the snow-laden darkness. Bernardine mentally reviewed the past few months, as she stood there, the round of literary work which had kept her busy in the great city, the association with people of kindred tastes, her half smothered heart hunger in the midst of all the Bohemianism, the mingling with men in her line of work, on the ground of comradeship and equality the defiant defence she had put up whenever domestic joys and comforts were lauded before her,—for she had stoutly maintained that woman's work was not limited or confined within the home circle, but that she should go out and elbow her way with the men, on an equal footing. This attitude of hers once began forced her to continue it in defence of her often-expressed opinion, and she found herself trying to express almost a manliness in her carriage and dress. She signed her name "B. L. Cutting," and was often amused to have mail come addressed to "Mr. B. L. Cutting."

Then came the day of the Reynold's house party when she met Rodney Loring. They were sitting next one another at dinner and had an almost uninterrupted opportunity to converse, and she found herself expressing her views on womanhood with much vigor. At length she had looked up at him and was amazed to find a pained, hurt look in his eyes.

"Do you then think that women and men are to be merely good comrades, and good fellows?" he ventured.

"Yes, eventually. Of course there are some lesser natures which now demand domestic employment and interests; but I, for one, could never be satisfied with the monotony and treadmill of the daily routine of getting meals, doing the mending, getting the children off to school, sewing buttons on my husband's coat, and having no time for the development of my higher nature. It is time women arose in their righteous wrath, and demanded a different place in the world. I am a writer, as you may not know, and am saying my say in print pretty often."

Mr. Loring looked at her half quizzically. He thought he detected in her vigorous talk, a disposition to defend a well defined opinion for the mere sake of defending it. He had never met this type of woman before, and she interested him, although unpleasantly.

After the men had joined the ladies in the drawing-room Mr. Loring had drifted towards Bernardine and the two had gone into the conservatory for a chat.

"Your views are quite novel to me, Miss Cutting," he said. "Down my way (I'm from Kentucky, you know), women mostly are contented to be plain-helpmeets and mothers. I don't mean that they do nothing else, for many do, but your views are extreme, it seems to me. Do you think you are happier than the average woman of my home state?"

Thereupon followed a long talk and they parted good friends, for in spite of their difference of opinion Bernardine admired Rodney Loring more than any man she had every met. His manner was deferential and subtly courteous in a way that went to her head like wine. She decided it must be the boasted Southern chivalry, and that it was certainly very agreeable to be treated not as a mercantile equal, but as an object of homage. She lay awake for a long time that night, thinking of Rodney Loring and wondering if he would call soon, for he had asked permission to do so. She fell asleep half dreaming of the role of chateleine and authority on municipal reforms began to pall, and Bernardine looked forward to the winter with a little feeling of dread.

She had had one letter from Minnie Lawrence since she took up her residence in the Green Mountain State and it seemed to her quite full of "Mr. Loring and I" or "Phil and Rodney."

"Evidently Rodney goes there pretty often," she had said with an unconscious sigh as she put the letter back into its envelope. She waited a month before replying and then did not mention Mr. Loring's name.

So now tonight after the Woman's Club had just gone and she had eaten her solitary dinner she stood by the window gazing out into the storm, but not really seeing it for her mind was busy going over the past. She was startled out of her reverie by seeing a shadowy figure emerge out of the darkness beyond the circle of light cast by the porch lamps, and come quickly up towards the steps. Bernardine turned away thinking it was a caller, and she did not want them to see her gazing out of the window. She waited for several seconds but did not hear the bell. She walked to the hall door and opened it, but there was no sound. Evidently the maids had not heard the bell either. She resolved not to summon them but to go to the door herself and see what the visitor wanted. As she opened the heavy mahogany door a heavy gust of wind swept the snow in her face. No one was in sight.

"It makes me a little uneasy. We three women are alone in the house, and people think I have valuable here, and I almost wish we had a man on the premises." She felt so strange to be expressing a wish for the masculine element that the quick color mounted to her face. Then she remembered that Hannah did not know that she had any particular "views,"—and she suddenly felt a hatred of the word, and daringly resolved not to have them any more. Here Hannah broke in on her thoughts with, "Yes' I wish to goodness we had. There are so many queer people around sometimes it makes me feel creepy to think you and I and cook are here all alone. Can't you telephone for someone?"

"No, no, Hannah. I know no one well enough for that. Don't give the matter another thought. Twas nothing." A loud peal of the bell startled them both, and Hannah gave a nervous little scream.

"Hush, Hannah! What would anyone think to hear you?"

"I don't dare to go to the door, Miss Cutting. I really don't."

"Very well, I will go myself, then," said Bernardine moving down the hall—but with an inward tremor such as she had never felt before.

Hannah's state of nerves is certainly catching," she thought. With unnecessary vigor she threw wide the door, and half drew back, expecting to see some strange person on the threshold, but she found herself confronted by only the wilderness of swirling white. No one was visible. The porch lights shone calmly down upon the steps and beyond was darkness. Bernardine drew back quickly, then paused with the door half open.

"Hannah, I hear something, hark!"

"Goodness, gracious ma'am, shut that door, or I shall have a fit. I'm that scared. I shan't sleep a wink tonight."

"No, I am going to investigate a little further, then we shall all rest better." She peered out into the snow and said: "I see footprints here on the porch, Hannah, and they look like a woman's. But why did she leave before we could get to the door? What is that down by the outer column of the portico? Hannah, come here, it looks like a bundle. Come with me and we will investigate it."

Hannah refused to come till she had called to accompany them upon their venturesome trip to the edge of the porch. So Ellen was summoned and together the three women went out on to the glistening piazza. Softly they crept towards the edge. Hannah whispering, "Don't touch the bundle, Miss Cuttin." It might be dynamite."

"Or a cocked revolver," put in Ellen. "I've read of such things." This was Ellen's favorite court of last resort, the fact that she had read of such things in the daily press.

"I don't see what papers want to print such gruesome things for them," said Bernardine half petulantly. "Why can't they print helpful, cheerful things, instead of —" here a decided wall was heard, and all three women stopped still. It had certainly proceeded from the bundle.

"A kitten," ventured Hannah. "Oh, no!" said Ellen scornfully. "Twa'n't no kitten, too strong for that. I've read of dogs being—"

By this time Bernardine had reached the bundle and picked it up, and said calmly:

"Give you this tip: Bernardine is just the girl for him if—and it is a big if—if she were different. She is too masculine, too taken up with the new woman idea, hang it all, I don't know how to express it exactly, but you know what a man wants is a wife, a woman, not a female lecturer and politician arguing morning, noon and night."

"Yes, I think I know just what you mean, and I think Bernardine is a goose, to let her ideas stand in the way of such a fine chance as that. My! I only wish—"

"What do you wish, Sis? That Rodney would turn his eyes towards you? Well, he won't, so there," he exclaimed with brotherly frankness. "He likes Bernardine down to the ground, and feels she is all right at heart, but that she needs waking up some way, and he doesn't know how to do it."

Bernardine fled to the dressing-room with flaming cheeks, indignant through and through at hearing herself discussed so calmly. How had Rodney Loring dared to talk her over with Philip Lawrence? Then she remembered that it was really no more than she had done in regard to Rodney with Minnie. The two girls had often discussed him pretty freely. But the conversation she had overheard had left a bad taste in her mouth, and she was glad of the excitement of the voyage. She had been in England only three weeks when she received a cable announcing the death of her only relative her Aunt Constance Cutting, a wealthy woman who lived in a small city in Vermont. The message bade her return at once. So packing her manuscripts and few belongings she caught an outgoing steamer and returned to America where she found that she was the sole heir and beneficiary of the entire fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, provided that she would give up her literary work and come and live in her aunt's old home until she married. A smile of incredulity overspread her face as she heard the lawyer read this, then the thought went through her like a knife, "Nobody wants me. I am too masculine. I am a female lecturer and politician. What a man wants is a woman." She had difficulty in keeping back the tears which sprang to her eyes, unaccustomed tears of loneliness and self-pity. She had gone at once to the Vermont home and tried to take an interest in the town and its society. She was an object of interest naturally, and was able to form a club for women, the object of which shall be to promote a wider interest in municipal and national affairs, and a broadening of our own mental horizon." The Granville ladies thought this sounded very grand indeed, and were delighted to join and have the opportunity of going weekly to the Cutting mansion and drinking the excellent Cutting imported tea.

"The furniture is elegant, you know, and the china is as thin as thin can be, and the napkins we have are scalloped and embroidered with monograms, and the silver is a dream," exclaimed one good lady upon her return home after a few meetings. But after a while the charm of playing the role of chateleine and authority on municipal reforms began to pall, and Bernardine looked forward to the winter with a little feeling of dread.

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"No, I want to care for him myself. I'm going to call in Dr. Boocock after breakfast. Maybe he can tell me what to do."

But when she broached the subject to Ellen before breakfast, that good woman expressed strong disapproval of this measure.

"In the first first place, Miss Cutting, the news would be all over the place inside of half an hour. Dr. Boocock is an awful tattler, if I do say it. He would be just used up with curiosity. And you will want a little time to think the situation over and decide what you are going to do with it. Excuse me for being so bold, ma'am."

"But, Ellen, of course I'm going to keep it. You don't suppose anyone would want to take it away from me do you?" Bernardine exclaimed in alarm. "His mother gave him to me, by leaving him on my porch. And I'm sure I thank her with all my heart." She inwardly thanked heaven that these two faithful servants did not know of her advanced views on womanhood and children. She mentally decided she was cured of them forever. "But Ellen, what am I to do? I cannot have him cry like this."

"Colic, likely," said Ellen unmoved. "And then, too, probably the cow's milk didn't agree with him. I am going to be so bold as to suggest something, if I may," and she waited.

"Certainly, Ellen, tell me."

"Well, Miss, I take a paper called COMFORT, and it has lots of valuable advice and information in it about all subjects, nearly. My mother took it for years and your aunt used to enjoy reading mine. Well, last night I set up a spell, looking through it for advice on raising babies, and I found—"

"What did you find, Ellen?" broke in her mistress, eagerly.

"I found in the letters from what is called the Sisters' Corner a lot about feeding babies on goat's milk. Said that it is more easily digested than cow's milk, that it is better in every way than any other kind. More like mother's milk. So I was going to suggest that we try it, and then if it doesn't agree we can get a nurser-mother to come here and care for it."

"A wet nurse, do you mean?" and the picture of another woman holding and nursing her little charge arose to Bernardine's mind, and she said hurriedly: "Let us try the goat's milk by all means."

"But where can you get such a thing? said Hannah, doubtfully.

"I think I know a poor family who has a nanny goat, and they would be glad enough to sell some of the milk."

"Hurry then, Ellen, and get some as quick as you can. Don't bother about our breakfast. Hannah and I will get it."

An hour later Ellen returned, wallowing in the deep snow, but carrying a jar filled with the precious fluid, which she proceeded to prepare according to the directions found in COMFORT. This worked like a charm and the little fellow evidently enjoyed his meal thoroughly and was not nourished and satisfied by it. After a week, during which time the fact of the baby's presence was carefully guarded from all outsiders, Bernardine wired her friend, Minnie Lawrence in New York, to expect her for a brief visit on the following day. She concluded the telegram by saying: "Be prepared for a great surprise." Rodney Loring was at the house when Minnie received the message, and seeing it was from Bernardine, she unthinkingly read it aloud.

"What in the name of all that is good and great does B. L. Cutting mean?" exclaimed Phillip, who was also present.

"Going to announce her engagement to some Vermonter probably, or show me her wedding ring. I don't know which," returned Minnie.

"Oh, come off!" said her brother. "B. L. is a regular iceberg. Nobody wants to marry a lump of steel, or anything of that kind. I'll bet she has a quixotic notion of giving away her fortune to fund some literary institute or women's suffrage concern."

Nobody answered this outburst, but Minnie looked up at Mr. Loring to find him as white as the snow which lay heavily outside.

When he rose to take his leave Minnie in a wave of compassion for him said: "Rodney, I

"You're both quite wrong. It's a baby." As they exclaimed after her, "A baby!" she suddenly remembered that she had told Rodney that she had never held a baby in her arms. Now she was standing there in the snow holding a little baby, and it was crying softly and snuggling up to the warmth of her and stranger still, she loved to hold it and could scarcely wait to get in the house and unwrap it and examine the tiny creature. The three women hurried to the warmth of the fireplace and knelt down on the rug before it, pushing the kitten out of the way. Ellen stirred the fire vigorously, and Hannah helped Bernardine unpin the rough shawl with which the child was wrapped.

"Land's sakes!" she exclaimed, "Ain't it pretty. A regular boy, all right. And a lusty young'un too."

"Oh, see its curly hair," said Bernardine softly, as if to herself. "Do you suppose it is hungry, Ellen?"

"Like enough," said the kind-hearted creature, and she bustled away to the kitchen to warm some milk.

"Don't you want to give it a bath, Miss?" ventured Hannah. "Seems to me that is what people always do the first thing."

"Why, perhaps we ought," returned Bernardine, hopefully, "while Ellen is warming the food." So a portable foot bath was brought close to the fire, for Bernardine feared the bathroom might not be warm enough on this cold night, and the two women undressed the tiny creature amid many exclamations of "Oh, aren't his clothes pretty! Fine and nice," or "Isn't he the dearest thing? See all those dimples." The baby seemed to shrink from the water and gave a few lusty yells which reverberated unaccustomedly through the quiet house. Ellen came running in with the hot milk to see what they were doing to the poor lamb," and Hannah waved her away with the ejaculation: "Ellen Forbes! That milk is boiling hot. Do you want to parboil his insides?"

Bernardine would not allow either of the maids to lift the baby out and dry him, saying: "No, this is my baby, and I'm going to tend him myself. Give me that warm towel, Hannah."

When he was once dried and powdered and dressed, his good nature seemed to return, and he looked up straight into Bernardine's eyes and laughed, "Oh, you darling," she exclaimed, catching him to her heart. "Girls, a baby is just what I've always wanted."

"Who would have thought it!" ejaculated Ellen, curiously.

Ellen began feeding the baby with milk from a teaspoon.

"Oh, I didn't know it," said Bernardine.

"Dear me! We need a bottle, don't we? Isn't there one about the house anywhere?"

The maids who had lived with old Miss Constance Cutting many years, burst into uncontrollable laughter, and shook their heads in glee.

"Tomorrow," said their mistress, "I will see about getting one the first thing."

She insisted upon the baby's sleeping with her, in spite of Ellen's protest that it wasn't good for a young child to sleep with an older person.

"He is mine," said Bernardine, "and I want him and I'm going to have him just tonight. Tomorrow we will get a bass—a bassi—what do you call those things?"

"A bassinet, do you mean?" said Ellen.

"Yes, that is the word, a bassinet. A bassinet," repeated Bernardine as though she loved to say it. "I shall have to run down to New York to get what I want for him. Granville hasn't very good shopping facilities, I fear."

The night was not a great success either from the baby's point of view or his foster mother's. She hardly slept a wink from the unaccustomedness of the situation. And Mr. Baby did not seem to take kindly to his new surroundings, but exercised his lungs vigorously. Bernardine held him nearly all night in her arms in a passion of awakened motherhood, and would not let Hannah relieve her when she came in about four o'clock.

"No, I want to care for him myself. I'm going to call in Dr. Boocock after breakfast. Maybe he can tell me what to do."

But when she broached the subject to Ellen before breakfast, that good woman expressed strong disapproval of this measure.

"In the first first place, Miss Cutting, the news would be all over the place inside of half an hour. Dr. Boocock is an awful tattler, if I do say it. He would be just used up with curiosity. And you will want a little time to think the situation over and decide what you are going to do with it. Excuse me for being so bold, ma'am."

"But, Ellen, of course I'm going to keep it. You don't suppose anyone would want to take it away from me do you?" Bernardine exclaimed in alarm. "His mother gave him to me, by leaving him on my porch. And I'm sure I thank her with all my heart."

"Colic, likely," said Ellen unmoved. "And then, too, probably the cow's milk didn't agree with him. I am going to be so bold as to suggest something, if I may," and she waited.

"Certainly, Ellen, tell me."

"Well, Miss, I take a paper called COMFORT, and it has lots of valuable advice and information in it about all subjects, nearly. My mother

The Squatter's Claim By William S. Birge, M. D.

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CHAPTER I.

NO, Dad," said Eph Magraw, as he drew, with his keen bowie, a much longer smavng than usual from the bit of wood he was whittling—"no; I s'pose yer right, and we've got ter shift out of Mundy county; but we needn't go west more'n fifty miles, and I'll show ye just the spot—house, betterments, corn-cribs, and a good range for hogs, right along the river-bank; and we kin only just walk right in and take possession."

"Been by it three times, did ye say, Eph?" asked the old man.

"Yes; and each time it looked lonelier and more deserted than it did before. Pears like it must have had nobody into it now for going on nigh two year. More'n one, anyhow. Thar was critters in the range, first time I went through, and I traded for one of 'em, with an old mare I was ridin'. Got the colt I told ye of I sold that Indiana feller."

"Wall, Eph," said his ugly, cross-eyed, grizzly old robber of a sire, "we've had all the warnin' I want to git out of Mundy. Why didn't ye go into the house?"

"Wall," said Eph, with a grin, that brought out with unpleasant strength his likeness to the old man, "the first two times I didn't go any too high the house for no partikler reason; and the last time I was ridin' the critter I traded the old mare for."

Old Magraw chuckled in response to Eph's grin, and the chuckle was echoed by one and another of the various Magraws, old and young, with more or less of emphasis, until it was evident that everybody in the low, mean shanty of a home, with one exception, considered the theft of a horse a very good sort of joke.

Besides the old man and Eph, there was "the old woman," as they called their mother, with her three other sons and two daughters, veritable Magraws, every one of them; and then there was the one exception that did not laugh, but that looked around upon them with an expression of silent disgust in her eyes that the rest were too busy or too dull to note.

Truth to tell, there was very little of the fine lady about Rose Manning, for all her good looks; but there was quite enough of innate refinement, not to speak of honesty and good sense, to make her profoundly discontented with the position in which orphanage and relationship had temporarily placed her. Not but what the Magraws had been decently kind to her, in their rough style, for she was quite able to pay her own way, and was by no means lacking in spirit. The idea of a change of location had nothing in it unpleasant however, and Rose was quite willing that her very unpopular relatives should consent to "git out of Mundy county."

She had heard before of Eph's proposed new location, and something in the description pleased her, so that, although she did not join in the conversation, she was very well satisfied that it resulted in a prompt determination to break up their rude housekeeping, and start westward.

The luck of the Magraws since they "squatted in Mundy" had been none of the best; and men's titles to their lands were fast becoming too well defined to suit their ideas of comfort. It only takes a year or two sometimes to bring a western county "clean out of the wilderness," and whenever that is done, it becomes necessary for a man to own the land he cultivates, in some form or other.

That was what was the matter, for, although he was not poor, it was utterly contrary to the fundamental principles of old Jack Mcgraw's being to pay for land, or for anything else that he could avoid. Even the idea of pre-emption was to this extent distasteful that it implied the idea of a regular humdrum legal title. And so the frail ties were broken that bound the old squatter and his family to the place of their not very prolonged sojourn, and one bright May morning their two tilted wagons, with an accompanying drove, or, rather, "train of critters" of fair respectability as to numbers, set out in the direction of the "state line." Once over that mystic border, and the Magraws would, perhaps, feel easier and breathe freer for a season.

As for the Mundy county authorities, all they had ever really wanted was a good riddance of their undesirable neighbors, and even the sheriff never dreamed of following the Magraws.

"They're in league with too many, somehow," growled that functionary to himself, "and I'm done arresting 'em for anything less than murder or a clean, sure case of a *hoss stole in Mundy county*."

Perhaps it was a keen appreciation of the popular feeling that sharpened Rose Manning's sense of pleasure as she lashed her pony forward to the very head of the cavalcade.

"Eph," said she to her ill-favored but self-admiring cousin, as he rode up to her side, "how long do you think we'll be in making the trip?"

"Oh, three or four days, with the load, unless the goin's wonderful good. Critters don't go fast on a long pull. But we mean to be all fixed for ye by the time you get that."

"Fixed?—how? I don't know as I see what you mean!"

"Why, me and the old man is gwine on ahead to make sure things are all safe and right. Kind o' take possession ye know."

"Oh, yes, I understand; but I thought you said the place was deserted?"

"So I did," said Eph. "Not a soul about it; but that's allers a right smart chance of things to do in a new place, and me an' the old man's gwine to see that everything's set to rights."

And so they did; and Eph's pretty, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked cousin would have been very glad to have gone with them, but they had reasons for wishing to be their own company. The tilted wagons, therefore, and the rest of the Magraw "outfit," were left to plod their slow and tollsome way, their utmost speed being measured by that of the heavy-footed oxen.

To a pair of well-mounted horsemen, like Eph and his father, fifty miles, over prairie-roads well known to both of them, was no great matter, only the greater part of their second morning was spent with but little reference to roads of any kind. Even before noon, Eph was able to point out, in a long, irregular line of timber ahead of them, a sort of rift or break that marked, he said, the termination of their journey, "good ten mile beyond the state line, and as lonely as a wolf-den."

As they drew nearer, it became evident that Eph's various encomiums had been by no means unwarranted. In the middle of the treeless opening, and immediately on the bank of what was there a tolerably deep and narrow river, somebody had built an unusually solid, spacious and comfortable house of hewn logs, with better outbuildings than were common in the prairie country; and, while very little fencing had been deemed necessary, it was evident that a broad expanse of fertile soil in the vicinity had been under cultivation. There was even a well-set orchard of young fruit-trees.

Even these evidences of the outlay of both labor and capital, however, did but heighten the present appearance of utter neglect and abandonment. No hand of man could have been busy there for more than one season, as both the newcomers would have been willing to swear, and there was no other human dwelling visible in any direction.

"How is that, dad?" asked Eph, triumphantly. "Do you mean to say I was lyin' about it?"

"Not much," replied the old man, with a compressed leer. "Whoever they be, they're gone now for sartin'; but who knows when they might come back?"

"That's a thing we kin take a look at," said Eph. "Mebbe we'll find something in the house we kin make a guess by."

"That's likely. Anyhow, we'll prod our way right in."

The windows, few as they were, were closed with rude but strong blinds, that were fastened on the inside. There was one door in front and one in the rear; and the two explorers soon found that these also were fastened within.

"Barred, I reckon," said the old man. "Thar ain't no lock."

"It's mighty like burglary," said Eph; "but we've got to get in."

"That's so, my boy; so, just you fetch a fence-rail."

It took but a moment to do that, and the front door quickly yielded to the oaken lever. As the staple through which the bar had passed was slowly drawn out, and the door began to open, something like hesitation, for the first time, appeared in the faces of the two Magraws.

"None of that, dad," said Eph, reading his father's face by the light of his own feelings. "I'm gwine right in."

And in he went, followed by his gray-headed accomplice.

There was nothing wonderful about the inside of the log house, for it was very plainly furnished. Only two large rooms, of which one was evidently a kitchen. The front room, which they had first entered, was not unpleasant, when once the windows were opened; and that thing was attended to with almost nervous haste; but among other articles of furniture was a large, old-fashioned-looking bed in one corner.

There is nothing so dreadful about a bed, to be sure; but that bed was evidently occupied. The dust that had gathered everywhere was thick on coverlet and pillow; but, still, in the center of the latter, there rested the semblance of a human head. The grizzled, tangled hair, however, could not conceal, for more than one quick, shuddering glance, the fact that this head was not a living one.

The mystery of the desertion of the place was solved. The solitary occupant had died, alone in his own bed, with his house closed around him against all comers, and only his withered and

"Reckon it is," slowly and solemnly answered Eph. "I'm sure I don't want anything out of the way. He's as well off down thar as he would be anywhere else, and it won't leave any grave 'round yer to account for."

And so, therefore, it was settled, and so it was done, and the bed with its ghastly burden was carefully deposited on the earthen floor of the cellar. That done, and the "hatch" was replaced, the heavy bedstead hauled over it, with the purpose that it should never be moved, and then the Magraws fairly felt themselves in possession, almost in ownership, of their peculiarly advantageous new location.

We cannot stay with them, however, even to welcome Rose Manning and the remainder of the family, for other feet were preparing to seek out the lonely farmhouse by the river-bank.

CHAPTER II.

In front of a very decent-looking business establishment, in a city not many miles away, a couple of men were standing, one old and the other young, evidently watching some workmen who were busily engaged in taking down an old sign and putting up a new one. They looked on in silence until the job was done, and then, as they turned and walked away, the older said to the younger:

"Yes, Tom, my boy, you got here just in time to see the end of it. I'm sold out and settled up, sure's my name's Hugh Darro. I'm glad you've come, rich or poor, but if you'd been a day later you wouldn't have found any uncle here. It's been lonely enough this good while. I ain't poor, but I'm sick of business, and I want to go for some new place."

"Well, I'm not so very poor myself, Uncle Hugh; even if I failed to make a big fortune in California, and if you've made up your mind to go and hunt up Uncle John, I'm ready. I'd as lief do that as anything else. I've got his letters, and though it's two years since the last one was written, I believe I could ride straight to the place."

"Well, then, I tell you what you do. I ain't easy in my mind about John. Don't you wait

waiting for the more cautious company of his uncle. If he had, the rest of our story would have been different, for that was the way several things came to pass.

While Uncle Hugh was pushing nervously about in one direction and another, picking up the odds and ends of business left when the old sign came down, and vowing all the while he would not wait another day, "sure's my name's Hugh Darro," and while Tom was taking his Western journey leisurely and lazily enough, the Magraws were getting well settled in their new "claim," and already began to experience such a sense of ownership as only a genuine squatter can feel. It is a sort of pre-emption, with a dash of vindictive bitterness in it, arising from a life-long necessity and readiness for acting on the defensive against evil-disposed rascals who dare present a title with more paper or parchment and less "Magraw" to back it up.

Old and young, the newcomers felt and acted as if they had been born on the bank of that very river, all except Rose Manning. As for her, even the relief from the disagreeable things in Mundy county failed to reconcile her to her new surroundings. The very excellence and completeness of Eph's prize location were a source of trouble to her, and she had an anxious and nervous feeling as to what any day might bring upon them. There was very little for her to do at the house, and she resorted, as she had often done in times past to long and solitary horseback rides as a relief to her thoughts and fears, until she knew every square mile of the surrounding country. She even, at the risk of injuring her good pony, went and came in one day to and from the county-seat—a pokerish village miles and miles away to the northeast. Even Eph and his brethren admitted that "it was an awful long trip for a gal to make, and go and come on the same horse."

"I tell ye what, Eph," said his father, half confidentially, one dull afternoon when it was too hot, in the Magraw opinion, for anything but loafing, "we ain't got many neighbors, but I met a feller over on the prairie yesterday that asked me whar I lived, and who I got my land of, and it wasn't very easy to shake him off. I wish I known whose place we've lit on. We must find that out right away."

"That's so," slowly responded Eph.

"Well, then, I can just tell you, if it's any good to you," half doubtfully interrupted Rose.

"Wall, then, out with it if you know so much," snapped old Mrs. Magraw. "You're allers lettin' on to know more'n other folks."

"Well, then, come out here, and look up over the door," said Rose; and when the whole family had curiously followed her into the open air, she added, "There it is, cut into the wood."

They all looked, but, beyond a few deep, irregular notches cut in the hewn timber over the top of the doorway, and hardly noticeable among the weather-stalns, they could discern nothing, and Eph growled:

"Wall, what of them? You kin read—if that's any meanin' to 'em, let's have it."

Rose replied by simply interpreting the notches:

"John Darro, 18."

"Is that all?" asked Eph.

"Yes; part of the date isn't there, but that's the name of the man that owned this house, wherever he may be now."

Eph and his father looked hard at each other, but the old woman added, in her querulous way:

"Yes, I kin understand that. I've seed folks do it. Sometimes that's use in book-larnin', but it's mighty uncommon out yer, and it's an awful waste of time."

Rose made no answer. She had noticed the faded inscription before, and had wondered and wondered who and what manner of man was John Darro, and whatever had become of him. She hardly understood that, odd as it might seem, she had furnished her squatter cousins with the materials wherewith to manufacture such plausible lies as they might from time to time find it needful to employ in answering the queries of their "far-away neighbors."

The Magraws were a business concern by themselves, and they had their widespread connections in their peculiar line, and from time to time they acted as "commercial travelers" on their own account, Eph in particular making long and often very successful journeys. He had more than once not only brought home a "likely colt," for which he had "traded," but also the price and proceeds of one or two more, for he could sell as well as "procure."

It came to pass, therefore, that before the squatters had been long settled in their new "claim," the soul of Ephraim was stirred within him to undertake a new enterprise, and he deemed it well to settle some affairs of domestic importance before he went away.

Eph could do almost anything with a horse, and it is possible that from that fact he derived a confidence in his ability to succeed equally well with a woman, as, for instance, with Rose Manning. He did not even pay that high-spirited young lady the compliment of deliberating whether she had better be traded for or stolen outright, but went straight forward as if his "claim," of whatever nature, was already safely established. Rose looked pretty enough on her wiry, swift-footed pony that morning as Eph met her at the place where the river-road entered the timber, and he was conscious of an unusual emotion of admiration as he placed his hand upon her bridle-rein.

"Eph, let go!" said she; "I don't feel like joking. What is it you want?"

"Want? Wall, I don't know's I want anything partikler, only don't work yer pony too hard today, for you may need him tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? What for?"

"Wall, Rose, you an' I have known each other long 'nuf, I reckon, and I was thinkin' as I may be gone some time this trip. I'd kind o' like to leave things all settled behind me. I don't keepr much about squires an' ministers and such, but you just ride on as far as town tomorrow, and we kin be hitched up short order by some of them fellers. 'Twon't cost over five dollars, and you won't mind ridin' home without me, I know; you've done it more'n once."

Rose Manning's bright black eyes had grown brighter and opened wider from first to last of this remarkable "proposal" until, at its close, they fairly blazed, and she almost exploded with:

"Me! Go to town! Marry you! You're mistaken, Eph Magraw! I'm neither a horse nor a land-claim! I reckon you'll learn more of me yet!"

"Crack!" went Rose's whip on the flanks of her astonished pony, and a sharp snap was added on Eph's fingers, and the young man had nothing left him but to stand in a perfect paroxysm of helpless, aimless, but none-the-less bitter and consuming wrath, as the pony and his fair rider dashed out of view among the oak and walnut trees. Eph was not the fellow to remain bewildered for any length of time, however, and he turned his feet homeward, swearing as he went, while Rose galloped on along the river bank.

Mile after mile she went, with little mercy for her pet pony, and caring less as to the effect upon Eph Magraw of her contemptuous refusal. At last, as she gave the reins a pull, and the gallop was reduced to a walk, she exclaimed, aloud:

"I marry Eph Magraw! What have I done to be insulted that way? I see! Lived with them, owned them for relatives in all their evil ways! It's all my own fault! I'll—"

Just at this moment, however, Rose became aware that the sound of a horse's hoofs was closely approaching along the primitive roadway ahead, and in a minute or so more, for she cut

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Ode to An Easter Bonnet

By Reita Alice Lambert

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I sing of the spring that time of the year,
When poets get busy, and pen behind ear,
They ponder and think, until they have made
An ode to the springtime, of hill and of glade,
Of mountain and valley, and flowers and things,
The same old effusions that each Easter brings.
But my song is not of the trees and the flowers,
Nor lane, nor of woodland, nor fair leafy bower,
My song is not of a sonorous sonnet,
But a versified spiel of a fine Easter bonnet.

I sing of the spring, as the poets all will,
But my song is not of the robin's clear trill,
Nor of fields grown green, nor of murmuring brooks,
Nor of skies of deep blue, nor of cool, shady nooks.
The shy little vi'let from me is secure,
I'll disturb not the snowdrops, so spotless and pure.
I'll not sing of spring, with its virginal blush,
Nor prate of the bluebird, nor carolling thrush.
My song is one much more important than that,
My rhyme is an ode to a new Easter hat.

L'Envoi

The poet harps a dif'rent lay, 'tis not of bird or rill,
His howl is heard for miles around, when he receives the bill.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents.

To protect the weak and aged.

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COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

APRIL the first is called All Fool's day, because that is the day people try to make other people look foolish. Those who own and run this country, however, make fools of us all the year round. It is April the first three hundred and sixty-five days in the year for them, and how the people do love to be fooled. Every four years they hire a new set or rebuke the old set of political mountebanks to fool them all over again for another four years. If you kick a dog he has sense enough to keep away from the range of your foot, but kick the public dog, and rob him of his last dollar, and tell him fairy tales of a full dinner pail and he comes back with a smile on his face to listen to the same old fairy tale, and gets lambasted in the same old place all over again. Strange isn't it that the four-footed canine gets wise to a few things, but the two-legged human never does. The average citizen was born on April the first, he expects to be fooled, he likes to be fooled and he gets fooled. Queer world isn't it?

Every day in order to keep up with the times, I spend several hours reading newspapers and magazines. This is not done for fun, but from a sense of duty. I owe it to you to know what is going on and keep thoroughly well informed and up to date on everything of interest that is happening in this old world of ours. When I get through with my daily reading, how I wish I could have you all around me, six millions of you, and discuss the great questions of the day with you; and I want to tell you something, if I could only do this, there would be no smart, political Alick, pulling the wool over your eyes, and saying "April fool" to a single one of you. I've made some notes of a few things I want to draw to your attention this month. One of the great arguments against woman suffrage, brought forward by the narrow-minded, stand-pat, unprogressive, unimaginative, hog-it-all male, is, that if women did have the right to vote, scarcely any of them would exercise that right and cast a vote anyway. Well, at the recent election in Los Angeles, ninety-five per cent. of the women who had registered, voted, while forty thousand men, who were entitled to vote, did not even take the trouble to walk to the ballot box. You see the women had a higher sense of duty than the men. Another funny thing about that election is this: A certain California paper did its level best to prevent the women of that state from getting the right to vote. It jeered, gibed, raved and frothed at the mouth. It dragged womanhood through the mud, but the women of California got to vote just the same. A little later on, the people of Los Angeles had to vote for a mayor and for a while it looked as though the socialists were going to capture the city. Then did this same newspaper, which had fought woman suffrage tooth and nail, humble and prostrate itself in the dustiest sort of dust, and beg and beseech the women to save their fair city from imitating Milwaukee and electing a socialist mayor. That little incident interested me, and I hope it will interest you.

I suppose you all or most of you at least have heard of the revolution in China. Incredible as it may seem, the Chinamen have suddenly awakened from the sleep of centuries, and thrown both pigtail and emperor overboard. Democracy has triumphed again, and now that China is a republic there seems almost a faint hope that the ninety millions of American people living in these United States may rise in their might and demand a republic too. What China has done surely we ought to be able to do. Just imagine what a glorious thing it would be if we had a real republic where the people really ruled, and not a sham republic controlled by Morgan and Rockefeller and the money interests of Wall street. Three cheers for the Chinese republic. Now, how long will it be before we can say three cheers for the American republic? Billy the Goat says about a thousand years (if we are lucky) at the present rate we are going. Just like Billy he always did want to hurry things.

Oh, say, do you know that the Senate has got a new thirty thousand dollar kitchen where swell eats are prepared for legislative lordlings, for which you must pay? Do you know that a Congressman draws twenty cents mileage for every mile that he travels on what is supposed to be the nation's business, but on what is in too many cases, corporation business? This rate was fixed when there were no railroads. Congressman Palmer, a man you should honor (he comes from Pennsylvania strange to say) tried to put an end to the plundering of the people by this iniquitous mileage system. It cost him it seems only ten dollars and thirty cents to get to Washington, but the government allowed him **one hundred and three dollars for a ten dollar trip, ninety dollars more than was necessary and which you have to pay.** A Congressman from the Pacific coast pays a hundred and fifty dollars for a trip to Washington, D. C. and the people are soaked two thousand dollars for his journey. Congressman Palmer tried to alter this, but Congress defeated his bill. Congress being a body of honorable men (I don't think) decided to continue the graft, and you, who are working for a dollar a day and supporting a family and keeping up a home on that magnificent sum, have to foot the bills.

New York is going to tear down its magnificent Madison Square Garden, the tower of which is an architectural masterpiece. It seems that the Madison Square Garden does not pay. Splendid exhibitions are given there, that are helpful and educational, but the public does not patronize them, so the building is to be torn down to make room for an office structure, and the first city in the land won't have a single place in which conventions of any size can be held. Prize fighting in the state of New York was abolished some years ago. Last year some Tammany plug uglies managed to get the state legislature to once more legalize prize fighting, or as they termed it, boxing exhibitions. Under the new law a fight was arranged and was pulled off in Madison Square Garden. It was one of the goriest, most brutal and horrible affairs that ever disgraced an American city. Thousands, however, fought to get in to see the two human brutes butcher each other. Fabulous sums were offered even for standing room, and nearly fifty thousand dollars was collected at the doors, from New York's "best citizens" who would not cross the road to see a show that was elevating and instructive, but who would give their last dollar to see a couple of two-legged human bulldogs convert each other's faces into hamburg steaks. That will give you a pretty good idea of the class of citizenship that obtains in the great city of New York. This also explains why New

York allows Tammany Hall to rule it, and why the state legislature is a disgrace to the land.

Here is something also that I saw in the papers that will interest you. Senator La Follette said recently: "I found ninety-six men on all the directorates of all the trusts. Chauncey Depew was on **seventy-two** and I found he had no money invested—he was only a dummy, and then I wondered how many other dummies there were, and then I found that **only fourteen men controlled**, and were back of all those ninety-six names. And back of all this I found Standard Oil and Morgan, and these people have not overlooked the newspapers, their organs—the newspapers are poisoning the public mind." All this is news probably to most of you, but it is not news to me, or to any man who has studied deeply, conditions as they exist today in these United States. The greatest trust in this country is not steel or standard oil, but the money trust, and the money trust is controlled by two or three of the fourteen men previously mentioned. These are the real kings of America. The government in Washington is merely the side show. These kings of finance are the circus, and the head of the money trust is the ringmaster, and the American people have to run around the ring when the ringmaster cracks his whip, and if they don't run quickly they feel the relentless sting of the lash. These kings of finance hold the destinies of the nation in their hands. Any time they make up their minds that they have made all the money they want out of the American people, they can close down nearly every industry that amounts to anything in the entire country, and if they did all, except those engaged in agriculture, would have to sit quietly down and starve to death.

Now I have given you a few things to think over this month. I hope when you have read and digested them that you will ask yourselves, individually and collectively if you are responsible for the abominations that exist in our land today. If you feel that you are responsible, and undoubtedly some of you are, in fact tens of thousands of you are, for God's sake wake up and improve the quality of your citizenship. If you are reading a publication that is controlled by the money powers, the editor of which is paid to poison your minds and keep you in the dark, cast it from you as you would a serpent, and hunt up some publication that dares to tell you the truth. The air is full of election talk, ask yourselves if you are going to cast a vote that will help you, the masses of the people, or whether you are going to vote to still further enslave yourselves and make your condition in the future even worse than it is today. It is all up to you. The power is in your hands to right your country's wrongs. Ask God to give you the courage and wisdom to use that power rightly and well.

Now, listen to this. I am going to get out a correspondence list, the biggest we have ever had. If you want your name on it this is what you have got to do: You have got to put your name in full, your age and address, on the back of a postal card and also give your League number, also add when your subscription expires or expired, as this list is only for members in good standing. You, who have allowed your subscriptions to lapse, and you who have not joined the League and want to get in on this list, by paying the usual fees (full particulars of which you will find at the end of this department) can become members of this organization and share in its privileges. Write your name, age and address on a separate slip of paper and inclose it with your letter. All of you, when you write, request me to put your names on our correspondence list, but you simply decline to make this request on a separate slip of paper as I have asked you to do a thousand times, so if you want to get into the correspondence list you must do as I have just instructed you and do it to the letter, or you won't get in.

The best Easter gift is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. You who forgot to get it at Christmas treat yourself to it now. You can secure this superb volume of riotous fun for only four subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. A sure cure for the blues and the best spring tonic in the world.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight exquisitely beautiful songs, and the prettiest Easter song ever written. Full music for voice and piano, a superb volume worth five dollars. It is yours free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Subs count towards our grand cash prize competitions. Full particulars at end of this department. Work for them today.

NEW ATHENS, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

If your knees are strong enough yet will you please make room for such a heavy kid as I am?

I will first describe myself so you all will know what a new kind of a cousin is talking to you.

I am sixteen years old, have yellow curly hair, brown eyes, light complexion and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Don't you think that's too heavy for me? I think so. My height is five feet and five inches.

My parents are both living, and I also have two brothers, and one sister named Gottlieb Oscar and Silda. I am the youngest of them all.

We live in the country. Our closest town is four miles away, which is Smithton. Uncle I guess you know the rhyme which says: "Try and try until you will succeed." That's what I thought because I have written you a letter once before and didn't see it in print so I thought I would try again and hope that I will succeed.

I am not going to school any more but I still think that school days were the best days I ever had.

I am very fond of music, reading, writing, horseback riding and dancing. Now do you think I am mean because I dance or what do you think about it?

We have all kinds of instruments which are as follows: Organ, violin, guitar, accordion and mouth harps, but I can't play enough to amount to anything. I wish you would come here once and give us a tune.

I like COMFORT very much, I think it is the best of magazines. I enjoy reading them and save them too. I cut all the valuable hints out and paste them in a book. Uncle can you tell me why almost all of the papers are printed in Augusta, Maine?

I received my League button and membership card all O. K. and thank you very much for them. I would greatly appreciate a card shower the 26th of May as that's my birthday.

I like to go to church and go almost every Sunday that I can. Do you think I am too young to have a beau? Really I think I am since I read how you scolded over the kid who was fourteen years old and expected to see her, ideal; she certainly was too young, but I had the same notions when I was her age. I guess you will find a whole lot of misspelled



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FIFTY years ago the Pony Express became the most efficient messenger service ever known.

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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

words in my letter but don't scold me too much as I ain't used to scolding. I will close with a thousand kisses to you, one and all. Your niece,

AMANDA NIESO. (League No. 33,339.)

Charmed to hear from you, Amanda. Glad to hear your parents are living. Am somewhat astonished to learn that you have one sister named Gottlieb Oscar and Silda. Someone has certainly upholstered your sister with a fine assortment of names. I should think one would get curvature of the spine carrying around such a bunch of names as that. Gottlieb and Oscar seem to be male names. Did sister acquire or achieve these names or were they simply thrust upon her? I think if I were your sister I would have the first two names amputated. Billy the goat says he thinks that Gottlieb and Oscar must be your brothers' names and that your sister is named Silda. You ask me if I know the rhyme: "Try and try, until you succeed." No, my dear, I never heard of a rhyme of that kind, and I don't know why anyone should want to "succeed" anyway. I've been looking through the dictionary to see if I could see just what "succeed" is. Possibly it is a new kind of breakfast food or stove polish. Then too, I'm trying to find where the rhyme comes in. It has suddenly dawned upon my dull and muddled thinking that instead of rhyme you mean the old adage or aphorism which runs as follows: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." You see, my dear, there is a vast difference between that, and "try and try until you succeed." You see you have tried again, and this time you have succeeded. I would not however, advise you to succeed. Try a stick of candy, it might taste better. No, I don't think you are mean because you dance. There is nothing mean about dancing. It is just as natural for young people to want to dance as it is for them to want to eat. Dancing is as old as creation, and I guess if you have read your Bible you have found more than one reference to dancing. Dancing is all right at home when you know who you are dancing with, and when parents are around to see the proprieties are observed. Parents who allow their daughters to go off with young men of whom they know little to public dances that are held miles away from home (trips that entail long buggy rides, and the return of the girls to their homes at four or five in the morning when the parents are sound asleep), are taking big chances. Let youth have its fling, and let the young folks enjoy themselves, but parental vigilance should never be relaxed for one instant. Thousands of girls disappeared last year, never to be heard from again. The majority of these girls are swept into the white slave traffic, and parents more than the girls are to blame for this hideous sacrifice of budding womanhood on the altar of sin and debauchery. Parents must provide wholesome amusement for their children or the children will find amusement for themselves in an atmosphere that is not only unwholesome but demoralizing and dangerous. You are evidently very musical. Some day I will drop in and play you a violin solo on the mouth harp. It has always been one of the greatest desires of my heart to have some records made for the phonograph so you could hear me singing my own songs. I took the matter up with the Edison company, but found to carry the thing out properly it would entail an expense of some five hundred dollars, so I have had to drop the idea. I am glad that you prefer COMFORT to other magazines. It has a quality you don't find in any of the others hasn't it? You ask why so many papers are printed in Augusta, Maine. One of the reasons, my dear, is that Augusta is the literary center of the universe. Another thing, Maine is a prohibition state, and thus it is able to turn out refined and sober reading matter without any taint of alcoholism. Again the great thing in the publishing business is not so

One System

much what goes in the paper, as the paper itself. It is cheaper to produce a magazine next door to a paper mill, than a thousand miles away from one. It saves freight on the paper. Paper is made largely from wood pulp, and Maine is the headquarters of that industry. Another reason why papers are printed in Augusta, Maine is this: Maine is next to Canada, and if I write anything that you don't like, or anybody else writes anything that you don't like, the people that own the magazine can put their printing presses under their arms, and hike to Canada, and so get out of the range of your wrath. I hope I have explained this matter to your satisfaction. If I have not don't blame me, for outside of the fact that Augusta is Mr. Gannett's home and the home of COMFORT, and a very delightful city, I have not any more idea why it's a publishing center than you have. You ask me if I think you are too young to have a beau? Beau is the plural of beau. Evidently you want your sweethearts in bunches. I would advise you to have them one at a time, and don't show any decided preference for any of them until you are at least eighteen, and don't marry one until you are twenty or over. If your "beau" thinks anything of you he will be only too glad to wait a year or two for you. If he is not willing to wait you are well rid of him. I waited for a sweetheart in mine once for one solid hour in a heavy rainstorm, and then got arrested. You see this happened out in Montana, and they had not had any rain for five years, and the cop arrested me because I was keeping the water from hitting the ground. Thank you for those thousand kisses, Amanda. I'll put them all in the ice box, and by using a kiss a day I'll have enough to last me for nearly three years, unless you change your mind and give them all to that quadruple, triple expansion, plural sweetheart of yours, your "beau."

Universal Service

SPRING VALLEY, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: I live on a farm half a mile from the village of Spring Valley, which consists of only one store, post office, and a few houses. I am going to school now and am in the seventh grade. My average the first month was 84 per cent. I love to go to school and ride horseback. I am five feet high, have dark brown hair, light blue eyes, weigh one hundred pounds and am fifteen years of age. My birthday will be next St. Valentine's day, I would like a post-card shower. How many of uncle's nieces can plow? I can. Last year I cultivated nearly all the corn, but have not worked in the field much this year.

Uncle do you think it wrong to sing sacred music with the violin? At a singing convention at this place the Valley class sang with the violin, but it was ruled out and we withdrew from the convention as our leader said she would not sing without it.

This is a beautiful country here. So many hills covered with woods, but now that the leaves are falling it is not so beautiful. Many kinds of nuts grow here, also, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries and grapes grow wild.

Incuse find a kiss and hug for Uncle and all the cousins.

Your loving niece,

NORMA WELCH.

Norma, I am glad to hear that you are such a great worker, and can even plow. That, however, is too much of a strain on a young girl, and you should not be allowed to do it. You might strain or injure yourself and become an invalid for the rest of your life. I am mightily amused in a measure and again quite a little grieved at your question about whether it is wrong to sing sacred music with a violin accompaniment. It seems utterly incredible to me that in this twentieth century, this age of flying machines, wireless telegraphy, and all the other wonders that man has and is daily accomplishing, that in any section of our country, there could be even one, let alone a number of people, so narrow, bigoted

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

and I might add, so densely stupid and ignorant, as to object to a violin—the most wonderful of all instruments—accompanying the singers of what I presume were sacred songs. When I was a boy there was no organ in the church which I attended. My father played the violin remarkably well, and another man played the violin, cello, while two others played the flute and double bass—that's the big grandpa fiddle you know. They produced excellent music, until the congregation was rich enough to buy a fine pipe organ. At Christmas and on Easter Sunday and on other great festivals in our big cities whole orchestras are engaged to assist in rendering the music usually produced by the choir and organ. If you could hear one of these magnificent services with an expert harpist also assisting, you'd think you had been suddenly carried into paradise, and all this is done in honor and praise of the God who taught the birds to sing, and even the streams to murmur sweetly as they dance their way to the ocean. I wonder if this bunch of religious glooms ever read this passage from the Bible: "Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands; sing, rejoice, and give thanks." "Praise the Lord upon the harp; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving. With trumpets also and shawms: O, shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King. Let the sea make a noise and all that therein is; the round world, and they that dwell therein; let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord." Then do you remember the valleys that were so full of corn that they laughed and sang, and the mountains skipped like rams, and do you remember the closing words of the 150th psalm, "Praise God with the sound of the trumpet, praise Him with the psaltery and harp, praise Him with the timbrel and dance, praise Him with stringed instruments and organs, praise Him upon the loud cymbals, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Please note the stringed instruments for that meant the violin of that day, the violins of our day. The religious world is divided into two classes, the glooms and the joys. Those who take their religion sadly, those who take their religion gladly. I belong to the latter class, thank Heaven. What the glooms will ever do when they get to Heaven if they ever get there is beyond me. I fancy I can hear the comments of some of them when they reach the Golden Gates and St. Peter invites them to enter. They will look cautiously around to see if it's all thoroughly respectable and nice and graveyard and gloomy. Presently the door will swing open and the glooms will hear an outburst of glorious music. Every conceivable instrument will be sending forth exquisite harmonies, every face will be lit up with seraphic smiles. The whole atmosphere will be one of joy and happiness. Then can I imagine the earth glooms, holding a consultation with one another. The gloomiest of all the glooms will probably say: "Why I am simply astonished at the goings on in that place. Hundreds of young girls playing on harps and smiling all over their faces while they are singing. Why it's perfectly scandalous. This is certainly no place for us. Everyone seems to be happy here, nobody is gloomy, nobody crying. I guess we got the wrong address." Though good Christians all rejoice in the fact that in that better land beyond there will be no more crying or weeping, no more sorrow or tears, and instead there will be all happiness, it seems to me they are taking very little pleasure and getting very little satisfaction out of the fact. Why the dence don't they take some pleasure and satisfaction out of that fact, instead of ruling a choir with a violin out of order. They should rejoice in the fact that instead of playing ragtime at a dance, they are sending up strains of praise to the Father of us all. One of the reasons that keeps so many people out of church is this: men and women go off to church as if they were going to a funeral, instead of a joyous service of prayer and praise. On the other hand the people who don't go to church have usually got a smile on their faces a yard wide. Strange indeed, isn't it that the followers of the devil—people who have no hope of a future life, nothing but death and annihilation—have their faces wreathed in smiles, while many of the intense Christians, full of divine grace, and the assurance of eternal life hereafter, mope about like the inhabitants of a morgue. I suppose we ought not to complain if people want to take their religion sadly. Some people get more enjoyment out of one funeral than they do out of a thousand weddings, for millions of people revel in the morbid. In a generation or two this morbidity will vanish. Religious gloom and all other sorts of gloom are relics of the bad old days when ignorance and superstition ruled the land. Once God was regarded as a terrible being, hurling lightning darts and thunder bolts at everybody. That

ENGLISH, RICHLAND CO., S. C.
HELLO UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am an old lady of thirty, been married eleven years, have three little ones, one girl named Autumn, quite a novel name is it not? Two little boys and my hubby constitute our little family. I am sending them to school. We have a very nice graded school.

We live in the sandy region of center Richland county.

Well uncle we own our home. We have a nice little plantation, also horses, cows, hogs and a very cute little colt named Gary. He is particularly handsome. Come down and take a ride upon his back.

Oh, Uncle Charlie I have a perfect poultry hospital here at my home. My grown chickens all have the same head and don't know what to do with them. I want to cook a chicken and cannot, all on account of the same head. I imagine you are very fond of chicken. I suppose all preachers love chicken. You are one are you not, uncle? If you are not, you ought to be. Ha! ha, don't get mad Uncle, I was only teasing you, I like to guy anyone.

Now Uncle Charlie I hope you will reply to this letter as it is my first one to COMFORT. Love to you and all the cousins. Your niece,

CRICKET TURNED.

(Turnipseed is my nickname.)

I am glad to have the married ladies butting into our cozy corner, for this department is for both young and old, and there is a comfey place on my lap for everybody. It is quite an idea naming your little girl Autumn. I had a boy once, but I didn't name him Autumn, I named him Fall. He seemed to have lead in his head and butter in his feet, and about half-a-dozen times a day he used to dive down-stairs head first. It was fall all the year round for him. Finally we had to put lead in his shoes and make him swallow the poker to keep him upright. I am glad your school is graded. A school that is not graded is very uncomfortable for both teachers and scholars, climbing over hills and mountains to get from one end of the room to the other is no joke, so I am glad your school doors are all on the level. I'm sorry you have such a lot of sore-headed chickens. I would suggest that you wash your chickens with carbolic soap,

kind of deity appeals immensely today to the savage and the heathen, but education, knowledge, and a deeper knowledge of the Scriptures and truer insight into nature and nature's God, and the appreciation of the fact that nearly all the ills from which humanity suffers are due to human folly and ignorance, and not to Divine vengeance, has taught us that God is a God of love, not of terror, a God who, if He chastens, chastens only for our own good, a loving Father who desires all to be well and happy. What most people seem to forget is that God is not ignorant and bigoted, narrow and prejudiced, as they too often are, but on the contrary is the seat of all intelligence, all knowledge, all wisdom, all love, and when two choirs come together to praise Him, instead of being shocked at the sight and the strains of earth's noblest instrument, He would be shocked and disgusted at the stupidity and ignorance of those who refused to allow that instrument to join in the great chorus that was wafting heavenward songs and peans of praise to His honor and glory.

OLIVIA, MINN.

DEAR COUSINS AND ALL:

I live in the southern part of the state, just twelve miles from the beautiful Minn. river. There also is an Indian town, just fifteen miles from here, where the massacre was held many years ago. It is a very beautiful town. We raise an abundance of grapes, apples and strawberries here. Our little town of Olivia was named after a lady by that name and to reward them for naming our town after her, she sent down five dollars to help build one of our high schools.

Olivia has a population of nearly two thousand inhabitants, and has a courthouse, armory, two high schools, a park, village hall, six churches, a factory, two banks, a depot, two hotels, about eight stores, and, last but not least, four saloons. Now what do you think of it? Well, as my letter is getting rather long, I will attempt to tell you a little about myself. I am only one of those bashful, sweet sixteeners, and am a sophomore in high school, and have no sisters or brothers at home, as my oldest sister is married, and my only brother has gone to the great beyond.

I have a camera and will be pleased to exchange my photographic work with any of the dear cousins.

Will also be pleased to exchange postals, photos and letters, with all who care to write me. I remain,

Your loving cousin, ROSE ELEANOR SLEITER.

Rose, you write a beautiful hand, and you actually use ink instead of a lead pencil. My, how civilized Minnesota is getting. You speak of an Indian town where a massacre was held. You state that it is now a very beautiful place. Do you think the massacre helped it to grow beautiful, if so I will massacre Billy the Goat, then New York may some day be a beautiful town. Heaven knows it needs a little improvement. You say: "Where the massacre was held many years ago." Are these massacres periodical affairs in your state, or are they held very often? I have heard of religious services being held, and a meeting being held and lots of other things being held, but I never heard of a massacre being held, though I have heard of a massacre taking place, being perpetrated, etc. I hope that the next time a massacre is being held in your state, it will be held so tight, that it won't be able to get loose and do harm to anyone. You say you raise, grapes, apples and strawberries in your section. The only things that we raise here are prices. Olivia is a very pretty name both for a lady and for a town. You state that the lady the town was named for, as a mark of appreciation, sent down five dollars to help build one of your high schools. I think that was an exceedingly generous donation. I should think with a sum of money as huge as that you could build not only a high school, but a low school, half a dozen churches, three or four city halls, a couple of state capitols, and still have several dollars left over. Maybe five dollars would not do all that in Minnesota, but it's so long since I saw a whole five dollar bill walking around loose without a chain on it, so don't wonder if I get excited at the wonderful purchasing power of such an extraordinary sum of money. I tell you we ought to have lots of education in this land when we can buy schools for five dollars. You state you have a court house and an armory. I hope however, you were not extravagant to spend five dollars on each of those. It seems to me you've got quite a number of churches for two thousand people, as I believe about sixty per cent. of the people never attend a church. What a pity in a small town instead of six churches scantily attended, there could not be but one big church, with one eloquent, magnetic preacher, who could fill that church every time the doors were opened. We have too many religious sects in this country. If they would all get together, the money that now goes to building a lot of half filled buildings that cost large sums both to erect and keep up and in repair, and heaps more money for the salary of generally inefficient pastors, could be utilized to better advantage for the building of one fine church from which every kind of Christian activity could radiate, in fact enough activity to drive out all the sin and saloons in the town. Lots of our towns and cities are over churched. I had the organist of a very splendid and fashionable city church telling me the other day that on a wet Sunday evening, the people in attendance at church numbered in the choir, with organist and minister, thirty-six; in the congregation, just six. What was the trouble? The weather five per cent. a self-satisfied, egotistic, worldly, pompous, fussy, aristocratic, un-Christ-like minister ninety-five per cent. We want a live church and live men in it, with Christ-like ideals, men who practice what they preach, men who will not put all the poor people in the back pews, and all the rich ones in the front. That will all come to pass some day. You know the quotation from the Bible: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted them of low degree." Pride will be toppled from its throne, the lowly will be exalted, and then there won't be any need to make laws against saloons for there will be nobody to patronize them.

ENGLISH, RICHLAND CO., S. C.

HELLO UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am an old lady of thirty, been married eleven years, have three little ones, one girl named Autumn, quite a novel name is it not? Two little boys and my hubby constitute our little family. I am sending them to school. We have a very nice graded school.

We live in the sandy region of center Richland county.

Well uncle we own our home. We have a nice little plantation, also horses, cows, hogs and a very cute little colt named Gary. He is particularly handsome. Come down and take a ride upon his back.

Oh, Uncle Charlie I have a perfect poultry hospital here at my home. My grown chickens all have the same head and don't know what to do with them. I want to cook a chicken and cannot, all on account of the same head. I imagine you are very fond of chicken. I suppose all preachers love chicken. You are one are you not, uncle? If you are not, you ought to be. Ha! ha, don't get mad Uncle, I was only teasing you, I like to guy anyone.

Now Uncle Charlie I hope you will reply to this letter as it is my first one to COMFORT. Love to you and all the cousins. Your niece,

CRICKET TURNED.

(Turnipseed is my nickname.)

I am glad to have the married ladies butting into our cozy corner, for this department is for both young and old, and there is a comfey place on my lap for everybody. It is quite an idea naming your little girl Autumn. I had a boy once, but I didn't name him Autumn, I named him Fall. He seemed to have lead in his head and butter in his feet, and about half-a-dozen times a day he used to dive down-stairs head first. It was fall all the year round for him. Finally we had to put lead in his shoes and make him swallow the poker to keep him upright. I am glad your school is graded. A school that is not graded is very uncomfortable for both teachers and scholars, climbing over hills and mountains to get from one end of the room to the other is no joke, so I am glad your school doors are all on the level. I'm sorry you have such a lot of sore-headed chickens. I would suggest that you wash your chickens with carbolic soap,

and then anoint their beaks with carbolic vase-line, that ought to fix them. My acquaintance with sore-heads in the chicken line is very limited, but I do know a lot about human sore-heads, and the country is full of them. There is no more despicable object under the heavens than a sore-head. I guess all of our readers have met plenty of these human, or inhuman creatures. Every village, every community has its bunch of sore-heads. Every time anyone attempts to do anything for the benefit of the community the sore-heads get out their hammers and knock. Nothing pleases them, nothing satisfies them. They nurse a perpetual grouch, and they grunt and growl like the hogs that they are, twenty-five hours in the day. There is only one thing worse than one sore-head and that is two sore-heads. If anything is going on the sore-head butts in, and if there is any chance of it being a success he tries to make it a failure. Nothing pleases him, nothing ever could please him. If he had a billion dollars in gold given him he'd kick because he had to hire a couple of teams to haul it home. He was born kicking, and he will die kicking. He hates anybody that is successful, and never has a good word for anything or anybody. He has not only a sore-head but he has a sore-body, and in fact he is a human boil, and just about as pleasant as most boils are. He would kick if he were playing football. He would knock if he were hammering tacks. If you see any dust in the graveyard after he is buried, you may know that he is raising it. Whatever you are don't be a sore-head. There are, I regret to say female as well as male sore-heads. It's very easy to become a sore-head by getting into the habit of knocking everybody and finding fault with everything and everybody around you and giving credit to nobody for anything good that they do. Don't nurse a grouch, don't be a perpetual gloom, chase the owls and bats out of your brain and get some sunshine in. Encourage everybody to do their best instead of rejoicing when they do their worst. Give a word of cheer and praise, for it is the oil of human sympathy that makes the world go round without friction. Make this your motto "if you can't boost, don't knock." Mind I am only referring to the sore-head who makes a business of knocking everything that is good and neglects to knock anything that is bad. There are plenty of things to knock in this world that need knocking and ought to be knocked, but don't be a universal knocker of those in the little community in which you live, or you will soon degenerate into a sore-head, and one sore-head can blight a home and a bunch of sore-heads can blight a whole community. So dear friend, I think I will wait until your chickens recover from the sore-head disease before I take a meal with you.

ELK CITY, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a newcomer. I have been taking the COMFORT for a long time. I enjoy reading the cousins' letters, and Uncle Charlie's witty answers. I will describe myself as I am a newcomer. I have brown hair, blue eyes and light complexion. I have been taking music. I got the gold metal. I am still taking lessons but not so many as I was. My age is thirteen.

Your new niece, ETHEL SANDS.

Ethel, yours is not a particularly interesting letter, and it is scarcely likely to gain any lasting fame as a literary classic. You mention that you have not been taking it internally as well as externally. I knew a boy who swallowed a small music box once, and every time a chunk of meat or a slab of pie used to descend into his infernal regions and hit that old machine it used to grind out: "We shall meet in the sweet pie and pie" or rather I should have said: "we shall meet in the sweet by and by." I tell you it's no joke to take music internally. It is all right to listen to music, or to take music lessons, but when you start taking music it's a dangerous proceeding. Now, Ethel, I come to the most astonishing statement in your letter. You say: "I got the gold metal." Thank Heaven, Ethel, we have at last discovered somebody, who owns up to possessing some real money. Most people in this world are willing to go on the roof and shout that they are broke, but those who are willing to admit that they have got more than fifty cents are scarcer than hen's teeth. When it comes around for our old friend Rockefeller, Morgan and Carnegie (all good Christians), to make a statement to the New York officials as to how much they have got that is taxable, the three billionaires won't admit to having more than about a dollar seventy-five among them. Now here is Ethel Sands, of Elk City, Okla., who without a moment's hesitation, without a single qualm of conscience, brazened it forth to the whole world, that she has got the gold metal, and I'll bet three hairs of Billy the Goat's tail, that she wouldn't make a statement like that unless she had got enough gold to cover Pike's Peak six feet deep. Now, Ethel, as I am your Uncle Charlie, and therefore a member of your family, and one of your poor but distinguished relations, I feel sure that you won't be hard-hearted enough to leave me out in the cold in this gold metal proposition. I will be content with, say a couple of carloads, one car load of which I will distribute to our shut-ins, from the other half I'll save a small chunk about half a mile square, provide myself with a set of nice, new, gold teeth and a red wig, the balance to be used for wheel chairs. I had no sooner penned the last words of this modest request when that old hoo-doo, and kill joy, Billy the Goat, rubbered at your letter, Ethel, and said: "You old sap head, she doesn't mean gold metal at all, what she means is gold medal, one of those things that's lead in the middle and gold paint around the outside." There that's just the way I get all my dreams of wealth smashed to smithereens. One moment I'm away up in the heavens revelling in dreams of wealth, laden with chunks of gold metal big enough to choke an elephant, and the next minute, I'm plunged into the abysmal depths of dismal despair; golden dreams vanished, clutching in a spasm of poverty one of those ten cent gold medals, which has been presented to one of those smart boy or girl relatives of mine who have succeeded in playing on the piano, with four feet and both hands and only fourteen mistakes, that hoary headed old chestnut, entitled: "White wings they never grow whiskers." I mean "never grow weary." Ah, Ethel, when you have lived to be as young as I am, and have seen all your fondest and most cherished hopes of digging a whole gold mine out of a rich relation who finally turned the tables on you by borrowing the last quarter you had between yourself and the poorhouse go to smash, you will realize how frightfully heartbroken and disappointed I am, that the gold metal that I thought you possessed so abundantly, turns out to be an old tin gold medal pre-

sented to a bright and charming young lady for taking music internally. Ah me! This is a cruel, cold world.

26. Bicycles, Motor-cycles.

27. Baby Dresses and Toilet.

28. Circular and Drag Saws.

30. Women's Spring Fashion Book.

33. Men's Spring Clothing Book.

35. Dry Goods.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.
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Early Care Insures Success

UNLIKE common hens, turkeys are not attracted to a nest by an egg. In fact, they retain so much of the wild bird that they will not adopt a nest that has been used by any other bird, so never distribute nest eggs as decoys, but only as substitutes for those attracted.

Early in March, half barrels should be placed in quiet corners near the farm buildings and well screened with brush, so that the birds may get accustomed to their appearance before the laying season and consider them safe hiding places for their eggs. The plan answers splendidly with our birds. Before the middle of the month we keep a lookout for eggs, going to the nests very carefully after the birds have gone to roost. When an egg is found, it is purloined, and a china one put in its place; ditto when the second egg was taken, but after that, no more china eggs were dropped, for two always seemed to satisfy Mrs. Turkey.

The matter of feeding the old birds is of great importance and is the rock most farmers founder on. Too often the birds are left to forage for themselves, or, at the best, are given uncertain quantities of corn, which means that they are miserably thin and dilapidated or outrageously fat. In either case they lack the components which the egg for hatching should possess. Result, weak youngsters, which are doomed to die, no matter how much care is lavished on them.

I once heard an old poultryman say that the care of the chick must commence when the mother is hatched. This may seem ambiguous to the amateur, but it is literally a fact, and one which my Massachusetts friend had made me understand was most potent when applied to turkeys. So our turkeys are fed with special reference to supplying the ingredients to be converted into bone and vigor in the birds to be. Breakfast: Chopped clover hay, steamed over night, two quarts; corn and oats ground together, one quart; beef scraps, half a pint. At noon, one quart of oats, Kaffir corn or barley scattered broadcast in the yards. At night, whole corn when the weather is very cold, but as it moderates in the spring the amount is decreased and wheat is used in its place.

These are their regular rations from December to April, when the beef scraps and corn are entirely omitted. Water and grit are before them all the time. We buy screenings from the stone crusher, and, as it is cheap, dump a lot into each yard twice a year.

I generally steal the first ten eggs and set them under the hens. However many a turkey may lay after that, she is allowed to keep and hatch them. It takes them twenty-nine days to hatch, and large, motherly old hens should be chosen from the chicken house to do the incubating. It is not safe to put more than five such eggs under an ordinary hen.

When the hatch is over, put the hen into a brood coop, and in front of it put a box about nine inches deep and large enough to form a yard for the babies to exercise in. It is, of course, necessary to remove part or the whole of the end of the box which joins the front of the coop, so that the little ones can run out and in. Cover the bottom of the box with coarse sand and put a small drinking fountain in one corner. Then the babies will have a safe place to play in the first few days of infancy, when they must be kept dry. After that, the box can be removed, and the coop moved a few feet every day for the sake of cleanliness.

When Mrs. Turkey's brood hatches, we treat them in the same way, only the brood coop is specially made, and is much larger than the ordinary hen coop. The first feed the babies have is stale home-made bread soaked in scalded milk, which is squeezed out of it before it is fed. Like little chicks, they must have nothing for twenty-four hours, then little and often must be the rule.

Never leave food in front of little turkeys, for they are very apt to overeat. After two weeks they need only be fed four times a day; after the fourth week three times a day. After the first two days add a little hard-boiled egg which has been chopped fine without removing the shell, and a few days later, pinhead oatmeal and ground charcoal; about a teaspoonful of the latter to a cupful of bread and oatmeal.

By the end of two weeks gradually reduce the bread and increase the oatmeal, which should be cooked about half an hour and allowed to dry out, so it is easily crumbled when cool.

After the fourth week, ordinary ground oats, just moistened with scalded milk, may be used. Half-boiled liver, chopped fine, is the best animal food to give. When that is not practicable, use the best brand of commercial ground beef, one teaspoonful to a quart of meal, because it is very strong and liable to produce diarrhea—a disease which attacks young turkeys almost sooner than any other young bird. Watch carefully, and at the first evidence of any looseness of the bowels give boiled rice to eat, and rice water or cold tea to drink.

Watch newly hatched babies for a few days at feed time, for there is often one or more that needs to be taught how to eat. This is especially so when they are with common hens. But a little patience in crumpling close in front of them and coaxing them to pick it up will overcome the difficulty. After they are eight weeks old we take them from the hens and put them into the third yard, which is kept exclusively for young stock.

At night they are driven into the shed, the front of which is always kept covered with wire netting, so that they can be closed in until they get accustomed to roosting. Of course, the perches in this shed are put nearer to the ground and are much smaller than those intended for grown birds. About October 1st they are allowed the free range of the farm and are fed on corn at night and given all the milk they will drink, to get them into good killing condition before Thanksgiving, when they are sold off, except perhaps a few extra good ones, which we may keep for stock. The old birds are also allowed free range from October until February, but they are fed in the yards at night, and are shut in so that they don't form any bad wandering habits.

Correspondence

W. J. M.—Should chickens be fed hot bran mash in the morning? I have heard some say that it causes stomach trouble. What is the best kind of chickens for all round winter and summer layers?

A.—If you feed mash in the morning, it should be composed of equal parts of ground oats, ground corn, cut clover or Alfalfa hay and bran with beef scraps, or with any one of the animal meals or preparations on the market. The whole to be well mixed and just moistened with scalding water, covered and allowed to steam all night. The mash should not be dead cold when fed, but it must not be hot. I consider Orpingtons or White Wyandottes the best general purpose birds.

A. P.—I wish to inquire about raising squabs. I sent to the government for a book, and in it, it

stated that squabs had to be picked for the market. Can a person sell them without picking them? Is there any paper that treats on squabs?

A.—You might get some local butcher to buy squab undressed, but I rather doubt it. Being nestlings when they are marketed, they have very few feathers, and are easily plucked. "The Feather," published in Washington, D. C., has a pigeon department, and I believe there is a paper devoted exclusively to pigeons, but I don't know where it is published.

B. H.—When should goslings be marketed, to pay best? Should the incubator be run at 103, the same as for chickens?

A.—Geese bring the best prices during the holiday season. Run the incubator at 103 to 104, and supply more moisture than for hens' eggs.

R. R. S.—You must use discrimination about the amount of water. There should be only enough steam to keep the air humid, not enough to wet the walls or trays. Try dispensing with the water in the bottom tray, and sprinkle the oats once a day.

J. W.—Please tell me through your valuable paper what ails my chickens. Their eyes swell up, and water runs from them, and in a few days they are all right again. How many hens can I keep with one rooster? Is there any way of telling if an egg is fertile before setting? Is the germ of the egg on the yolk or on the white? Is warm water good for chickens?

A.—As the hens were only afflicted for two or three days, and then recovered, I think it must have been a case of their getting something into the eye which irritated it. If your birds are of the heavy class, such as Rocks or Rhode Island Reds, nine or ten are sufficient for a flock. If Leghorns or any other of the light weight varieties, it is safe to have fifteen or twenty hens with the male bird. As far as my experience goes, it is not possible to tell whether eggs are fertile until they have been in the incubator five days. The germ is a spot which seems to be on the outer side of the yolk when the egg is broken. In very cold weather it is advisable to fill the drinking fountain with warm water three times a day.

H. S.—What shall I feed the old turkeys? Also the little turkeys? How shall I fix nests for them? Shall I let them lay and set where they please? Shall I set their eggs under a hen or a turkey? Which is the best? How long do they set, and what time of the year do they lay? Usually how many eggs? How many do you set under a turkey hen?

A.—See first part of this month's article.

Glen.—An old subscriber would like to have information about how to raise turkeys. Will you kindly give us an article in time to set turkey eggs if you possibly can? I have found so much valuable information concerning chickens and ducks in your page of COMFORT that I feel I must thank you for your good advice. I would like to write you my experience as a poultry raiser on a small scale, later on. Can I set turkey eggs under a Rhode Island Red hen? If so, how many and when?

A.—This month is devoted to turkeys. Does it answer your question?

H. A.—Can you tell me what ails my chickens? About four years ago last fall I had a hen that had something wrong with one of her eyes. It had a hard white lump just inside the upper lid that grew in size until it was almost as large as the hen's head. We didn't do anything for her, but in about a month (I think it was) the lump popped out, leaving the vision unimpaired, and very little sign of anything having been wrong. She kept in good flesh and seemed sprightly all the time. None of the other fowls had it at that time, but in a year, or probably a little longer, there were two or three more affected in the same way. Last year there were several, and this year there must have been a dozen. The tumors (as I call them) always occur in the flock about the same time of the year, and after those cases are disposed of do not trouble any more until the next fall. My husband took out a few with a pocket-knife, and the operation was not difficult, nor did it seem very painful. They come out a firm, solid lump, and the hen recovers very rapidly; but we usually just kill the hen. I don't think it could be rong, as it doesn't seem at all contagious, and there is no offensive odor. Can it be something that is hereditary, and how can I best rid my flock of the trouble? I have Plymouth Rocks crossed with Rhode Island Reds. I am afraid this is too long, but it seems that I couldn't describe the symptoms in less space. If you can help me out of my trouble I will certainly be grateful.

A.—I think the lumps must be some sort of a tumorous growth, but I can't tell what produces them, nor can I be sure of what they really are without having seen the birds.



A PERFECT PLYMOUTH ROCK ROOSTER.

F. H. L. would be so much obliged if you would tell her the cause of her hens having such large livers; otherwise healthy; but as soon as I notice them starting to droop, I kill and find them fat, and good egg layers. Have had splendid success otherwise. Last one had liver weighing one and one half ounces. All kinds of breeds—have about one hundred, and feed all sorts of grain and shell and house scraps.

A.—The trouble has probably originated from the house scraps. Bread, potatoes and fat meat will force eggs for a time, but before long such heavy feed is bound to affect the birds' livers. If you had not killed them as soon as you noticed them becoming droopy, their combs would either have become very dark red—almost black—and the birds would have died suddenly or combs would have gradually become paler and paler; the birds would have gone off their feed, droppings would have become loose and bad-colored, and the poor creatures might have lingered for weeks. The remedy is to cut out fatty stuffs. Give plenty of green food, and for two weeks put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in every quart of drinking water every third day.

S. R. and G.—You will find it better to feed the oats dry and shell the corn, and chop up the apples raw. It is almost impossible to say just how much one hundred and fifty birds will eat. The best general rule is to feed lightly in the morning, and scatter small grain in the straw, so that they will have to scratch for it. At noon, give them vegetable feed of some sort, and a little more small grain. At night all the whole corn they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. To get eggs in the winter, birds must have animal food of some sort. Plucks, boiled and chopped up fine, are good if you can get them from your butcher. Following that, there are several brands of commercial scraps on the market which are specially prepared for poultry.

S. J. F.—Dear Editor, will you please tell me the fine points in incising a chicken?

A.—You don't say what breed or variety of chickens so I can't help you, as all breeds have different points.

H. C. R.—I have a sick turkey. Will you please tell me what is the matter with him? He got sick once before, and got better, and then one of the hens got sick, but is better now. He is sick again. lots

worse, sits around drawn up; looks very pale; don't eat anything. What passes through his bowels looks like yellow of an egg. Everybody around here are losing their turkeys; would like to have help.

A.—As others in the neighborhood are losing birds in the same way, I fear you have an epidemic to fight. Turkeys are very subject to worms, and the trouble is spread from flock to flock through the agency of the droppings. Shut up any sick-looking birds in separate coops, the bottoms of which should be made of slate or poultry wire. Fix the coops on legs or blocks of wood, so that they stand at least a foot from the ground, to allow the droppings to fall through the bottom, and out of the birds' reach. Omit the night feed, and in the morning put six drops of oil of male fern in one teaspoonful of Castor oil; half an hour later, a light feed of mash. Examine the droppings for sections of tapeworm. If any are found, repeat the above treatment every third day for two weeks. Burn the droppings, and clean up the houses from which the birds were removed, to prevent the other birds from scratching up any of the parasites which may have been dropped.

E. B.—Can you tell me the way to score a Single Comb White Leghorn pullet and cockerel? I want to pick out the best of mine, and dispose of all that are not up to what they should be according to standard requirements.

A.—I could not possibly teach you how to judge birds in this column.

F. M. and J. B.—Both ask me to give them the standard requirements of Barred Plymouth Rocks.

Head medium in size, carried well up; comb rose or single; if single, slightly below medium in size, with five points; the front and back points being slightly smaller than those in the center. Comb caribes and wattles, all bright red. Neck well arched, medium in length. Back broad, and rising in a slight concave to tail. Breast, deep, well-rounded. Tail, medium length, moderately spread, and carriage moderately high. Eyes, dark bay; shanks and toes yellow. Plumage: body color, bluish grey, barred with parallel lines; of dark blue, that looks almost black. Barn must cover each feather from butt to tip. Roosters, nine and one half pounds; cockerels, eight pounds; hens, seven and one half pounds; pullets, six and one half pounds.

All our readers who have written about Indian Runner ducks must please understand that I cannot give addresses in this column. Look through the advertisement pages in COMFORT, and also in your local newspaper.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

I live on an eight hundred acre farm, fifteen miles southwest of the state's capital. My favorite pastime is riding horseback or rowing a boat. You can guess I am healthy.

I am eighteen years old, have dark brown hair, blue eyes, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, am five feet two inches tall, and my shoes are number 7. Oh! Uncle Charlie, that's a little (?) secret that few know. I'll admit that they are larger than "Jattie's," but not nearly so large as those worn by your lady friends you have often referred to. You may print this if you wish, I will not "hop" any to get you to do so.

Fondly yours,
GLADYSING HOWLES.

I am going to call you Gladys, my dear. Gladys is an awfully pretty name and I have a real, sure fine niece who owns up to that name. You are the first Gladysing though, I have ever met. I wonder who the genius (?) was who tacked the "stine" on to Gladys. If I were you Gladys, I would amputate the stine. So you live in Orient, Ohio, do you? I never knew that the Orient was in Ohio. I always thought it was east of Suez—Asia way. That must have been a pretty slick guy who swiped the Orient and dumped it down in the state of Ohio. As you live in Orient I have a right to assume, Gladys, that you are an Oriental, an Asiatic. Billy the Goat says it does not matter about you being an Asiatic, as long as you are not a rheumatic. When a lady keeps the size of her tootsies a secret it is safe to infer that they are sizeable tootsies all right, but Gladys as you live on a farm of eight hundred acres, I should imagine if you stood in the middle of it you might be able, with great care, to turn around without knocking the barn and hog pen over. I can't tell what might happen on a small farm, but as you don't have to live in one we won't bother our heads about it. So your doubting Thomas brother thinks that I invent all the letters that appear in COMFORT does he. In fact he emphatically declares that they are invented. Well, Gladys, there are lots of self-satisfied people in this world, who are fond of giving decided opinions on subjects which they know nothing about. It is a compliment to call such people Doubting Thomases, as ethnologists long ago labeled and ticketed them as Smart Alecks. If your brother wishes to make a trip to Augusta, Maine, he can see letters by the hundreds and thousands addressed to this department. I probably get more mail than Andrew Carnegie and Rockefeller combined. If I had to invent letters I suppose I could invent them, but a busy man does not go out of his way to do unnecessary things. Most departments of this kind have a short life. You see the mail that comes in is so enormous, and it costs so much to handle it that publishers in despair have to discontinue this kind of a feature. Instead of having to invent letters they come in in such enormous quantities that one hardly knows what to do with them. Everyone who writes insists that either his or her letter must be published, and if it is not published they write back and sass me and call me all sorts of names, because I have favored someone else, as they think at their expense. Your letter was written on October 19, and it has taken me several months to get to it. People who think that I invent the letters that appear in this department (and I know there are many who hold that opinion), can easily satisfy themselves on this point by writing to those whose letters are published in these columns. A stamped addressed envelope and a courteous note and the Doubting Thomases can get all the proof they want. COMFORT has a reading family of six millions of people, and all those whose letters appear in his department receive hundreds of letters from all over the United States. That's why everyone is anxious to get in print. Another thing, though I have a pretty good imagination I simply couldn't invent all the queer things that are written to me. As the Good Book says, many are called but few are chosen, and though I receive thousands of letters from people who are simply crazy to get into print, it's only one in every two or three hundred that actually gets into type. Now, Gladys, I hope your Doubting Thomas brother is satisfied, and that Master Howells will set up no more howls on this subject.

HAZEL GREEN, RITCHIE CO., W. Va.

Will you have room for a little girl eleven years old to write a letter in the COMFORT? My mamma left me when I was two years old. I can make bread pies and clean house. I have one brother and one sister. I am dark complexioned. I have black eyes and brown hair. I live at Hazel Green. I have a large house and a garden. I have a doll and a pink check. It is real pretty. I like to go to school. I am in the third reader and in the geography and arithmetic and spelling also. I study my books at night. I am at school now. From a little girl eleven years of age.

BELVA FREDERICK.

BELVA, you are a bright, clever little girl, and a useful one too. You say you can make bread pies and clean house, and there are very few little girls in this world who can do that. Bread does some remarkable things. It feeds the world and keeps millions of people alive, supplying them with health and strength. At the same time I must say that I have never seen a loaf of bread baking a pumpkin pie or sweeping a floor. There is some class to a loaf of bread that can do that. If you could make a few million loaves of that character and distribute

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Single Comb White Orpington Eggs \$4.00 30; \$10.00 100. (Keller, Stetson, Cooks) Ship prompt. R. RUEBUSH, Sevierville, Tenn.

Perpetual guarantee. No money in advance. Sixty days free trial. Lowest prices in the world. If interested write today for our big, new Cream Separator Catalogue and see for yourself. Address JOHN M. SMYTH MOSE CO., 150-151 W. Madison St., Chicago.

3 Years to Pay for the sweet-toned

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30 Days' Free Trial in Your Own Home.

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If the piano proves to be all we claim for it and you decide to buy it, these are the terms of sale:

\$1 a Week or \$5 a Month

No cash payment down. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf free.

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Buy Rugs and Furniture With This **FREE** **\$150** Credit Certificate

We are giving out \$150 Credit Purchase Certificates to readers of this paper. With these certificates you can buy Furniture, Rugs and all kinds of Homefurnishings from us on credit, without notes or security. These certificates do the work of dollars. Only one certificate will be given to each family. Send your name and address and a \$150 certificate will be issued in your name at once.

Great Credit Sale of Surplus Stocks From 180 Factories

We are distributors for 180 big factories and are selling their surplus stocks at 50 cents on the dollar. Michigan is the world's greatest furniture producing state.

We sell to you as low as we sell to a dealer. The retail dealer buys on credit—why not you?



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People's Outfitting Company

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Easter Sermon

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

numbers committing suicide, despondent over their inability to obtain work. In the same paper we are told of a poor widow and her child being found by the police in a bare room in a tenement, dead from starvation. Riotous wealth on the one hand, death, privation, want and misery on the other.

In nearly every line of business we find more or less fraud and misrepresentation, while the adulteration of food products, which is murder by wholesale, causes the deaths of thousands annually.

What are we as a nation doing to combat this deplorable condition of things? Above all what is the church doing? Nothing or next to nothing?

Millions are yearly spent on the erection of sumptuous church edifices, magnificently appointed structures, in which Christ is worshipped in a perfunctory manner but one day out of seven; while the golden calf, the Mammon of all unrighteousness, is passionately and devoutly adored the balance of the week. Millions are raised for the conversion of the heathen in foreign lands in whom the churches take a profound interest, but the heathen at home, and the sick and suffering at the church door receive but scant attention.

We have churches by the score, by the hundreds, by the thousands, by the tens of thousands, and yet in spite of this evidence of lavish expenditure and the erection of palatial buildings for Christian worship, we alas, exhibit the shocking spectacle of a nation that has forgotten God, a nation that is growing more and more corrupt, more lawless, more tolerant of crime in its most hideous form, more indifferent of vice that enslaves and destroys, more lax in our insistence of a higher standard of honor in politics and business, more complaisant in the presence of those social ills and abuses which destroy the home, and threaten the very existence of society, and the Republic itself, a Republic, which, instead of leading the world in all that makes for progress and righteousness, has become a byword amongst Christian nations, and is even regarded with contempt by those heathen races that but yesterday emerged from barbarism.

The church, instead of denouncing crime, fighting corruption, pillorying wrong, assailing evil and exposing the wrong-doer, no matter how high his social position, how great his influence, how tremendous his wealth, remains silent, and instead of combatting the spirit of rampant commercialism which has caused men to neglect and defile the altars of their fathers, and bow down to idols of gold, has itself become commercialized, and by ignoring the hypocrisy, sinfulness, and at times blood guiltiness of its members, stands arraigned with them at the bar of divine justice, admittedly lax, and admittedly guilty.

The clergy complain that they are losing their grip on the people, that there is a growing lack of interest in religion, and that their congregations are slipping away from them. No one need wonder at this. The people look to the church for light, guidance and inspiration, but when the people see that the church is silent in the presence of evil doing amongst its members, that ministers fawn upon the wealthy members of their congregations who are piling up fortunes by grinding down their laborers, employing children, debauching public officials, exploiting vice, encouraging and profiting by the liquor traffic and every other form of dishonesty that produces profits, and destroys humanity, body and soul, then do the people lose faith in the church, for to ignore sin and wrong is to encourage it, and a church that condones wrong by a conspiracy of silence is not the church, militant of Christ, but a whitened sepulchre.

"Silence gives consent" is one of the oldest and truest of proverbs. How must such churches and ministers as are silent as to the crime, corruption and extortion that is so prevalent and rampant expect their conduct to be viewed? How does it degrade the churches when gross immorality and dishonesty openly practiced by church members go unrebuked?

Silence is bad enough, but what will you say of those churches and ministers that go further and accept a share of the unlawful plunder, of the profits of vice and debauchery? Do they not thus become partners in crime by receiving a share of the wages of sin? Do they not give sin that is profitable the stamp of their approval, and dignify the rich criminal with a halo of false respectability? Can the church or the minister that does this expect to command the respect or the confidence of the people?

The receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief," is an established principle of law and morals. What then shall we say of the church which Sunday after Sunday and year after year asks and accepts the liberal contributions of the rumseller whose bloody money is the devil's toll on lives wrecked and souls sent to perdition, whose business fills the prisons, insane asylums and poorhouses with its victims, and makes more misery and more widows and orphans than all the wars?

Is it not an equally demoralizing example for a church to admit to membership or accept the contributions of corrupt politicians, or of men known to be piling up riches by dishonest business methods, by means of unlawful trust combinations or by grinding the poor down to starvation wages?

Probably any clergymen would deem it too glaring an impropriety for him to accept the hospitality of a rumseller, but do you know of a minister that for conscientious reasons has refused an invitation to dinner or to an automobile ride with the rich and respectable owner of a building which is rented to a rumseller, gambler or white slave dealer and in which the nefarious traffic is carried on days, nights and Sundays?

If real estate owners would not rent their buildings to be used as dens of vice it would be difficult for these pest holes to find lodgment in any community.

Is it strange that preaching against sin while sharing the wages of sin is criticized as hypocrisy?

Is not the acceptance of tainted money calculated to buy the indulgence of the church and the silence of the minister regarding the evil practices of the giver?

Do not misunderstand me. I am not knocking religion. I have a devout respect for religion; the world needs more Christianity.

We need the churches and the ministers; they are the instrumentalities on which we must rely for the upholding and advancement of Christianity. They do an immense amount of good, but they could do all vastly more good and would serve God better if certain of them would sever their financial alliance with Mammon; I say all, because those that are not subject to this criticism suffice more or less of the discredit of those that are.

Everybody needs the assistance of the church, and the church needs and should have the loyal support of everybody.

If you are a church member set an example of true Christian living in your daily life; if you are not you should at once ally yourself with some church. Don't stay out because you see some bad men in the church and some hypocrites in the ministry; it is the more reason why it is your duty to go in and do your part as a Christian to help clean up on the inside and make your church what it should be.

The church that would gain in membership must have a message. It must not be content to preach the dry books of doctrine. It must be a living, breathing force the terror of the wrong doer, the refuge of the oppressed, the protector of the weak, the friend of the fallen. It must be the church of humanity, not of a class. It must be filled with the Christ spirit, the spirit that compels men to go out in the highways and byways, and bring in the sick and heavy laden, the poor

and the helpless, the backslider and the indifferent, the scoffer and the wrong-doer, that they may hear those glad tidings of great joy for which humanity has ever hungered; that they may sit at the King's table, and find that He hath put down the mighty from their seats and hath exalted the lowly and meek, and that He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away. It must be a church that makes known to all the world that He, all loving, all powerful, all wise, through His church, wishes to minister to sick bodies as well as sick souls; wishes to rescue the scarlet woman from her den of vice; wishes to free the child slaves in the mills, mines and factories and send them into the fields and meadows to enjoy His glorious sunshine; wishes industrial slavery to cease, that men and women may have time and the means to enjoy the wonderful things they create in the beautiful world He has created for them; in short wishes His church to be the one great force for man's uplift and betterment the mighty force that works for man's regeneration, purging him of greed and selfishness, casting out the dross of sin and selfishness, and leaving only the gold of truth and manhood.

All that is needed in this great land of ours for man's regeneration and national salvation is the resurrection of the Christ spirit. Deep in every nature there is a spark of the divine, a spark of the Christ. We have but to roll away the stone of greed, sin and indifference, which we in our blindness have set as a seal upon these spiritual and ennobling forces now entombed within us, and bid them rise, even as Christ rose from the sleep of death and mighty will be the results. In this new resurrection we shall again see repeated the miracle of that first great resurrection. Mankind will come forth from the tomb of century old wrong, from the charnel house of his own creating. He will leave behind him the grave clothes of crime and corruption, the shroud of sin, wickedness, hate, greed and avarice. Angelic hands will clothe him with the garb of righteousness, flowers will spring beneath his feet and bow to him as he passes, the birds will hover o'er him and he will lift his voice with theirs in a chorus of rejoicing, and the sun will shine upon his pathway and joy and peace will be his in this world and the next forever and evermore.

This is Easter-tide. Let us proclaim to the world not only that Christ is risen but that mankind too has risen with Him, bursting the bonds of his self-imposed prison house, bursting the bonds that made him twin brother to the ox, casting off the old Adam and walking in the path of the risen Savior, following in His steps, and with eyes heavenward gazing, preparing so to live that when his earthly span is o'er he may command the Angel of Death to open the gloomy portal which leads to that bright realm of eternal day where the songs of angels never cease and there is life and joy everlasting.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

cattle and hog country. Hogs are now selling for five cents on foot, and there has been a great many carloads shipped from Summit, mostly to Natcher pack-edges; such fine big fellows, too.

This is the home proper for poultry. Hens sell from twenty-five cents to forty-five cents; young chickens, twenty-five to forty-five cents; eggs, twelve and one half to thirty cents, according to season, now are plentiful at twenty cents per doz, butter, fifteen to thirty cents, as to quality and neatness of packages.

There are no large rivers or lakes in this immediate vicinity; numerous small, unnavigable streams.

Now dear friends you will doubtless consider this a "jumble" of information but I have just jotted down the items as they occur.

Now, hoping I have given all desired information, and wish to say I have no "axes to grind" or land to sell and only know existing conditions.

Do not know that there is any land open to homesteading; don't think there is any school land left.

Improved farms can be purchased for five dollars up to one hundred dollars per acre, and farmers use some commercial fertilizer. The coldest weather we have had this winter was twenty degrees above zero, and our summers are never intensely hot. Men work all day in the open air.

We are busy preparing to begin gardening. Many have planted Irish potatoes, green peas and bedded sweet potatoes, also planted oats, who failed to plant them in the fall.

There are homeseekers' trips run out of Chicago, twice monthly for the South.

Wishing everyone the realization of their desires,
Your COMFORT friend,
MRS. GENIA STEVEN, Summit, Miss.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have long thought of writing to our highly-treasured COMFORT, but thinking there was nothing I could say to interest our many readers, just left the writing part to someone else, but I do my share of absorbing all the good things the many writers say, and I do truly hope that our COMFORT readers will give Mr. Gannett their utmost support in trying to obtain the PARCELS POST, for in my opinion it would be the grandest thing in all, especially for us rural route.

Will give a brief description of myself, am five feet five inches tall, eyes blue, hair light and weigh one hundred and ninety pounds. I must be related to your Oregon sister. I was married five years ago.

I have no little ones and at times get very lonely, still I am kept quite busy caring for my chickens besides we conduct a small dairy farm, and those of you who are in the dairy business know that there is always plenty of work to do. We started with only one cow selling the milk and butter from our house (then living in a suburb) and continued to add a cow now and then to the herd, until we owned eight, then we decided to move out on a rural route and start a delivery wagon, and we now have a nice trade; some being wholesale customers.

We have increased the herd to fifty-eight head. While we have worked very hard I feel we have been amply paid, and if the Lord continues to bless us with health we hope to own a nice home some day.

I sometimes grow despondent over trivial affairs, and then I think of the many poor unfortunate who are deprived of the good things of this world and then I am filled with new inspiration. I do feel so sorry for our many shut-ins, help all I can.

I will say to you girls who are craving to get away from home for what you call a good time that in my opinion you are now having the best time of your life, right where you now are. And the best thing for you is to remain right there on that "good old farm."

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With all good wishes to the COMFORT readers and a share portion for dear Mrs. Wilkinson, R. R. 3, Ala.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I would like to add a few lines in the COMFORT about rearing girls.

I have brown hair and eyes and am sixteen years old. I weigh one hundred and ten pounds, and have a good disposition. My mother and father are both living.

When a girl is ranging from twelve to eighteen years old, she is most likely to be advancing in studies and music, and she needs encouragement from every member in the family. Especially if she is a tender-hearted girl. Each mother can help her daughter by encouragement. Here are some questions for mothers to consider.

Has your daughter control over you and does she do as she pleases or do you rule her?

Does your daughter keep good company?

Is she untruthful?

THE LAST CHANCE

Win two good cash prizes this month. Others have done it. Why don't you? This month, April, is the last month of our Grand Subscription Prize Contest; it is the last chance to win big cash prizes. Two lists of big prizes, and all the subscriptions you send in count on both lists, so the smart ones may win two prizes this month. Don't let them all get by; enter now and make a try. Read the full page announcement and begin getting up a club at once.



**SPEAR Will Trust You
Wherever You Live—Write
For His Free Catalog**

Prepare for Spring Homefurnishing Now

No matter where you live, you can buy everything needed for the Spring homefurnishing from us on credit and on easy payment to suit your convenience. Just send us your name and address and we will at once send you free, our Mammoth Homefurnishing Catalog, containing illustrations from photographs and full descriptions of thousands of articles in Furniture, Ranges, Carpets, Refrigerators, Sewing Machines, Silver, Rugs, Clocks, Dishes, Lac-Curtains, Go-Carts, Mattresses and Bedding.

We offer you a vastly larger and better stock than even the big stores all sold by us on long time, open account, easy credit terms, and you can make your selections right at home with your family at your elbow.

Credit Buying Made Easy

Your credit is good with us. Why not use it? It is extended to honest people everywhere, regardless of their income. Under our liberal open account, easy payment plan you can have every possible advantage in buying possessed by the most favored shoppes in the city stores.

Pay When Convenient

You need not deny yourself on account of a lack of ready cash. Select what you want from our Catalog, pay a little cash down and a little each month.

Our Prices Are the Lowest

While our credit terms are the most liberal in the country, yet our prices are the lowest. This is because we buy fresh in such vast quantities that we secure rock bottom prices and with our immense volume of sales we can afford to accept just one small added profit from each sale. We allow no one to undersell us. Just get our prices!

Take a Month To Decide

Anything you select from our Bargain Catalog or direct from this advertisement, will be shipped on credit. Keep the goods 30 days. If not fully satisfied to buy, send the goods back at our expense and we will refund your money.

"Steinway Special"

Sewing Machine

Made with beautifully finished solid oak case—dust proof head and ball-bearing iron stand, and fitted with high arm, automatic lift head. Full set attachments. Up-to-date in every way.

Colonial Library Table

Large, heavy, 28x2 in., made of American quartered oak, fine finish, one drawer. Splendid Colonial design, highly glazed finish—guaranteed to give satisfaction. C. W. 3774.

Price \$8.95.

Rocker Bargain

Large, comfortable, solid oak Rocker, with wide back, fastened and bounded. Roomy Seat upholstered with high-grade black Sylvan leather over full steel springs, beautifully ruffed edge to match back. Solid golden oak high gloss finish. Wide arms, front posts of handsome design.

Balance Payable 50c Monthly Write For Free Catalog Today

SPEAR & COMPANY, Dept. 415, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Does she study her lessons as she should?

Does she good health?

Does she make her go to school when sick?

Does she have the necessary comforts and pleasures at home or does she want to go to the neighbor?

Does she make the home as happy for her as you can?

Do you show partiality with your children?

Do you encourage your daughter?

If she is feeling bad why look after her?

Do you beudge your daughter of any pleasure?

I would like to hear from all the sisters and get advice myself.

From a friend of the COMFORT,

Mrs. EDNA WALL, Lansing, Box 69, Kans.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I can't stay away any longer for I want to tell you about my fireless cooker which I planned myself. I had a very thick box made of common rough pine, two and one half feet high, top with a fit down close inside piece like a refrigerator. Then I took a new round oil can, two foot high which I placed in the center on about a three inch layer of cut or ground cork which grapes come packed in. I filled sides of box with this and beat up charcoal, packing down close. To use, set vessel of boiling food inside can, put cover on tight, fit feather pillow down in box close and put on lid, and you have as fine a cooker as you wish. I've just finished my dinner of black-eye peas which I put in there last night so I would not have the trouble this morning, and they were deliciously done. I am too busy during the day to cook vegetables, as I carry on at my home a cleaning, pressing and darning business.

For cabbage or other coarse vegetables, I heat a brick very hot and lay up on a wire in can, so not to burn the cork, and set my vessel of food on it which increases heat.

Heavy undershirts for men soon pull out at back of neck. Take tape and stitch about six inches across center neck and down each shoulder when first bought and see how they last.

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CUPID'S APRIL FOOL

A Leap Year Story

By Eleanor Hunt

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MILADY APRIL came with a smile to the little earth house swept clean for her by industrious March. All the first day she laughed among the flowers, kissing the buds to warmer life; but by nightfall she grew weary of earthly playfellows, so her petulant tears fell thick and fast—while the poor little forsaken ones buttoned up their tiny green jackets, and shivered at milady's coldness.

In tribute to this mood a small fire burned cheerfully in the grate in Marjorie's sanctum, touching up the high-lights in polished furniture, casting flickering shadows upon walls, and flinging an inquisitive ray into Marjorie's blue eyes as it wondered when she would stop her restless poking.

A man came to the rescue: "This is the last time," he declared, laying hold of the poker. "That young fire has had far too much of your attention already. If I have to take this poker away again, I'll eat it!"

"I wouldn't. You might have indigestion," she cautioned, with a lazy laugh. Her laugh was good to hear even though lazy; it had little quivery notes that made you feel things. "If you did," she added, "you'd say I did it."

"Well you might drive a fellow to worse," he retorted, sliding his hands along the poker until they crowded hers between them.

"Now there you go!" releasing the poker hurriedly. "It was surely a man who said 'whenever there's trouble there's a woman at the bottom of it.' A woman knows that if you just let her once get to the bottom, she straightens it all out and there's no more trouble there."

"She generally straightens the man out all right," admitted Endicott, "but suppose when she gets to the bottom she finds another woman there?"

"Oh, then," tossed off Marjorie, "the two women straighten each other out and the man goes scot-free! There's no trouble for him after all!"

I'll come back just to show you how dignified I can look in my royal robes."

"Now John," said the girl warningly, "if you dare to get portly and wear huge diamond studs and red cravats, I'll never speak to you again. I believe you've always had a sneaky liking for red cravats, anyway!"

"On my honor," he protested, "never since the one you gave me when you were eighteen."

Marjorie pursed up her soft red lips and looked as cross as two distracting dimples would permit. "It's like a man to remember a thing like that."

She rested a small, haughty chin on one white hand, with the other pulling into a golden string a rebellious corkscrew which immediately rewound itself; and sitting thus, her whole attention upon the fire, she withdrew her good will from the luckless John for nearly half a minute. Then she said sweetly:

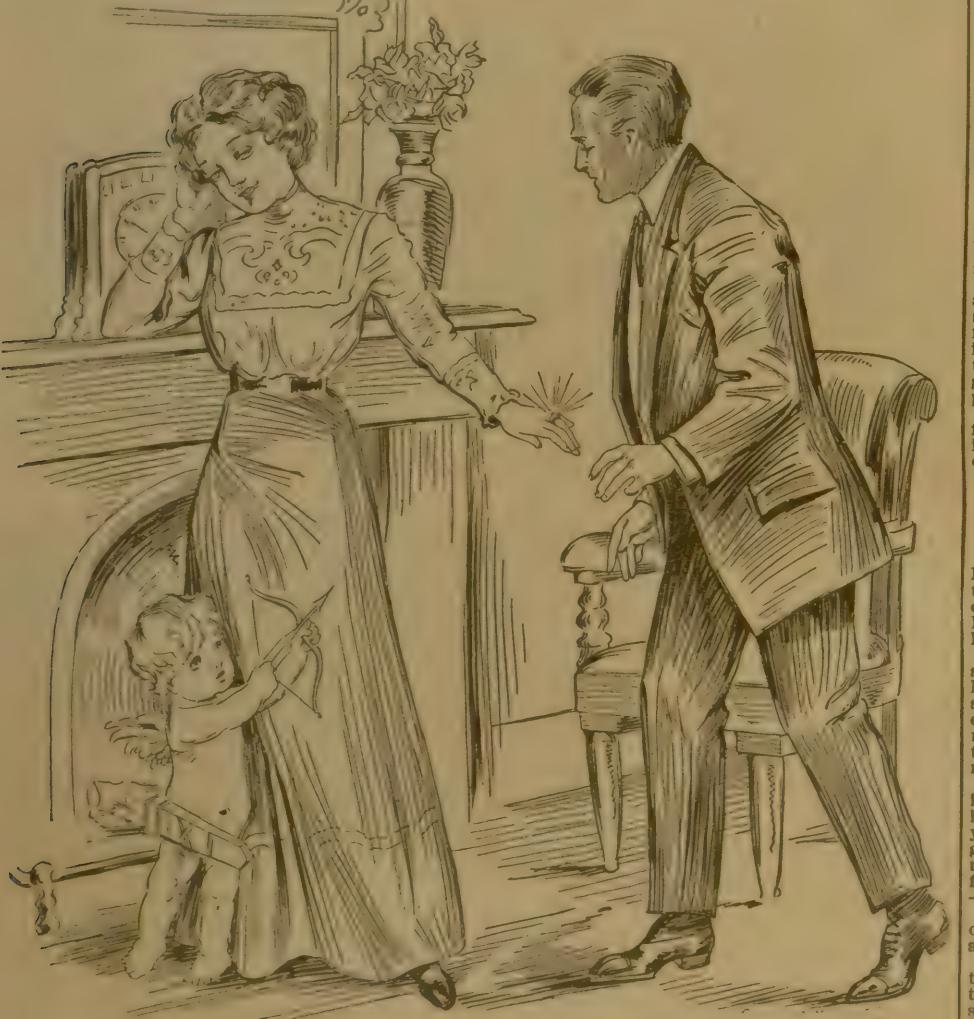
"But that was a pretty tie! Dear me, what care I took in selecting it. At eighteen one is very particular of trifles."

"It wasn't a trifle to me, little chum," began Endicott softly, with that in his voice which made Marjorie's startled eyes seek the fire; but he caught himself up short. "You know," he finished rather lamely, "men like fixings almost as much as girls, though most of them deny it."

This time the girl was not listening. As she sat with the firelight kissing gently the gold in her hair, the mischief in her eyes replaced by a dreamy tenderness, Endicott felt his high ideals of honor tottering before the strength of the human call of her. He dared not trust himself to a long silence.

"A penny?" he began.

"I was thinking—I was wondering," she said solemnly, "if the saving of Rome seemed a bit silly because geese saved it? I mean do you think anything great and wonderful can be made little by its connection with anything mean and small. Not wicked—you understand—just little and silly like the geese. I mean—oh, you know what I mean!"



With a that-settles-it air, she leaned back and folded her hands demurely.

John Endicott made no reply. He considered the subject a trifle inadequate to a man's last hour with the only woman in the world. In honest moments he acknowledged to himself what Marjorie meant to him; whereupon he immediately called himself a fool, compared Marjorie's papa's millions with his own visionary fortune—unwritten books not yielding, as a rule, a conspicuously substantial income—and returned with clinched fists, to his well-studied role of "chum."

For three years he had been faithful to his part, but things wear on one's nerves in time. Too often lately, when he set his lips to say "little chum," another word fought recklessly for utterance. Within the last month when, on one of their long tramps through the woods Marjorie had sprained her ankle and fallen fainting into his arms, his lines had gone out of character, while his acting became false to a degree. True, when Marjorie opened her eyes again, she saw only her old chum drowning her rather awkwardly with water from a nearby brook; but Endicott recognized the danger signal and knew that the end had come. He must go away.

He had argued it all out with himself too many times to count. It was the same old story; the girl with too much money; the man with none. Of course he had no right to speak; if he had only a fair chance he would work like the devil—but with a widowed mother and an unmarriageable sister! Oh, the only decent thing was to go away! Marjorie was young and would soon have the world at her feet. It was not the honorable thing to try to make her care.

Well—twice he had set the date for his departure and had changed on some flimsy pretext. The Montana job would be lost to him if he delayed again, so this was positively good by. On his last night it was not easy to talk of little things.

The girl turned from her inspection of the fire. "You're interesting tonight John. I believe you've made three whole life-sized remarks since you came. But—" her bantering tone changed suddenly, "I mustn't scold you on our last night."

"Our last night?" Lord, how it sounded! put like that! "Oh no, Marjorie, don't say that; you know; it—I—well, Montana is not so far away, and after a while when I'm a fat old copper king or whatever it is they grow out there,

This was Marjorie's usual conclusion and, be it to Endicott's credit, he seldom failed her. But for once he was lost.

"Well, I—really Marjorie, of course I ought to know. You were perfectly lucid, but—if you'd be just a shade more definite," he suggested.

"A man," remarked Marjorie, witheringly, "is really an inferior being. He knows what a woman means, when she knows herself—when she has no earthly need of his assistance! But the moment her ideas walk off leaving her in the lurch, and she asks him to help her catch up, it's only: 'Please be more definite.' Oh, dear!"

"But I'll try again," with a resigned sigh. "Suppose for example," she continued, "that you had a great love and you knew that love was returned, yet some horrid snarl set everything wrong. Then if you could, by some little trick or just a—swallowing of your pride, make everything come right—would that be little the love, do you think?"

Lord, what could she mean? For a moment an insane idea flashed through his brain; had she got her secret? But reason came to his rescue. Marjorie's random speculations struck very near the mark at times.

"Would it be little the love?" he repeated; he hoped his voice was calm. All the weary arguments with himself, in the long struggle before his decision to leave, came rushing back as an answer to her question. "Yes, Marjorie, a thousand times yes! And the fellow who stoops to anything unworthy is a detestable cad!" He liked the phrase; it strengthened his own convictions. "A detestable cad," he repeated vehemently.

"And anybody—a girl even—who lets her pride choke her love, is a detestable idiot!" Two blue eyes were blazing with scorn, and Marjorie half rose from her chair in her excitement.

Endicott started forward—but she was speaking again in an entirely different tone, and he trembled to think of what he had almost done.

"Do you know, John," she was saying, "because we've been such friends for so long, such blessed old chums!"—her voice had a little catch in it—"I think I ought to tell you something before you go away. I have a confession to make."

"A confession? You—have a—confession?"

The girl turned away her face and without a word held out to him her left hand that

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was not quite steady. A single diamond, set in a golden circlet, blazed upon the third finger, evidently an engagement ring. Then she spoke, in a low tone:

"You will congratulate me, Jack?"

For a moment he did not move; for what seemed an eternity he found himself counting the roses on a china vase nearby. Then, remembering himself, he caught the little hand with a strength that almost hurt.

"With all my heart," he answered, but he laughed a bit wildly.

He arose and stood by the mantelpiece, one arm resting upon it, his unseeing eyes gazing into the fire. Slowly he realized that his fight had been in vain. It was even with a kind of relief that he felt the fetters of his high ideals falling in a helpless tangle about him. It could harm no one but himself now, why should he not tell her? For her never to know—why the thing was absurd.

"Marjorie"—his voice came to him, calm and distinct; he felt as if someone else were speaking—"because it can do you no harm now, and because we are saying good by for all time, I too will make a confession, I will tell you something that will amuse you very much: It is really very funny. Your old chum is a desperate failure, a regular humbug, Marjorie. He has tried hard, but he couldn't be a good chum—not just—that; and that's why he's going away and—he hopes you'll be very, very happy, Marjorie darling!"

Two white hands covered a beloved face and Marjorie was sobbing softly.

"Oh, for God's sake don't—don't cry, dear, I'm not worth that!"

He drew away the two little hands and Marjorie smiled gloriously through her tears. For an instant her shining eyes met his; then she studied the toe of her slipper intently.

"I—the—the ring was a trick, Jack, dear—an April fool." In a voice so low he had to stoop to catch the words, she added, "I'm afraid not the only one; but I had to save Rome—even if I had to be a goose to do it! But then this is the first day of April and leap year too, so forgive my little trick to bring you up to a proposal."

A crushing embrace cut short further confessions. Later, a muffled little voice came laughing from the region of his broad shoulder: "John, dearest, I'm sorry I'm a detestable cad!"

Tea and Dorothea

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

leaning over suddenly and covering the white trembling hand that lay on the table with both of his. "Her name, my dear little girl, is Dorothea Moreland. Have you ever heard of her?"

For the space of perhaps a moment Dorothea sat speechless, as if turned to stone then suddenly she snatched her hand from beneath his and sprung up from her chair faced him, her dark eyes sparkling ominously. "I don't see what right you have to say I—I love you," she faltered tearfully, "when you have not said—have not said—"

"That I love you," he finished. "On, Dorothea, if you only knew how much I do love you and how long I've loved you, and have not dared ask you the question—you are such an elusive little girl, that sometimes when I had almost made up my mind to ask you, you would flutter away from me like the little brown fairy that you are—and then, my nerve would fail me."

"Then how—then how—did you make the discovery that I loved you?" she questioned, with a little catch in her throat.

For answer Tom held his hand across the table, and Dorothea saw resting in his palm a tiny picture of himself—looking at her with the same half-quizzical, half-teasing expression that his eyes now held.

In a little panic of alarm Dorothea raised her hands to the little locket which she wore around her neck and discovered that the locket was open—and the treasure gone.

"It caught on the edge of the table when you went to hand me my second cup of tea," Tom explained gravely, "and the picture dropped out on the table. I immediately took possession of it and made sure that it was mine. And that's the reason I know you loved me," he concluded triumphantly.

He waited for a moment but Dorothea did not answer. Her face was burning, but the blood in her veins seemed as though it had turned to ice. Then when she did not speak to him Tom came slowly around the table, slowly until he reached her, then suddenly and without warning he caught her to him and held her close as though he would never let her go. Her head drooped on her shoulder and she dared not raise her face to his. "Dorothea," he said softly, "look at me dear, there is something I want to know."

Reluctantly Dorothea raised her head until it was on a level with his chin, then her lovely,

dusky eyes slowly met his, and he seemed to see what he wanted to know in their dark depths. Silently, Marton raised her hand to his lips, and selecting her slender third finger tenderly bent his head until his lips rested upon it in a lingering kiss. Then, he took from his pocket a small satin case, and touching a tiny spring, the lid flew back, revealing a priceless solitaire in all its magnificent beauty. "The Marton diamond, dear," said Tom, as he slipped it on her third finger. "The same ring my mother wore when she was engaged to my father, and should I search the world over I could find nothing more fitting or more worthy to do honor to my sweet Dorothea."

"It is a beautiful gift," said Dorothea, reverently, as she held up her hand and allowed the firelight to reflect upon the sparkling gem. "It is the most beautiful gift in the whole world."

"It is not near so beautiful as mine," answered Tom, softly, and gathering her to him brought her closer and closer until their lips met.

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JOHN PAUL JONES

Father of the American Navy

(CONTINUED FROM MARCH.)

OUR readers will be interested to learn what became of the Serapis. She was as fine a ship of her size as there was afloat and as his own ship had been sunk in capturing her Jones expected, of course, to be given command of the Serapis. Who could have thought otherwise?

As we have stated, stormy weather and the crippled condition of his ships after the battle compelled Jones to take his squadron and his prizes into the Texel, in Holland, instead of making directly for a French port.

Holland was very friendly to England and had refused to recognize the United States as an independent nation. This attitude of the Dutch government placed Commodore Jones in the position of a rebellious British subject. The British minister at the Dutch court took the same ground, of course, and even claimed that, as Jones's commission was from a government that was not recognized by Holland, he must be regarded as a pirate and accordingly demanded that Jones's two prizes, the Serapis and Countess of Scarboro, and his five hundred and four British prisoners of war be seized by the Dutch authorities and turned over to the English government. Jones made a masterly reply and a long drawn-out battle of diplomacy between him and the British minister was carried on before the Dutch court on this subject and on the further objection to Jones being permitted to repair his ships in Holland.

Jones won off on every point, but meanwhile our commissioners at Paris became alarmed and transferred the Serapis and the Countess of Scarboro to the French government.

Jones was disgusted, although the French King sugar-coated this bitter pill by offering him a commission as captain in the French navy under which he might have retained command to the Serapis; but this he politely declined. He would only fight under an American commission while his country was at war. So after his ships were repaired and the wounds of his crews had healed he sailed to France in the Alliance successfully eluding the British fleet of seven ships that was watching to capture him as he came out of the Texel.

Jones had made his stay in the Texel as long as possible because it was creating so much trouble between Holland and England that he hoped it might bring on a war between them; nor was he disappointed, for this incident was the beginning of difficulties which soon resulted in war. The more enemies England had to fight the better for the cause of American independence.

The Alliance returned to America with a cargo of supplies for our army, but Jones remained in France a year longer assisting the American commissioners and trying to obtain from the King of France the Serapis or some other ship of sufficient size to cruise against the British in their home waters.

Although, as the English papers and naval authorities of the time stated, Jones was more feared, and with his two small ships had done more damage than the entire French navy, and even though King Louis was favorably disposed, the strong opposition inspired by the jealousy of the French naval officers prevented the realization of his hopes.

Bitterly disappointed that he could not obtain the means to fight more battles he returned to America in command of the little twenty gun ship Ariel loaded with arms and ammunition for the American army.

Jones had demonstrated the wisdom of his bold policy of attacking British commerce in its home waters. Our few small ships of war were far too weak to cope with the British navy, then as now, the most powerful in the world. But his exploits with a single ship, besides the large damage that he actually did, terrorized the English coast towns and spread consternation among ship-owners and kept a large part of the British navy busy guarding the coast, while the severe losses which he inflicted on her commerce, then the mainstay of England's power and prosperity, caused the English merchants to sicken of the war and clamor for peace.

Soon after the close of the war Jones was sent to Europe to accomplish the difficult and delicate task of arranging a settlement of our government's numerous claims for prize money for the sale of ships and cargoes captured by Jones, and while there he was offered and accepted a commission as Rear Admiral in the Russian navy. This honor was bestowed on him by Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. She was then at war with the Turks whose navy commanded the Black Sea. Catherine was one of Russia's greatest rulers, and during her reign she nearly doubled the extent of that country's dominions and raised it to the rank of a first-class power.

At that time Russia had a considerable navy, but then as now it was the laughing stock of Europe. Her ships were poorly built and improperly equipped; the crews were undisciplined and not more than a quarter of them were sailors; though brave enough, they were neither good seamen nor good sea fighters; most of the officers were as inefficient as the men. No wonder the Russian navy had never won a victory and that the great warrior Empress wanted the services of the unconquerable John Paul Jones.

Catherine received him at the palace with high honors and gave him command of her Black Sea fleet with orders to crush the naval power of the Turks which was the chief obstacle to be overcome in the war in which she was engaged.

She gave him a purse of ten thousand dollars for extraordinary expenses besides his regular pay, and loaned him her own traveling coach in which to make the eleven hundred miles journey to his post of duty, which he accomplished in twelve days by traveling day and night.

His command consisted of nineteen large ships of war besides a number of small gunboats, but he found the condition of things so very discouraging that he had a mind to resign at once, and afterwards wished he had done so. He went to work vigorously to make his fleet as effective a fighting force as possible under the circumstances. He repaired and refitted the ships, schooled the officers and drilled the men so that before the Turkish fleet arrived he had his own in fairly good shape considering the poor material he had to work with.

The Russian General Suwarow was besieging the fortified city of Oczakoff, the most important Turkish stronghold on the Black Sea, and Admiral Jones blockaded the approach to the harbor to prevent the entrance of the Turkish fleet which had been sent to help defend the place.

On June 16, 1788, the Turkish fleet consisting of seventeen large ships and about fifty gunboats arrived and next day attempted to force an entrance. Jones met them with eighteen large ships and only a few gunboats, because the cowardly commander (he was not a Russian) of the principal Russian gunboat division ran off with his entire squadron before the battle began. Jones captured nine of the large Turkish ships and destroyed over twenty of their gunboats, the rest making their escape to sea. The Turks lost three thousand men in this battle, Jones lost one large ship and six gunboats sunk, and about seven hundred men killed or wounded. Had the main division of the Russian gunboats remained and done its duty according to Jones's orders scarcely one of the Turkish fleet could have escaped. As it was the Turkish fleet was so shattered that it gave no further trouble. He continued to assist in the siege which resulted in the capture of the city in December by the combined action of the Russian army and navy.

This ended the Turkish and established the Russian naval supremacy on the Black Sea which has continued to the present day. It also opened the way for Suwarow's victorious army to extend the Russian dominion westward to the

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Danube, capturing from the Turks a large territory which is now one of the richest parts of Russia. These important results were made possible by Admiral Jones's great victory over the Turkish fleet in the battle above described, which is called in Russian histories the battle of the Liman.

But it was far too brilliant an exploit to be viewed with equanimity by the Russian Admirals whose jealousy of Jones's success made it extremely uncomfortable for him. Prince Potemkin, the commander-in-chief of the military district even sent in an official report to the effect that the commander of the squadron of gun boats that deserted had won the victory and that Jones and his big ships had taken no part in the battle; but Jones finally managed to get his own report of the battle into the hands of the Empress who thereupon promoted him to the rank of Vice Admiral, which is next to the highest naval rank, and called him to St. Petersburg to receive further orders from her in person, sending him also twenty-five hundred dollars for traveling expenses. In obedience to this summons he relinquished the command of the Black Sea fleet and started for the capital just before the surrender of Oczakoff.

Catherine received him with distinguished honors, decorated him with the jeweled emblem of the Order of St. Anne, commanded him to remain in attendance on her court through the winter to give advice to her Navy Department, and ordered a large allowance paid him in addition to his salary to enable him to live in the style appropriate to his rank and high position at the imperial court. He was a social lion at St. Petersburg as he had been at Paris and time passed very pleasantly until May when he was sent to inspect the Baltic fleet, the command of which the Empress had promised him.

In making this inspection, which occupied about two weeks, he suffered a severe attack of pneumonia which came very near killing him, wrecked his splendid constitution and left him with a permanent lung trouble which the physicians told him would render it impossible for him to endure the winter climate of Russia. Consequently, in August, 1789, the Empress gave him an indefinite leave of absence with full pay so that he might travel in Southern Europe in the hope of regaining his health.

After an extended tour, which he much enjoyed as he was everywhere honored as a hero, he finally settled down in Paris where he lived at ease the remainder of his life enjoying the society of the many admiring friends he had made during his previous illustrious career in France. But he never fully recovered his health and he died in Paris, July 18, 1792, of lung and kidney diseases.

His last illness was of but a few days' duration and the end came suddenly and unexpected-

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Send me your new 1912 Catalog at once. I want to know about your credit plan and your goods. It is understood that the Catalog is free and there is no obligation on my part to buy.
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the last man in the world to contract a secret marriage; he despised anything secret or underhanded.

Jones lacked none of the noble attributes of character which a hero should possess. His moral and physical courage was of the sublime order that is above the temptation to lie or deceive; faithful to all obligations of conscience and of honor he was a firm, devoted friend and dangerous enemy, but even in dealing with his enemies he was always fair; he was willing to pardon any faults except treachery or fraud; his respect for women amounted to reverence of the sex. He was kind and generous to all, and ever appreciative of and grateful for a favor. Although the strictest sort of a disciplinarian he was especially kind to those who served under him. He made the personal acquaintance of every man in his crew and learned their traits of character; he called his Yankee sailors "my sea tigers," and in battle they fought up to the name he gave them; he called his officers "my boys" and treated them like a father. Flogging with the cat-o-nine-tail was the punishment in vogue for refractory sailors, but on the first day out in command of his first war ship he called his crew to quarters, gave them a lecture on discipline and threw the cat-o-nine-tail overboard, saying: "If I have to kill a man for disobedience I will do it in a quicker way." His crews obeyed him because they respected his courage and masterful skill, and they would fight beside him as long as they had breath in their bodies. In the reports of his battles he always gave his officers and crews the credit for his victories. He was always careful to look after their interests, saw to it that they got the prize money that belonged to them and such promotion as they deserved. His crews were proud of their commander and proud to serve under him, and if a member proved unworthy Jones's punishment was to discharge him in disgrace.

Jones undoubtedly was endowed by nature with more than ordinary mental power, but without education his talents would have been unavailing and he could never have risen to the high positions which he held. What little schooling he got was before he was twelve years old when he went to sea, but without assistance or instruction he attained an excellent education by devoting his spare time on shipboard to study. He despised everything that was low or degrading and he always sought the best company for his associates, people from whom he could learn something, and thus he acquired that grace, dignity and elegance of manners and of conversation that enabled him to make a creditable appearance and a favorable impression even in the palaces of royalty.

Jones attributed his success to diligent study, hard work and temperate habits, the persistent (CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

(CONTINUED FROM MARCH.)

Home Dressmaking

Hints

Spring Fashions

By Geneva Gladding

ANEAT-FITTING, well-made collar is an important feature of a woman's dress. It should be close fitting but not tight; boned each side of the back, and a bone half way between the center-front and back on each side. Sew the collar to yoke by making just as small a seam as possible. This must be done by hand, and the edges securely whipped together; or where the material will permit, a tiny edge may be turned in and felled down.

The fact that a pretty collar adds greatly to the becomingness of a waist must not be overlooked. A little clever needlework will do wonders. Sometimes plain white or cream is trying next to the face, and then an inch wide band at the top of collar should be used either matching or harmonizing with the color of gown. Fancy embroidery stitches, beads, a row of small buttons, two or three milliner's folds or a band of narrow fringe are attractively used. Where a net or all-over can be matched to an edge, use this for collar, lay the scallops onto yoke and finish top in some pretty way.

The set-in sleeves are again with us, although the kimono sleeve has by no means lessened in popularity, for the home sewer will not abandon such a simply made garment until the last call, besides its becomingness to all figures is undisputed. In many instances where the set-in sleeve is used, a line of trimming gives the kimono effect.

The spring colorings are soft and subdued generally, though very vivid blue, green and coral shades are used, giving tone to the dull brown, mole skin and purple. And speaking of colors reminds me that fashion now says that lavender and purple shall only be worn by the young, and that pale blue is far more softening and becoming to mature years. This edict was charmingly illustrated in a gown of soft gray taffeta worn by a woman of sixty. The waist was made simple with a three-inch band of white net lace veiled with blue chiffon on either side. The same idea was carried out at the elbow. The long sleeve guimpe was of tucked net fitted very close at the wrist. Down the front of guimpe a two-inch side plaiting of the net was used, each plait being caught at the center by a tiny blue silk button. A milliner's fold of the blue topped the collar. The blue was wonderfully becoming and I wondered why I always had thought purple to be the only suitable color for the woman around sixty.

No. 5658—Ladies' Empire Dress. This handsome spring costume is made of pale tan serge with revers and cuffs of a deeper shade of satin. The removable chemisette is of white dotted lace. Skirt is made with panel back and joined to waist; both waist and skirt open at front. Omitting the revers, the surprised effect makes a pretty model for bordered materials.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material; three quarters yard of 24-inch satin and five eighths yard of 18-inch all-over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5188—Ladies' Dress with Six-gored Skirt. Unusually attractive in this stylish model which may be developed in cotton, linen, silk or wool. The collar and cuffs when made of net or lawn edged with lace or plaiting give a dainty, smart appearance to this costume. The front opening will be appreciated.

Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; size 36 measures three and one eighth yards around lower edge, and requires four and three quarters yards of 44-inch material; five eighths yard of 24-inch trimming material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5523—Ladies' Dress. Every woman appreciates a simple, well-fitting dress as here illustrated. The side opening is practical and adds to its attractiveness. The skirt is seven-gored and comfortable in width.

Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5867—Ladies' Dress with Three-piece Skirt. Another stylish costume cut on very simple lines has sleeve and body in one, with skirt carried onto waist and finished with two or more rows of stitching, or a piping of same.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requires four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material, and seven eighths yard of 24-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5419—Ladies' Nine-gored Skirt, with inverted plait or habit back, to be worn separately or with coat of same material.

Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 measures three and one quarter yards around lower edge and requires five yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5764—Ladies' Tailored Shirt-waist with plain or gathered sleeves. No wardrobe is complete without one or more of these waists which are always in good taste for general wear. Where the plain sleeve is used, a piping down the shoulder seams, around the armhole and each side of plait makes a smart finish. If collar of same is made, the edge of collar may be piped and a soft four-in-hand tie of the same material worn.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three and one quarter yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5662—Misses' and Small Women's Dress, with body and upper part of sleeves in one. Simple lines are very becoming to slight, girlish figures, and this model is not an exception. Trimming bands may be carried around lower edge of skirt and up the side of front gore to meet the waist opening. A frill of lace carried around the neck, or from point to waist would add a pretty touch.

Cut in three sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5516—Girls' Dress with Body and Sleeve in one. A smart frock for the little miss who goes to school.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material; five and one half yards of insertion. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5758—Children's Dress having a one-piece circular skirt. This cute little model will be very acceptable to the busy mother who has so many stitches to take. Body and sleeves are in one; the skirt is set onto waist and stitched to place, and has a full length front opening.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age eight requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material; one and one eighth yard 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5717—Children's Dress with closing at left side of front. Another new model that requires very little labor in the making, and is charmingly appropriate for the little girl.

Cut in five sizes, four to 12 years; age eight requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5763—Girls' Dress having Three-piece Skirt. This little dress is made of plain and figured material as illustrated, and is very pretty. The belt, cuffs, front panel and yoke back is outlined with a let-in scalloped edge; also the collar which may be omitted and the neck finished round. For a white dress use plain muslin combined with a simple all-over design for front and yoke, cuffs and belt.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and one eighth yards 36-inch goods with five eighths yard 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5379—Girls' Dress, closed at back. An attractive model for plaid or checked goods to be trimmed with a plain band at top. A simulated front opening is edged with the plain goods and finished with three pearl buttons. Sleeves are cut long or elbow length.



EMBROIDERY CORSET COVER 25¢

WE PAY THE POSTAGE

No. 273
Send only 25 cents and we will mail you this hand-some Embroidery Corset Cover made of good quality lawn; Ribbon drawn entirely around front and back and finished with large bow; Arm holes edged with pretty lace; has draw string; sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Be sure to state size wanted.

If you do not find this Corset cover better value than you can buy elsewhere, send it right back and we will promptly refund your money, also postage.

FREE CATALOG of New Spring Styles of everything to wear for Men, Women and Children.

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CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO.
INDIANA AVE. & 26th ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material; one quarter yard of 18-inch all-over if worn with high neck. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5753—Children's Yoke Dress, closed at front. Unusually pleasing is this little straight dress with its square yoke top and flat collar. The front plait, belt, yoke, top of cuffs and collar are finished with a single brier stitch of white mercerized embroidery cotton. Suitable materials are plain gingham or white muslin in plain or crossbarred.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age eight requires three yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 5150—Children's Tucked Dress. No design is better adapted to childlike beauty than these simple straight dresses. This one has an under-box-plait at each under-arm which gives the necessary fullness to the lower edge. The front and back is prettily tucked. Insertion and lace trims the cuffs and bottom as illustrated, or it may be finished with a deep hem. A touch of embroidery on the front makes a more elaborate dress. Cut in sizes one half, one, three and five years; age three requires one and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material, three yards of insertion, and four and one half yards of edging. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5536—Children's Set of Short Clothes, consisting of cap, coat, dress and petticoat. Cut in sizes one half, one, two and three years; age two requires for cap three eighths yard 27 inches wide, with one half yard of silk 20 inches wide to line. The coat needs one and three quarters yard 44 inches wide, with one piece of braid. Dress needs one and seven eighths yard of 36-inch goods, three and one half yards of insertion and one and one quarter yards of edging. The petticoat requires one and one quarter yard 36 inches wide, with three and one quarter yards of edging three and three quarters inches wide.

All-over with lace edge, or fine Hamburg make pretty summer caps, or for cooler weather, they are made to match material of coat.

Long cloth (see COMFORT offer) makes the best petticoats, as well as night gowns, and dresses that have hard usage.

Dainty and soft dresses are made from lawn, muslin, dimity and nailsmock, trimmed with Val lace, tucked or all-over yokes edged flat with a row of brier stitching or lace. A pretty idea is to brier stitch each tuck when tucking is used in yoke.

Cotton corduroy in white is washable and is an ideal material for a child's coat; French flannel and broadcloth are among suitable materials, while sponge and linen are best for summer wear. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

TO SHRINK LACE.—MARGARET. Linen lace should be shrunk by steaming. Take a large strainer or colander and in the bottom lay a square of white cloth and then the lace. Set over a kettle of boiling water, cover and steam an hour and a half. Dry by hanging on line and little pressing will be necessary.

To shrink wash materials, put the whole piece in a tub of lukewarm water and to set the color throw in a generous handful of salt. Leave it a short time dry and then, without wringing, hang up in the shade to dry. Press on the wrong side when almost dry. All crinoline and canvas used in dressmaking should

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

MILLINERY CATALOG FREE

To convince those who have never bought millinery of us that our hats are the best in the country, we will sell as long as they last, 7600 beautiful turbans like picture at only \$1.00. It's an excellent party turban, the latest style. Cut in sizes for Spring 1912; imported Paris shape. Hand made in 11 in. wide wire frame, diamond comb, with a wide band of coarse imported straw cloth with over lace on top crown of crepe silk and rayon in medium base yellow muslin roses and foliage. Completing this charming hat is a pretty bunch of chrysanthemums. Price, \$1.00. The crown is decorated with fascinating loops and knot. We recommend this hat for all ladies described, but can be desired with superlative flowers. Brown, white, navy or light blue with pink, white, light

Send \$1.80
Order No. 2430, state destination and we will send this

blue, yellow, green, pink, red, orange, etc. Send \$1.80
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Special Offers. Solicit and send one new 12-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one pattern free. A club of two descriptions, not your own nor renewals. The cash price of each pattern is given with the description. Order by number and state plainly size or age.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The People Demand and Ought to Have The Real Parcels Post Keep Up the Fight Till You Get It We Want No Worthless Make-shift, Substitute or Compromise

THE Express Monopoly and other interests that oppose the Parcels Post are on the run. Congress has heard from the people and at last has waked up to the fact that they are in earnest and will not be put off any longer. With election facing them next November Senators and Congressmen realize that something must be done at once to appease the demands of the people for the Parcels Post, and so the chances are that we shall get something in the shape of a parcels post law at the present session of Congress.

But the danger is that what they give us will not be the *real* Parcels Post but only a poor makeshift and inadequate substitute for the real thing, something that will make a noise like the Parcels Post to keep the people quiet until after election.

I warned you of this danger in my February article, commenting on the unsatisfactory parcels post legislation recommended by the Postmaster General. I did not then and do not now doubt his sincerity and good faith in recommending only a small beginning for the Parcels Post, but I feel sure he fails to appreciate the situation and the consequences.

The enemies of the Parcels Post, the big interests that have been and still are fighting it tooth and nail, and for the last quarter of a century have been successful in staving it off, finding that they cannot stave it off any longer have changed their tactics but they have not given up the fight by any means. Now that they see the Parcels Post is bound to come they are exerting their tremendous power in trying to influence Congress to make the rates so high and to so restrict the service as to make it of comparatively little value to the people and not seriously compete with the express monopoly.

The Sulzer Parcels Post Bill

is the real thing, just what the people want and need and are asking for; it is what the COMFORT petitions ask for; but Congress does not seem inclined to give it to us and appears to be heading for a very unsatisfactory substitute.

As explained in January COMFORT, the Sulzer bill proposes to make the postage rate on packages one cent for each two ounces, eight cents a pound, and to raise the weight limit of the package (which is now four pounds) to eleven pounds.

This rate is to cover any distance in the United States, from one town to the next or from Maine to California, just a level rate of one cent for each two-ounces regardless of distance. This is just half the present rate, but more important still is the increase of the weight limit from four to eleven pounds. This is for the General Parcels Post, and these two features combined with that of its reaching every post-office and every rural delivery route would raise the service to the dignity and importance of a government express, which in efficiency, convenience and rates would beat the express companies to a frazzle, and still yield the government a fair profit for doing the business. Even the Sulzer bill would not give us as low rates or as good service as European Parcels Post gives but we would be satisfied with it for a starter.

The Sulzer bill also provides for a Local Parcels Post service on the rural delivery routes at the following rates:

One pound package.....	1 cent
11 pound package.....	5 cents
25 pound package.....	10 cents

The Sulzer bill was prepared by the Postal Progress League and was introduced in Congress by Hon. William Sulzer, Member of Congress from New York, and was referred to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, being a committee of the House of Representatives.

Sulzer Bill Turned Down—A Poor Substitute Proposed

After having the matter under consideration for some months this Committee has turned down the Sulzer bill and has recently made a report to the House recommending the adoption of a substitute bill prepared by the Committee, which for convenience I will call the Committee bill.

The rates in the bill which the Committee offers are as follows:

Twelve cents a pound and a weight limit of eleven pounds for general parcels post service any distance in the United States.

Also a local service on the rural delivery routes at one cent for two ounces, two cents for four ounces, three cents for half a pound, four cents for three quarters of a pound, five cents for one pound, and for larger packages up to eleven pounds weight five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound; no package allowed to weigh more than eleven pounds.

Now compare the rates proposed by the Committee bill with those proposed by the Sulzer bill and also with the following Parcels Post rates actually in force in foreign countries and see whether you can find any justice or reason in making the American people pay the high rates which the Committee recommends. Such high rates and small weight limit as the Committee recommends would make a monkey of the American people, in the future as in the past, goats of the express trust.

Parcels Post Rates in Europe

The following table shows the postage rates charged by the several countries named for carrying an eleven pound package by mail; not the rate per pound but the entire charge for the entire eleven pound package:

Switzerland, for 11 lb. package,	\$0.11
Belgium, " " "	.16
Austria, " " "	.12
Germany, " " "	.13
France, " " "	.16
Great Britain, " " "	.22
Italy, " " "	.20
Holland, " " "	.10
Chile, " " "	.17
United States, for 11 lb. in 3 pack-ages,	1.76

The foregoing table shows you at a glance the enormous difference between the treatment we receive from our government in the way of parcels post rates and that which foreign governments give their citizens.

But the foreigners are still further favored in the important matter of weight limits of the packages which their governments permit them to send through the mails as shown in the following table:

Switzerland, weight of package unlimited.	
Belgium, weight limit 132 lb.	
Austria, " " " 110 "	
Germany, " " " 110 "	
France, " " " 22 "	
Great Britain, " " " 11 "	
Italy, " " " 11 "	
Holland, " " " 11 "	
Chile, " " " 11 "	
United States, " " " 4 "	

Does not this comparative showing both as to rates and weight limits make you blush for your great, rich, glorious Uncle Sam and his apparent tender regard for the interests of the express trust?

Understand that the foregoing tables give the rates for service within the respective countries named. Excepting the United States, the rates of these same countries for foreign or international service are all higher, as you would naturally expect, than for the domestic service. The United States has the shameful distinction of being the only country, so far as I have ever heard, that favors the foreigner in rates and service. Uncle Sam will take an eleven pound package from Augusta, Maine, to Italy or even to Japan for \$1.32, twelve cents a pound, but if I want to send the same weight to any place in the United States he makes me pay \$1.76, sixteen cents a pound, and I have to divide it into three packages of not more than four pounds each. Of course this is an outrage that arouses the righteous indignation of every thinking American citizen.

But what does Congress propose to do about it? It is reported from Washington that the House of Representatives is likely to adopt the Committee bill making the general rate in the United States 12 cents a pound the same as the rate to Italy and Japan, and the rate for local rural service five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound, with an 11 pound weight limit, as I have explained.

How does that proposition strike you? Does it satisfy you? I hardly think it; but probably it is the best you will get unless the people rise up at once and tell their Congressmen and Senators that they will not stand for it.

Demand the Real Parcels Post

Why! 12 cents a pound would be a reduction of only four cents a pound below the present outrageous rate. Twelve cents a pound would be \$1.32 for an eleven pound package in the United States. Now look back at the table and compare \$1.32 with the prices for 11 pound packages in other countries. Most of them run close to one cent a pound; Great Britain, which is the highest, charges only two cents a pound, 22 cents for 11 pounds.

Does not this show that 12 cents a pound would be grossly and unreasonably high for the United States even though it is a more extensive country and some of the packages would have to be carried longer distances than in foreign countries? Most of them would be carried comparatively short distances and certainly the average transportation distance would not be six to twelve times that of European countries, though the general rate proposed in the Committee bill is twelve times as large as some, and six times as large as the highest of them.

The Sulzer bill proposes, and COMFORT's petition asks for a general rate of eight cents a pound. Isn't that plenty high enough? As it is from four to eight times the rates charged by these European countries do you think our government would lose any money by it?

While other countries have been progressing we have actually gone backward in the matter of the Parcels Post. Before 1874 the U. S. postage rate on packages was one cent for two ounces, eight cents a pound, precisely the same that the Sulzer bill now proposes to establish as the general parcels post rate.

But there are other retailers who think differently, as for instance Disharoon Brothers of Villa Ridge, Mo., who write me that they favor the Parcels Post because it will be a relief to the great mass of the people from the exorbitant express rates, and what is best for the majority is good enough for them. That is the broad, sensible view that all should take.

However, there is good reason to believe that the Parcels Post would not injure the local retailers but on the contrary would help their business. Theory is one thing and practice is another, and the actual results of the latter often turn out quite different from those figured out in advance and predicted by the theorizers. In proof of what I say I again point to the practical results of the splendid Parcels Post system in Europe where it has proved a tremendous help to every line of industry, trade and commerce, being the greatest benefit in the countries that have

est village store, and it would cost him 25 cents to send an 11 pound package anywhere on the rural delivery route that passed his door. That is three cents more than Great Britain charges for carrying an 11 pound package from one end of the kingdom to the other, five cents more than Italy, nine cents more than France, and double what Austria and Germany charge for transporting the same weight any distance within these respective countries. Would that be treating the farmers right?

Another important point: the weight of the package in the rural service ought not to be limited to 11 pounds. The Sulzer bill puts the weight limit at 25 pounds as well as making the rural rates very much lower.

Objections Answered

One of our readers has written me objecting to the establishment of the Parcels Post on two grounds: first, because he fears it would bankrupt the government, and second, because he considers it too Socialistic in its nature and tendency.

Well, these are the two old stock arguments that are put up by the interests that are fighting against the Parcels Post; they have put out a lot of literature in support of those objections and now and then they catch somebody with it.

It seems to me that what I have said about the proposed rates and the comparison of them with the rates actually in force in certain leading European countries sufficiently disposes of the first objection. If our government can't do the Parcels Post business at four to eight times the rates charged in Europe it ought to go into bankruptcy and then hire some foreign statesmen to come over here and run our government for us.

The rural delivery service is operated at a heavy loss to the government because it does not do business enough to pay its way. Most of the rural delivery wagons carry only a very small part of a load and yet they cost the government just as much as though each carried a full load. Therefore on most rural routes the extra postage that the government would receive for parcels post package would be just that much clear gain.

On some rural routes the carriers are pretty well loaded now, and for such the government must provide better facilities, better teams, or even motor vehicles, and if necessary improve the roads, as the governments of other civilized nations have done and found it very beneficial and profitable.

Another objection that some urge is that the Parcels Post will overcrowd and delay the mails. The answer to this is that the Parcels Post is no experiment; it has been in successful operation for many years in the foremost and greatest nations of Europe and does an enormous business, especially in Germany, France, Austria and Switzerland where the rates are low and the weight limits are large, and yet it does not crowd or delay the mails in those progressive, commercial countries. We have more miles of railroad in proportion to population than any of those countries, and better general transportation facilities than they, and are we going to throw up our hands without a try and say that we cannot do what they have done and are doing so splendidly?

Local Storekeepers Scared

Some of those who have written me express strong indignation against their local traders for the stand many of them take against the Parcels Post and because they are circulating remonstrances and doing all they can to defeat it. These local storekeepers are accused of being actuated by selfish motives in their opposition to the Parcels Post, and undoubtedly they are; but we must not blame them for working for what they believe to be their own interests. The fact is they have been deceived and scared by the persuasive arguments of the express companies into believing that if the Parcels Post is established their business will be ruined by the competition of the great mail-order houses.

But there are other retailers who think differently, as for instance Disharoon Brothers of Villa Ridge, Mo., who write me that they favor the Parcels Post because it will be a relief to the great mass of the people from the exorbitant express rates, and what is best for the majority is good enough for them. That is the broad, sensible view that all should take.

However, there is good reason to believe that the Parcels Post would not injure the local retailers but on the contrary would help their business. Theory is one thing and practice is another, and the actual results of the latter often turn out quite different from those figured out in advance and predicted by the theorizers. In proof of what I say I again point to the practical results of the splendid Parcels Post system in Europe where it has proved a tremendous help to every line of industry, trade and commerce, being the greatest benefit in the countries that have

the lowest rates and largest weight limits. It has helped the local retailers there quite as much as any class and none of them would want to have it abolished.

Take Germany for instance, where the Parcels Post rate is about one cent a pound and you can send as much as 110 pounds in a single package. It has been a wonderful aid to the development and progress of that great empire. In wealth, manufactures, commerce and agriculture Germany has made an amazing gain during the last twenty years, greater than that of any other nation in Europe. This is how it helps the country retailer in Germany and enables him to do a more profitable business with a smaller stock than the American retailer; the German small retailer has the catalogues of all the big manufacturers and wholesalers and even of the mail-order houses, so that anything that his customer wants up to 110 pounds weight he can obtain quickly and cheaply by Parcels Post; he furnishes it to the customer at the catalogue price with the Parcels Post rate added, the same price the customer would have to pay if he ordered direct, and the house allows the retailer a commission which pays him well for handling the order in which he has no capital invested. The customer prefers to order through the retailer because he does not have to pay until he sees the goods and knows that they are all right. With orders for heavier goods the German retailer has them shipped by freight or express, and the express rates are much lower than they are in the United States, and express rates will be much lower here if Congress does its duty by us.

Stand Up for Your Rights

You can see how the big interests must be getting in their work at Washington to induce Congress to give us a worthless substitute and label it the Parcels Post.

Don't be fooled by a name. Look behind the label and see what kind of a Parcels Post law they give us and remember it on election day.

Quite a number of Congressmen and Senators are already objecting to the high rates proposed by the Post-Office Committee, and when it comes to a vote on the Committee bill our friends in Congress will try to get the rates cut down. That is where the fight is coming, between the Committee bill and the Sulzer bill.

If you believe the Committee bill is wrong and the Sulzer bill is right, write your Congressman and your Senators at once and tell them so. Tell them that you will not stand for the Parcels Post rates or weight limit recommended by the Committee on Post Offices. Tell them the rates are much too high and the weight limit for the rural service is too small. Tell them that you want the Sulzer Parcels Post Bill and no other, no substitute, no compromise. Tell them you expect them to go to work and get the Sulzer bill through this present session of Congress. Tell them you want it fixed and settled one way or the other now, before election.

Show this editorial to your friends and neighbors and get them also to write.

Now is the time to act and act quickly, as the matter will come to a vote in Congress very soon, within a few weeks at the outside.

If you will all bestir yourselves, men and women alike, and all write to your Congressmen and Senators at once you will be likely to get a decent Parcels Post law, but if you do nothing, if you just keep still and let things take their own course in the direction they are now heading you will probably get a worse than useless substitute because it will be a compromise that will make it much harder to ever get the REAL PARCELS POST.

Don't be afraid to write. These Congressmen and Senators in Washington are your servants, and not your masters, and the best and biggest of them are proud to acknowledge their obligations and duties to the people that put them there. It is only the little ones who are unfit to be there that ignore the will of the people. Most of them like to receive letters from their constituents and thus learn what the people want done.

Your postmaster can give you the full names of your Congressman and two U. S. Senators. Address your Senators at U. S. Senate, and your Congressmen at U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, D. C. Don't delay; write them today, and then stir your neighbors up to do the same.

Get your Grangers and Farmers' Unions to take action also.

During the next month there ought to be something doing in Congress about the Parcels Post and I will tell you about it in May COMFORT.

W. H. GANNETT.

SILK EMBROIDERED \$3.75 All Wool VOILE SKIRT 3-

SHIRTWAIST FREE

As a special offer for our great Ladies Apparel we will send you elegant all wool voile shirts exactly like picture at 37c and give an additional 10% discount on all purchases. These shirts are made of the finest quality of material and are very light and airy. They are made of the finest quality of material and are very light and airy.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Reader, Fairview, S. Dak.—If you are opposed to dancing you should not "keep company" with a girl who likes to dance. You have no more right to ask her not to dance than that she should ask you to dance—dancing being no sin. You might just as well ask a bird not to sing as to ask most young girls not to dance. It is a part of their social life, and as it is not of yours, you get a girl whose social life is like yours.

Tommy, Corning, Cal.—If you should coax a sixteen-year-old girl to run away from home and marry you, her father ought to follow you up and shoot you full of holes. Wait until she is old enough to marry and until you have more sense.

Country Girl, Wheelerville, Pa.—It is quite proper to ask your escort to call on you if he has never called. (2) In calling with a lady it is her place to speak first of going home, unless she is on very friendly terms with the man and he feels that he is privileged to suggest leaving.

Fatty, Seabree, Ky.—It is proper enough, we suppose, to hold a young man's overcoat when he calls, but why can't he hang it on the rack? If you mean to hold it while he is putting it on, we think girls rather like to do that, and many of them do. It is not the custom in fashionable society, though. (2) If the lady of fifty-six insists on falling in love with the boys, your sweetheart being one of them, there is nothing for the girls to do but organize a vigilance committee and lynch her. Etiquette makes no rules governing such cases.

Happy Girl, Eureka, W. Va.—The only wearing apparel that a young man may properly present to a young lady is a pair of gloves or so. Handkerchiefs or a little lace collar may be appropriate if they know each other well. She should politely return whatever is not appropriate and kindly tell him why. He means well, only he doesn't know.

Lillian, Two Rivers, Wis.—Young ladies should not go to dances unattended. A young lady may take a gentleman to supper at a leap year dance. It is not proper for a girl to dance with a man whom she has not met.

Babe, Graceville, Minn.—You and your sister did quite properly in leaving the young men and going home without them if they would not go with you. They thought they would "bluff" you in keeping you out late. Don't go with that kind any more. (2) It is improper for him to rest his arm on the back of the buggy seat when out driving with you, but they all do it. (3) A girl may go to a dance with her sister and her young man and accept the invitation of another young man to supper and as escort home. Sister won't care, neither will her young man.

Dotty, LeSueur, Minn.—If you are polite and pleasant to the young men, they will reciprocate. You say you are not, so what else could you expect than that they neglect you for other girls?

Belle Bell, Winsboro, La.—The young man of eighteen may lead the coat of the girl of sixteen, if she is unable to use her hands. She should have a maid. (2) When he has been dancing and talking with you it isn't necessary for him to formally ask you if he may see you to your buggy, is it? (3) Maybe it is proper in the country for the boy and girl to ride the same horse, but it would draw a crowd if they did so in the city.

F. R. A., Galatia, Ill.—Etiquette does not prescribe a form for a man to introduce his wife to his parents. The old folks should take her to their bosoms without any ceremony. If you want to be formal about it, introduce them as you would any other strangers.

Patsy, Carwood, Mo.—Invitations are not usually issued to quiet church weddings, though personal notes may be written to the few friends the bride wishes to be there.

Una, Webbville, Ky.—Any active energetic woman of intelligence and ability can earn a living in Colorado in any position fitted for her. Advertise for a position in Colorado newspapers and see what answers you get. (2) If sometimes happens that a girl will leave her girl friend to her brothers and sisters while she takes an evening off with a young man, but it should not be done often and only when the young man may mean business. (3) To become an efficient newspaper woman requires actual practice and a good deal of it. She may learn some of the points by a correspondence course.

Oleg and Grace, Kitichi, Minn.—How do you know the young men are keeping their eyes on you unless you are keeping your eyes on them? Stop it by not looking at them. (2) It is not proper to accept the escort of young men home from places of entertainment unless they have taken you there. They have no right to ask you. Only go to dances in different towns when accompanied by a chaperon, and don't dance with men you have not met. (3) A man should speak to a lady on the street to whom he has been introduced.

Blue Eyes, Leedy, Okla.—If the young man's fiancee could not go to the party with him and wanted him to go, it would be proper for him to take another girl home. He need not be lacking in courtesy because he is engaged, need he? (2) A month is rather sudden to know a man and become engaged to him. Knowing his folks doesn't mean that you know him and he is the one to know. An engaged girl may accept attention from other men in the absence of her fiance if he did not object. A girl may receive an engagement ring for three or thirty-three years before marriage. And she may wear it or not as she pleases.

Trembling Boy, Hamden, N. Y.—As your mother is not dependent upon you and wants you to marry the girl and is willing for her to be a daughter to her, the girl should not act in the silly way she is now acting, but should marry you and go to live at your mother's house. Later, if she finds that she cannot live there, other arrangements can be made. Your mother seems to be the right kind of a woman and if the girl is crazy, we believe you would be wise in not trying to coax her into marrying. Daughters-in-law are quite as often to blame for trouble as mothers-in-law are.

Troubled, Hillsboro, Oregon.—It is quite proper for a girl of twenty-two to go to a dance with a young man of twenty-four. Why not? (2) Half past ten is most too late to invite your escort in, unless the family keeps late hours. (3) Etiquette does not say a girl must not kiss a young man good night, but even if it did, it wouldn't make much difference. Don't do it, unless engaged to him.

Three Girls, Middletown, Ky.—We believe it is customary among many young people to exchange rings, even though not engaged. You may do as you please. Some very nice and sensible girls will not do it. (2) After a quarrel, that one should speak first who is most at fault. (3) If it is the custom for eighteen-year-old girls to go driving at night with young men, in your community, you may do it. It is not an old custom.

M. R., Ellendale, Okla.—It is not necessary to do more than to smile your acceptance when a young girl asks you to dance and then flees away with him. The smile is more than words. (2) In entering the dancing-room the man should lead, though in a rush it doesn't make much difference among a lot of young people.

Country Boy, Lynchburg, Va.—If the young lady has much of a social position you can only become ac-

quainted with her by the usual form of introduction through friends. If she has not, and is not controlled by conventions, you might make her acquaintance by writing to her and asking to meet her. But don't offer references as though you were looking for a job. You can tell her that part after you have met her. Our advice is to wait and be introduced properly.

Wild Rose, Lincoln, Nebr.—It is bad form and bad taste to wear rings on the outside of gloves, yet there are people vulgar enough to do it. Gloves are not removed in church or other public place, that is, dress gloves. Heavy gloves, of course, are not to be worn indoors. In response to "excuse me," or "I beg your pardon," various replies are correct. Usually a bow is enough; when something more is necessary it depends upon the circumstances. Among men and friends, "That's all right," seems to be the prevailing reply. To "thank you," it is usual to reply: "Not at all," or "Don't mention it," or merely a bow. When one is introduced to a person whom he has already met, he says they have met before, or if they happen to be acquaintances they treat it as a joke and make a laugh of it. When it is necessary for a person to introduce himself, he first begs the pardon of the person he is meeting and says he is Mr. —, and asks the name of the other person, if the other person does not at once respond with his name. Sometimes cards are exchanged, the person taking the initiative explaining the necessity of the introduction.

Stubborn Girl, Muskegon, Mich.—Speak to a gentleman on the street whom you know, unless he is absorbed in something else and does not see you. If he does see you and does not recognize you, but wishes to stop and tell him who you are, if he is considerably older than you are. Otherwise let it pass. (2) Snub the young men on the street or in any public place who do not raise their hats to you. Gentlemen always raise their hats to ladies.

Troubled Girl, Austin, Texas.—We cannot tell you how to catch this "nice young fellow whom you love with all your heart," and would not if we could, but we might suggest that a Texas girl ought to know how to use a lariat. (2) We do not think that you "Once can be a school teacher."

Dixie, Albion, Ida.—An adopted cousin should expect more elaborate attentions from his girl cousin than her real cousin, because adoption is not kin and he may be her sweetheart, but he should not expect "a kiss, or something in that line," always at parting. Anyway until he becomes engaged to her. (2) It is always more or less risky to make a confidant of anybody, and especially for a girl to make a confidant of a young man, even if she does trust him as she would her brother.

Friendless, South Bend, Ind.—The trouble with you is that you are thinking only of the good time you should have, without ever thinking about the good time you might make for other people. Now for a change, suppose you forget yourself and try thinking of other people. Don't be sensitive about what you think are slights, but put your mind on what to do to add to the pleasure of people you know, even though you may have to make sacrifices to accomplish your purpose and their pleasure. It's the sure way to popularity. Go about it quietly and nicely and see what the result will be. That brother of yours is considerable of a cad, we think.

N. S., Big Run, Pa.—Tell the young man who asks you to "cake walk" with him and to go to supper that you will be glad to do so and give him a gracious smile. It is all right to correspond with a young man whom you care for only in a friendly way, but let him know that is all you care for him.

Ditchie, Spring Valley, Wis.—Usually clerks in stores do not have time to open doors for lady customers, but when they do, the ladies certainly should thank them for the courtesy. "Thank you" is enough for a courtesy extended. "I thank you," sounds like some formal occasion.

Two Beauties, Brickchurch, Pa.—You tell us very positively that you are not silly girls. Just as positively we tell you that you are mistaken. Still, you are young yet and may outgrow it. We hope so.

Brown Eyes, Woolsey, Ga.—For the several hundred time we repeat that cousins should not marry and in some states such a marriage is illegal. Ask a doctor why they should not. Or ask a stock-breeder.

W. V. W., Vaughn, N. M.—In giving a party you invite your friends. If any of those invited are not on friendly terms and do not care to meet, they should stay away, and you will understand why. They should, if there is danger of a fight in your house, don't invite both sides. Or better, don't invite either and explain to them why. In first-class society, people don't carry their guns to parties.

Brown Eyes, Springtown, Ark.—It is quite proper for the lady to invite the gentleman to call though he has gone with her but one time. A young man may ask a girl friend of his visiting his town to go to an entertainment, though her hostess is not receiving callers, but it must be done with the consent of the hostess. (3) It is customary among young people to linger a while at the gate or the front door after they have returned home from an evening out, if they are good friends, although it is not in accordance with strict rules of etiquette, at least, city etiquette.

Prairie Pink, Steele, N. Dak.—Etiquette does not say how a bashful young man shall make love to his best girl. Therefore you can write the outpourings of your heart to her, or you may tell them by moonlight when it is not so embarrassing. You have our tenderest sympathy.

Blue Eyes, Fond du Lac, Wis.—When one is playing an accompaniment to another singing, they generally have an understanding which one shall turn the music. Etiquette has nothing to do with it.

Lonely, Jacksontown, Wis.—If a young man is so common that he thinks a nice girl doesn't love him because she will not let him kiss her, he should be better thinking. Don't you kiss him until you are engaged to him. As it is leap year you might ask him to take you to a dance or party, but don't do it more than once.

Blue Eyes, Elk Point, S. Dak.—Nothing in any works on etiquette that we have ever read is said about what two buckshots mean sent in an invitation to a party. Why not ask the sender?

Inquisitive Boy, Spangnuth, Neb.—You ought to know a girl well enough in two years to ask her to marry you. If she has shown any signs that she wants to. If she hasn't, you should go a little slow and don't pretty quickly what she thinks of you. You seem to be afraid to come out in the open. Brace up.

Anxious, Hillsboro, Ore.—Good character is worth more in a husband than good money, and if your parents object to him on account of his poverty, wait until you are of age and marry him. That is not etiquette, but the nearest way to a happy marriage. Twenty-one is the age in Oregon and you can well afford to wait.

Country Girl, Sumner, Ia.—Put the bread in the plate when spreading butter on it, but the spreading is not fashionable, though generally prevalent. (2) The man when walking with a lady on the street should keep the outside of the sidewalk in preference though it is not obligatory. (3) Rise to shake hands with an older person. Don't speak to persons, on the street or elsewhere, who don't want you to.

A. N., Cyclone, Ind.—We do not believe in wearing heavy mourning, for a year or a day, but we think dark colors are more appropriate than bright, even for girls, say, from sixteen up, though they may wear their usual colors. Also we think dances and other social gayeties may be omitted for a season as a mark of respect for the dead. The sorrow in the heart will show itself in the conduct and apparel of the mourners without making it any gloomier than is natural.

M. F., Midland, Md.—Postage stamp flirtations have gone completely out of style. Only the tackiest kind of tackles use them now.

Young Sub., Liberty Hill, Texas.—Don't without some little warning, close your letter to her "with love and kisses," because it might jar her by being so sudden. Begin by ending "with much love," and see how she takes that. If she likes it, add the "kisses" next time.

Red Wing, Princess Anne, Md.—The young man may give you a present after he has known you three months. Some don't wait that long and etiquette does not set a time limit. (2) To kiss a lady's hand is a relic of old-time courtliness when done in public and quite proper, yet. To do so on the sly is some different, but not very improper.

Blue Bell, West Plains, Mo.—Tea, chocolate or coffee should be drunk with a spoon if too hot to be taken from the cup. When through with the spoon put it in the saucer. (2) It is permissible for a girl to reply to cards received from a man she has not met, as he is a close friend of her sister. That is the same as a formal introduction.

X. X. K. K., Vanderwoort, Ark.—Etiquette knows nothing of the Magic Light. (2) If the girl really loves you as she says she does, she is bound to show it in her actions. Women, they say, can't keep a secret, and that sure is one they can't.

Country Boy, Lynchburg, Va.—If the young lady has

much of a social position you can only become ac-

Your Looking Glass Will Tell You

and so will your friends how much better you are looking after you have been benefitted by a few doses of the vegetable, harmless and certain Beecham's Pills. If your skin is sallow, your eyes dull; if you have pimples or blemishes—it is a sign your system needs help. And the best possible help you can obtain is the famous remedy

Beecham's Pills

Not alone in your better looks will you reap the benefit. You will be spared the headaches, the backaches, the lassitude, the extreme nervousness, the depression of spirits so many women suffer from at times when Nature needs assistance. Your system will be cleared; your nerves soothed; your stomach toned up; your liver and bowels stirred to healthy proper action. Your blood will be purified—and it takes pure, rich blood to make strength and good looks. You can rely on Beecham's Pills to make you feel better and to

Make You Look Better

Every woman who values her health should read special instructions with each box

Sold everywhere in boxes, 10c. and 25c; if your dealer should not have them, send price to Thomas Beecham, 417 Canal St., N. Y.

J. W. P., Cyril, Okla.—A house party, a term of recent adoption in this country, means a party of people invited to stay at someone's house, usually for a few days "only," though a house party may last as long as the people giving it want it to last. "Week end" parties—that is, over Sunday—are the most frequent kind of house parties. Persons invited to a house party are informed how long they are expected to remain, and they leave when the time is up.

Black and Brown Eyes, Lawrence, Nebr.—Girls of your age should keep their minds on their school duties and wait till they graduate before taking up social duties. Keep out of society doings, but study how to do and what to do by observing the actions of polite people and by being polite yourselves. Time enough for the questions you ask us, two or three years from now. By that time, if you are bright, you will know the answers.

F. B. K., Balk, Okla.—You should not have wounded the sensitive young lady they said you were fishing for by saying that suckers would not bite. You thought you were funny, but now you see what a fatal weapon a joke may be. Having apologized and tried to square yourself without avail, let it pass and same social rule to follow is never to be funny at another's expense, in company, especially a woman. They cannot endure being made to appear ridiculous.

Miss E. J., Clearwater, Minn.—We cannot give you the list of menu for a three course reception for the Seniors, because we never heard of such before.

L. E. O., Aberdeen, S. Dak.—Etiquette does not fix the time that a girl should go with a young man before marrying. You and the young man will have to fix that. He should write as often as he wants to and she should answer the same way. Even the most fashionable people are not expected to make love by rules of etiquette.

Girly, Ruth, Nebr.—What persons in society should say or not say under all the circumstances incidental to time, place and people is not found in books. Intelligent people use the sense they have and say also tell as much of the truth as is expedient in explaining certain social matters. You may tell the whole truth if you wish. It is hardly good form for a lady driving with one man to wave at another, or for it for her to suggest to the man whom she doesn't want to take her home to take someone else. That is not his business. Etiquette does not say whether or not, when a young man visitor at a girl's goes away and leaves a soiled shirt, she should wash it before sending it back to him. She may do as she pleases.

Inquirer, Anna, Ill.—At the office where you expect to have your wedding invitations printed, you will find several forms, anyone of which is good form and you may make your choice. Other men than the "best man" at a wedding are usually known as attendants, and you may have them or not, as you prefer.

E. W., Boelus, Nebr.—It is not ill bred, but it is natural to make unkind remarks about anyone's appearance when bad, but when good, it is quite correct to notice it and compliment the person in a nice way. Nobody ever feels worse by hearing something pleasant about himself. Kind words can never die. Do not fail to speak them.

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is my uncle. Perhaps I can learn more at the farm itself.

And with another sweeping bow, and a mutter of thanks, the stranger struck spurs to the splendid horse he rode, and dashed on toward the "squatter-claim" of the

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Quince Seed Cosmetics

DOUTLESS you have never heard of quince lotions and creams before and for that reason, if no other, this article can hardly fail to hold your interest. Quince seed beauty preparations! It sounds alluring, does it not? Don't all say yes at once!

It is only recently that quince seed cosmetics have become popular in America, but they are having quite a vogue now, which is just as it should be, as quince seed preparations are unequalled for such purposes as whitening and softening the skin.

I want you to bear well in mind that quince seed beauty creams, lotions, etc. do not keep sweet for very long. Generally they begin to grow slightly rancid after three or four weeks. What is the moral? Why it is plain to be seen. Forewarned being forearmed, you should be careful not to make up a large supply at one time. This is a disadvantage, however, that attaches not only to quince seed preparations but to other cosmetics as well. The fresher they are, the better work they will do. Don't forget this.

Over in Europe it is quite the thing to apply the quince seed mucilage undiluted to a skin that is too freckled to appear well, but as this treatment causes cuticle to peel off in a truly alarming fashion, I cannot become enthusiastic over it. It is better far to dilute the mucilage with one part of seed to one hundred parts of water. If one feels that one's happiness is not complete until one is in possession of a quince seed freckle remover.

What say you to making up a QUINCE SEED COSMETICS WHITEN AND SOFTEN THE SKIN.



you would do well to add half a dram of oil of sweet orange.

When ready to apply this useful lotion, first bathe the face for several minutes in very hot water, then conceal the facial skin from view beneath a thick coat of this quince cream. Now for five minutes, my beauty patient must sit quietly in a "comfy" chair and read or sew or dream, while this unique bleach does its best to remedy the harm done by the sun's rays. At the end of this time, the face should be gently laid in hot, then cool, then cold water, and the drops of moisture brushed off with a dry towel. Treatment cannot be considered as completed, until the face has been massaged for a few minutes with one of the three quince seed creams given in this article.

This treatment had best be given every night until the ugly brown tints disappear. How long will you have to wait for that result? Probably not more than seven days, Miss Inquisitive. Isn't that good news?

Questions and Answers

Troubled Teresa, Miss Nancy Jewel, Miss H. A. Widow, Old Subscriber, A Common Reader, Gay E. and others—Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meats. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide, and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces.

Blackheads are a great trial, but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night, before retiring, with hot soapy water and a rough cloth. After this, rub in a little boracic powder, and if this smarts the skin massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly, else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

A very dainty face cream and one that is always a great favorite is made as follows:

Orange-flower Face Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, fluffing it with an egg beater until cold.

The ingredients for this cream would probably cost about fifty cents. I do not know of any face cream that can cure blackheads and pimples.

Postmistress.—I think a weekly hot bath will suffice; that is, if you will take a warm sponge bath every other morning. The best way to develop is to drink milk. The reason your stomach gets larger is that the flesh forms there first. Each article tells what the exercises spoken of therein are supposed to do. Hold your breath while you swing your arms twenty times, unless you feel uncomfortable. In which case exhale breath when arms have revolved for ten times.

Magdalen.—You are a little too thin. For your height you should weigh about one hundred and fifteen pounds. Sample of hair did not reach me. Yours is the girlish type. If your brother acts as escort, it is all right to go to dances, if your mother does not object. You are too young to have any other escort than a brother or father or cousin. I should say you must be an exceptionally attractive young girl.

Papa's pet, Anxious Girl, In Doubt, Miss Ada, Miss W. W., Mrs. E. H. S., Sadie, Blue Eyes and others.—Why not use my pet dandruff remedy? It was given me by a trained nurse who vouches for it. I am repeating formula below:

Sulphur Dandruff Remedy

Take a heaping tablespoonful of sulphur, then pour over it one quart of boiling water. Keep in an airtight vessel for twenty-four hours, then drain off the clear portion. Rub into the scalp every night until the dandruff disappears. While treating the scalp for

in my reply to Troubled Teresa.

Distressed Girls, Bertina, Rosa, A Maine Reader, Sweet Sixteen and others. I advise that you go to the nearest city and have those few hairs on the upper lip removed by electrolysis. It won't cost much to have this small amount of work done. Perhaps not more than one dollar and a quarter. This way of removing hair is sure and safe. You should not use vaseline on the face, or lard, or lanoline, or any cream containing either animal or vegetable oil. I am printing formula for a greaseless cream.

Non-Greasy Cream

Corn flour, one and one half drams; water, ten ounces; glycerine, five drams.

With a little water make the flour into a paste; slowly stir in the rest. Bring to a boil; when cool add the glycerine.

I would advise discontinuing the use of the face lotion mentioned.

Mrs. M. E. F.—You might make use of the sulphur soap treatment given to "Papa's Pet." In addition to this, I suggest that you massage the scalp every night for ten minutes with yellow vaseline. Vaseline is not only a good hair grower but extremely healing. What you really should do is to consult a doctor, as long distance advice—in a case like yours—is not always effective.

G. V. and C. H. S.—You will not become so easily embarrassed if you think less of yourself and more of other people. A red face can be made to behave if you will use the following skin fader:

Almond Meal Complexion Bleach

Buy a fifty cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face, and tear a hole in the center of each square just large enough to fit over the nose. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot, soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face. Let it stand for ten minutes.

Wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes then remove pack, wash face in water, then in cool, then in very cold. Two of these applications every seven days for three weeks will bleach the skin beautifully and make it soft and like satin.

Black Head—use the yellow vaseline. You can get the green tea at your grocer's.

Acne Clusters—I would not use the peroxide for pimples or blackheads. You could try it, but your skin would not be a bit smoother. Please tell me treatment recommended to Papa's Pet and Brown Eyes, La Grande, Oregon. Also glance through my reply to Troubled Teresa.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

For Ladies

Pineapple weave sweater coat; comes in pure White; makes a dainty coat for spring, summer, day or evening wear; launders easily; saves cost of higher priced wrap. Post paid for \$1.45. Sizes 24 to 44. Name-size wanted. If unsatisfactory, money back.

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The Best Treatment for Itching Scalps and Falling Hair

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. It is well to place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair. Notwithstanding Cuticura soap and ointment are sold everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 13V, Boston.

Tender-faced men shave in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c.

24-Inch Switch sent on approval FREE

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Our leader—a beautiful 24-Inch 3-Stem Switch, 3 ounces heavy, made of beautiful, wavy, carefully selected human hair. Price \$3.00. Rare shades a little more. Pay \$1.00 down and 60 cents a week. SEND NO MONEY, but full length sample of your hair; we match same and promptly express switch to you without deposit. If pleased pay \$1.00 and balance weekly; if not, return at our expense.

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Make Big Money. Be Independent. Earn \$10 to \$30 a Week. Hundreds will testify to the thorough practical efficiency of our system of home instruction. Special proposition if you write now. Postal brings illustrated booklet and application blank. Send to-day.

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STAIN YOUR HAIR

A Beautiful Rich Brown. Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Teat Hair Stain will do it. Just apply once a month with your comb. Will not give an unnatural color to your hair. A perfect remedy for gray, faded or bleached hair. \$1.00 at all druggists. Send direct for a 25c trial bottle today.

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Our American made, stem-wind watch, fully designed case, factory-tested, guaranteed for 5 years, and this latest style double heart-sigmat ring are given to boys and girls.

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WATCH, RING AND CHAIN FREE

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Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory.

Send 15 cents for 50-cent size, postpaid.

DR. LYONS, Box D, 2201 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

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was the envy of all. Why not yours? Send today.

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FREE: POSTPAID TO LIVE AGENTS: Latest Sanitary Invention. Phenomenal Seller to every Phone User. Man 65 years old made \$1800 February. You should double that. President Saniphone Co., Chicago.

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MAINE KNIT GOODS CO., Portland, Me.

BEFORE APPLYING SUNBURN QUINCE LOTION, BATHE FACE IN VERY HOT WATER.

dandruff it is advisable that you be careful what you use for a shampoo. The following liquid is excellent for this purpose, leaving the scalp beautifully clean and the hair fluffy as heart could wish.

Egg Dandruff Shampoo

Yolk of one egg, one pint of hot rain-water, one ounce of rosemary spirits.

Beat the mixture and use it warm, rubbing it well into the scalp and over the hair. Rinse in several waters and sit in the sun until your pretty tresses are free from moisture.

A snow white throat is almost a necessity in this day of collarless frocks, so you would do well to treat your brown neck with severity. A good bleach for a tanned or yellowed neck is given below;

Cleopatra Neck Bleach

One ounce strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs, enough fine oatmeal to make a spreadable paste.

Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth three



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Guaranteed the greatest clothing
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and are stylishly tailored and per-
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and wonderful clothing you can buy.
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measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and
height and weight, and we will send the fine new blue serge suit
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express, subject to examination at the express office. You
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famous high-grade ready mixed
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at 51.25¢ a gallon, house paint at
50¢ a gallon, carriage paint at 51.65 a gallon, floor
paint at 99¢ a gallon, calcimine at 4.12¢
a gallon, and all kinds of work at very low prices.

Guaranteed 5 Years

We guarantee our mixed paints not to
crack or peel during 5 years.

If it does we will refund the
original price and
re-apply.

see the beautiful colors
which protects you absolutely.

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season, whether your house, barn,
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want paint for your floors, or for
the inner wood work of your home, or
if you need paint or varnish for any
other purpose, write us and say "Send me
your special paint color sample
book." We will send you one
and you our great paint book
which contains over one hundred
samples of colors of paints and var-
nishes for every purpose. It also
contains over sixty color samples of our
famous high-grade ready mixed
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department
asking for any information desired relative to the
treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be an-
swered in these columns free by an eminent veteri-
narian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and
give your address; direct all correspondence to the
Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special
opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had
by sending one dollar with a letter asking such
advice, addressing as above.

BLOODY URINE.—My horse now eight years old has
kidney trouble. Has had three spells, the last one a
few weeks ago, and doctor thought he would die. At
that time blood passed from him. I would like to
know what to do to cure or help him. (2) I have a dog
thirteen years old; he was pawed by a mule a few
years ago, and at times (mostly in cold weather)
can't hold his hind legs; they will slide from under
him. Is there anything that could be done for him? (3)
I also have another dog that seems to be sick at
stomach and acts like he is going to vomit but
does not, and won't eat much. What can be done?

(4) Horse will not have such attacks if you never
let him stand idle for a single day in stable and
when there is no work for him to do cut down the
grain rations and feed roots, bran and hay. (5) The
case is hopeless as the dog is now so old that he
soon will die, or should be put out of his misery. (6)
Give dog ten grains of subnitrate of bismuth twice
a day and feed more carefully. Let him live an out-
door life.

WEAK COLT.—I have a mule colt eight months old;
weaned him at four months old; just before weaning
he would not drink much water, but after weaning
drank better, and ate very well for a while, then got
so he would not eat or drink much and would drag
his hind feet. For two and one half months had
to help him up. Soon after he urinates which is
thick and yellow; he is very poor and weak. L. D. C.

(7) Give the colt milk to drink and add oatmeal
and bran as he will take it. Let him run outdoors
every day. Treat for worms according to directions
given in recent issues.

RICKETS.—My hog had pigs last April. About one
week after, she and the pigs got wet and then they
grew stiff in hind legs and they are still stiff but
worse. They eat pretty good when you make them
get up but would sooner lie down than eat. It seems
to hurt them to get around, and they won't get fat.
It seems all in hind legs. Is it rheumatism, and what
can I do for them? Miss N. B.

(8) Overfeeding on corn, or other rich feed and giving
too little exercise is the common cause of this
condition. Feed milk and middlings and in this slop
mix lime water at rate of one ounce to the quart of
slop twice daily. Make the pigs run outdoors as
much as possible. If the state of weather will not al-
low then make them root for a little shellled corn
sprinkled on a big barn floor and covered with litter.
As pigs improve their rations may be increased.

COLLAR SORES.—One of my horses has on each
shoulder an open sore about the size of a silver dollar,
which I am told are called set fasts. They
are painless, but disgusting; are not deep—may be
moved between the thumb and finger; are not accom-
panied by swelling or inflammation; when the animal
is idle for a time, they diminish in size, but become
large again as soon as he is worked. Ointments,
galls, cures, etc., have no effect. Please advise if com-
mon potash will remove them, or must they be cut out?
In the latter case, please give full instructions con-
cerning the operation, and subsequent care of the
wounds, as there is no veterinary surgeon here.

L. M. S. O'N.

(9) Cut out the sores and then wet the wounds sev-
eral times a day with following lotion until healed:
Sugar of lead, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, six drams;
water, one pint. Label the bottle "poison" and shake
well before use. W. D. H. W.

(10) Worms—I have an eight-month-old pig, constipated,
swollen, had hacking cough and worms. Did not eat or
drink for five days. What was the matter, and how
treat? W. D. H. W.

(11) Worms caused all of the trouble and they should
have been destroyed by giving five grains of san-
tonin and eight of calomel and repeating the dose
when found necessary. If other hogs have worms give
a dram of copperas (dried sulphate of iron) in slop
for five consecutive mornings to reach one hundred
pounds of pig; but do not give this medicine to preg-
nant sows.

(12) Overfeeding on corn, or other rich feed and giving
too little exercise is the common cause of this
condition. Feed milk and middlings and in this slop
mix lime water at rate of one ounce to the quart of
slop twice daily. Make the pigs run outdoors as
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As pigs improve their rations may be increased.

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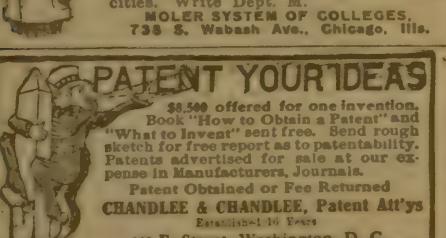
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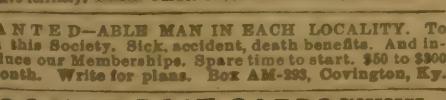


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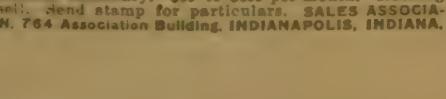


AGENTS

Manufacturer of new exclusive Linen Hosiery and Toe Guaranteed Hosiery. Agents wanted in every county. Sales agents insure permanent increasing income. Exclusive territory. Parker Co., 776 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.



WANTED—A MAN IN EACH LOCALITY. To join this Society. Sick, accident, death benefits. And introduce our Memberships. Spare time to start. \$50 to \$300 a month. Write for plans. Box AM-328, Covington, Ky.



32 NICE POST CARDS

Postage for one year. The Whole Thing for 10 cents.

ROBERTS & CO., 1910 W. 61st St., CHICAGO, Ill.



Wanted—a man or woman to act as our information reporter. All on spare time. No expense necessary. \$50 to \$300 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. SALES ASSOCIATION, 764 Association Building, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

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Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

THE balmy month of April has arrived and there will be no more severe cold. After the long winter it is pleasant to get out and romp and run, but you will want some indoor amusement too. I have planned some little pastimes for you here and hope you will take advantage of them. Easter will find you all busy hunting for eggs, or coloring them or eating a few. Be careful of dyes as there is some danger of poisoning connected with their use. If you wrap an egg in colored strips of cloth and boil it for an hour or so the color will come off the cloth and stick on the egg.

Adventures of Paul and Prue

CONTINUED FROM MARCH.

They made a loud buzzing sound and frightened the children so much that they stopped crying. One of the largest of the bumblebees spied the wish-bone of the chicken and said to another: "Let us wish to see who will kill Mr. Mouse when he returns!"

This was good news to Paul and Prue and they yelled with joy. Just then the mouse came

in with a large knife all sharpened and the big bee flew at him and stung him in the eyes, making him blind. Others came in the door and soon the awful mouse was completely covered with bees and stung to death. Then the boss buzzed turned to the children and said:

"I feel very bad for you but I do not see how we can help you to get free."

If you are a friend of ours you can cut those strips that bind us with your stingers," said bold Paul, "but you will have to be very careful not to touch our flesh with them or we would soon die from the poison—as the mouse did."

"I will try it," said the big bee and soon his stinger was sawing up and down like a knife. Prue was used to awful adventures by this time and she did not get scared. In a short time they were free but they did not know where to go. If they only knew the way home they would not hesitate a moment but they were completely turned around.

"Mr. Bee," said Paul, "there is a tall oak near our home but it is many miles away, can you fly high enough to see it and tell us which direction it is in so we can start at once?"

"I will do so," agreed the kind bee, and he flew until he was out of sight. At last they heard a distant buzzing and saw him coming down but when he got close a hickory nut as big as a muskmelon dropped out of a tree and killed him.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

Circus Puzzle

Many and many a time you have seen the peddlers with their balloons at the circus. The balloons in the picture, each have a letter on them and the peddler has promised to give every child who can find letters enough to spell her name one of them. Of course it is only make believe, but I would like to know whether you succeeded or not.

Funny Bugs' Easter Pastime

The Funny Bugs are celebrating Easter Sunday morn, The way it has been celebrated since the feast was born. See, how they've managed to make little houses out of shells. Tiny lilies now behind them, and I think I hear some bells.



THE FUNNY BUGS CELEBRATE EASTER.

Aren't those two funny fellows near the egg that holds the chick? The daylights were scared out of them, when first they heard it pick. The parent bugs are dipping eggs into nutshell bowl. One has a pen pod for a boat, a wheat straw for a pole. In some way or another they will make out to have fun. And keep on being Funny Bugs until their days are done.

Fun with Peas

With a handful of peas and some toothpicks you can make the windmill, house, boat and figures represented in the drawing. The windmill is the hardest to make and should be done first. For the base use three peas and three full length toothpicks. For the next crosspieces use toothpicks of half length sharpened with a knife. The wheel and tail of the mill will tax your patience but that is where all the fun comes in. The house is easy to make so are the two men and the dog. The boat is a pod and the sail a piece of paper.

REGAIN YOUR HEALTH

You ought not to wait another day before trying Bodil-Tone, which many of your neighbors have used to the great and lasting improvement of their health. You ought to test it, because you can get it on trial and need not pay a penny unless it greatly benefits you. Read the liberal Bodil-Tone trial offer on last page of this paper and send for a box.

A TEST OF PATIENCE.

Pierced with a toothpick. If you have a party show the guests this picture and let them try to make the things. Whoever does the best work

PONIES! PONIES! Shetland PONIES

5000 Prizes



Beautiful, Genuine Shetland Ponies

Given to Boys and Girls

I am the First and Original Pony Man. I Gave Away the First Shetland Pony Ever Given Free to Boys and Girls. I Can Prove It.

My New and Original Easy Plan For You

Do you want a Pony like this one? I gave this pony free to Miss Williams. See her smile! See how pleased she is! Wouldn't you be pleased, too? Well here is your chance. The best you'll ever have. I'll give you one too—Pony, Wagon, Saddle, Bridle and the Whole Outfit. I'll give you money to help keep the pony! My plan is new, original and easy. My plan is to allow you "Pony Votes;" the one who gets enough votes gets a pony, carriage, harness, saddle and bridle and cash, all free. I even pay the shipping charges so as not to cost you a penny. The votes are easy to get. My plan will do that. I'll show you how to get a pony, just as sure as the sun shines. My plan is entirely different from all others. Just the answering of this advertisement may be the means of your getting a pony outfit free. Will you do it? Do so and see what I have to say to you.

Send Me Your Name To Day, I'll Give You 1000 Pony Votes Free

I will positively give each boy or girl who answers this advertisement one Thousand Pony Votes Free towards a Pony. That will be a fine start for you. Think of getting a thousand votes free to start with! Then I'll show you how to get another 5000 free that will make six thousand and Pony votes right off. Think what this plan means to you. So easy for you to get a Pony! I'll help you if you will only send me your name and do it quickly. I want you to do it right away then it will be so much easier for you to get a pony. I mean every word I say to you here and will prove it to you if you only let me know your name and address. I'll send you Pony pictures. Names of dozens of boys and girls to whom I have given ponies. I have so much to say to you and so many things to send you, when I get your name, I can hardly wait, because its all new and I want a chance to tell it. Now please hurry and send me your name. Just say, "I want a pony"—a postal will do. Address

Matt Young, 151 West Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

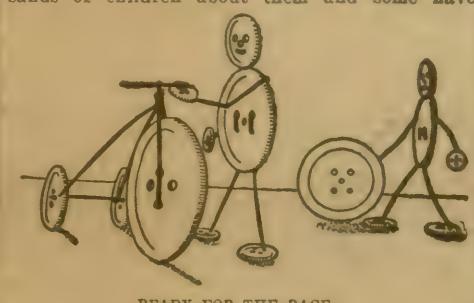
should get a prize. If you have fun trying this will you please tell me about it. I will send you a post-card by way of thanks.

April Footing Mamma

On All Fool's Day I told my mama apron string was all untied, And when she looked around, ha-ha, I laughed until I nearly cried. 'Cause it was tight as it could be, And I had April fooled her, see.

The Button Family

Here are two members of the famous Button family having some fun. The larger fellow has a velocipede and the other is rolling a hoop. You can make those figures yourself out of buttons of various sizes and hairpins. I tell thousands of children about them and some have



boxes full of Button dolls. Gather all the buttons you can and when you have quite a lot sit down some day and get your COMFORT out and make some of those Button folks. All you have to do is to put the wire or hairpins through as shown in the picture. Your mother will help you out but you must be a good girl in order to earn the privilege.

Funny Bug Card House

You just can't leave a thing around, Or sure as shootin' twill be found By the Funny Bug brigade. Last night just 'fore I went to sleep, They quietly from their holes did creep And for the table made.



A deck of cards upon it lay, I wondered could they really play, The games my pa taught me. Well no, that's not quite what they done, But still they managed to have fun As you can plainly see.

Colored Chicks

I'm goin' to get some Easter eggs dyed red and green and blue. And put them underneath a hen to see what she will do. And if she stays there long enough to hatch them out you see, I'll have a clutch of colored chicks as pretty as can be.

There, that is all the plans I have space for this time but I will be here again next month with a big new list. In the meantime try these and you will enjoy them. It keeps me pretty busy thinking up new things for you but I like to do it. There is one tribe of busybodies who have even less rest than I, and I suppose you know right away that I mean the Funny Bugs. Next month you will find them here as funny and as mischievous as ever. There will also be a host of other playtime ideas for you, so you better tell mother that you want COMFORT next month without fail.

REGAIN YOUR HEALTH

You ought not to wait another day before trying Bodil-Tone, which many of your neighbors have used to the great and lasting improvement of their health. You ought to test it, because you can get it on trial and need not pay a penny unless it greatly benefits you. Read the liberal Bodil-Tone trial offer on last page of this paper and send for a box.

BOYS' SPORTING AIR RIFLE FREE

Every live American Boy wants a rifle. Here's yours. This fine automatic shooter is made of the very best grade of steel, beautifully nickel plated, with black walnut stock. Has peer sight, good lever action and all the latest improvements. Will bring down small game every time. Given FREE for only a few minutes of your spare time distributing only a few sets of the most beautiful post cards, on my new introductory offer. Easy work. You risk nothing. I send everything Free. Write now and get the rifle.

A. B. CRAYCROFT, 144 West Ohio Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BUT ONE BAILE OF COTTON SAVED out of the 56,000 bales of cotton in the great fire which recently visited Houston, Texas. At the bottom of the debris at the Standard compress, this bale was found but slightly damaged. It will be auctioned for the benefit of the relief fund. The other 55,999 bales, insurance men say, are practically a total loss. An investigation of the fire will begin.

AMUNDSEN REACHES THE SOUTH POLE.—Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer arrived at Tasmania, March 9, on his return from the Antarctic regions and reports that he succeeded in reaching the South Pole on December 1, 1911. He commanded an expeditionary force of sixteen men, which left Norway more than a year ago in the ship Fram in which Dr. Nansen made his famous attempt to reach the North Pole. Exploring parties from four other nations started at about the same time on the same quest, among them Capt. Robert F. Scott in command of a large British expedition, but Capt. Amundsen is the first and only one thus far heard from. He expresses the opinion that quite likely Capt. Scott may have reached the pole also. Admiral Peary carried the American flag to the North Pole and Norway is justly proud that Amundsen has planted hers first at the South Pole.

Generous \$2 Bottle Free by Mail

EPILEPSY AND FITS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Treatment will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a FREE \$2 Bottle of Dr. May's Formula. It has relieved permanently the very worst cases, when everything else has failed. Please write and give age and complete address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl St., New York.

BOYS WANTED We give baseball suits, mitts, masks, rifles, aeroplanes, motors, engines, all FREE, send postal for particulars. Ad. P. O. Box 1198, New York.

Pain Paint stops pain instantly. On receipt of 25 one cent stamps I will send you by return mail a 50c package with directions for making twenty-four 25c bottles. Sold 50 years by agents. R. L. WOLCOTT, 3 WOLCOTT BLDG., NEW YORK.

Sweaters Free

We Are Giving Away All Free a Beautiful Sweater, for men, women or children, to anyone selling only Six of our 25-cent Oxen Porous Plasters. We send the Six Oxen Porous Plasters to your address without money from you. After you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Oxen Porous Plasters that have for a quarter century prevented and relieved thousands of ills, including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Congia, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors Brown, Green and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six Oxen 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXÉ COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

February Cash Prizes Paid

We have paid to the following named persons the February Cash Prizes.

Notice that most of the larger prizes were doubled, thrupled or quadrupled. Get your name in this list. It pays you well and costs you nothing.

This is your last chance, because April is the last month of the contest.

Read our "GRAND PRIZE OFFER" and enter now for an April cash prize and a Grand Prize too. April competition is just opening, so you stand as good a chance as anybody for an April cash prize. But you may win two cash prizes this month.

All who enter get their club premiums sure, and the winners get cash prizes too.

February Prize-Winners

E. Waggoner, Ill., (1st prize quadrupled) - \$200.00
Ada Humphrey, Ky., (2nd prize thrupled) - 75.00
Jas. R. McCready, Pa., (3rd prize thrupled) - 30.00
Mrs. Jas. McBride, Texas, (4th prize) - \$5.00
Louis Asenbauer, Wis., (5th prize doubled) - 6.00
Anna Moelchers, Ill., (6th prize doubled) - 4.00

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The Portable Stove will boil, bake, fry, roast—cook anything. Ideal for quick meals, washing, ironing, hot water, canning fruit, camping, Summer or Winter.

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Heats rooms—slow fire or fast fire. Sectional cut. No flues or chimneys. Light—pick it up, set it anywhere. Many Thousands of the Portable Oil Gas Stoves sent to families in all parts of the world. Men and women enthusiastic over its comfort, convenience and economy.

WHAT USERS SAY

"It is convenient and economical," Rev. P. V. Hawkins, Ohio. "It is clean, convenient, no trouble, burns steadily, perfect baking," Henry Schilling, Ill. "For Baking it has no equal," V. E. Bestwick, O. "Bakes pies, cakes, bread, never any nicer baking done," Mrs. O. Thompson, O. "Never cooked meals so quick and easy," James Newark, Mich. "Baked, cooked, washed, ironed—can do anything my range does," Mrs. M. E. King, Ky. "Cooked for a family of 6 for 5 days with 3 quarts of oil; they are great time and fuel savers," H. N. Irey, Ia. "Heated a room when the temperature was 10 degrees below zero with one radiator," Wm. Baering, Ind. "With the radiator it soon warms up our dining room," J. F. Lissom, Calif. "We are using it to heat our office," McPherson Co., R. I. "Only used a half a gallon of oil last week for cooking, baking and ironing," E. N. Heilwig, Ont.

CAN YOU DO WITHOUT THE PORTABLE OIL GAS STOVE? Save time, trouble, anxiety, annoyance, expense, drudgery, fuel bills. Get rid of kindling, coal, wood, dirt, ashes—all the nuisance. **ALWAYS READY FOR USE.** Practical invention. Simple, durable. Lasts for years.

PRICE IS LOW \$3.25 and up; any number of burners. Give it a trial. Not sold in stores. Send no money. Write today for full description.



Any number of burners wanted

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Quick, Easy, Sure. Show Stove MAKING GAS people stop, look excited want it—buy. B. L. Hueston, Mich.: "Was out one day, sold 11 stoves." W. E. Baird, S. C.: "You have the best stove on market; sold 9 in 2 hours; I do not fear competition." (first ordered 1—200 since). Chas. P. Schroeder, Conn., bought 40 stoves one order. Head & Frazer, Tex., write: "Sell like hot cakes; sold 50 stoves in our town." J. W. Hunter, Ala., secured 1—tested it—ordered 100 since. J. G. R. Gauthreaux, La., ordered 1; 155 since. So they go. These men make money. You have the same chance. You should make from \$10 to \$15 a day. Write for our selling plan. Do it today. Send no money. THE WORLD MFG. CO., 1325 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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We give an AMERICAN made, thin wire and chain set WATCH GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS, and this BEAUTIFUL SIGNET RING for selling 20¢ of our NEW MOTTO PICTURES at 10 cents each. The most beautiful pictures you ever saw. They sell on sight. Order 20 today. When sold send to the \$2.00 and we will send back the WATCH and RING and a CHAIN. ADDRESS RAY ART CO., Dept. B., PITTSBURGH.

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Phila firm; good money, steady work; No canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

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Extra Heavy Silver Plated Spoons Engraved Handles Polished Bowls

This new design and pattern in spoons has been called the new COMFORT assortment. Each spoon is EXTRA HEAVY, is full standard length, the bowl is EXTRA DEEP, the embossed and engraved handles are finished with the effective frosted finish now so much preferred, also it greatly enhances the appearance of the embossing. The heavy embossed design, in relief, extends entire length of handle on both sides.

For every-day service and special occasions these Spoons embody every requirement; they will withstand constant use, yet they are so delightfully attractive they will materially dress up any DINING-ROOM TABLE. Each Spoon is made up of a GOOD GRADE METAL and SILVER PLATE is quadruple, the bowl is bright polished and the handle finished in the rich frosted effect, a combination at once in accord with the very highest priced STERLING SILVER.

You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more Tea Spoons, especially such very Beautiful Spoons as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.

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As a special inducement to have you send now for a set of SIX OF THESE SILVER PLATED TEA SPOONS we will send them Free, and post-paid for only TWO FIFTEEN-MONTHS subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or A DOZEN TEA SPOONS for only FOUR 15-MONTHS 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



THIS IS A FULL SIZE ILLUSTRATION
OF THE SPOONS

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Nov. 17th, and on Feb. 4th, He called another, aged nine years.

I hope the sisters will pray God to spare another boy ill with typhoid fever.

Please send me something to help pass the lonely days as I sit by the sick bed.

With a prayer to God to bless the afflicted ones, I remain,

MARTHA I. SEFORD, Mount Ulla, R. R. 1, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I wish to thank all the workers in the COMFORT, who have so kindly remembered me.

The fire we had on the 9th of December has been very trying to my whole body. I cannot get over the severe shock. Praise God for His divine care while we slept, and in His miraculous way of the fire going out. I know Him better and better each day. It has been so cold, I have suffered much.

Tis lovingly to each sister.

MARGARET L. HAMMOND, 153 River St., Hillsdale, Mich.

Boys' Names

Alexander	Eugene	Julius	Raphael
Alfred	Frederick	Joseph	Raymond
Andrew	Francis	Julian	Richard
Anthony	Floyd	Justin	Robert
Augustus	Gilbert	John	Boland
Brian	George	Kenneth	Boger
Benedict	Godfrey	Lauder	Boris
Coch	David	Levi	Samuel
Calvin	Donald	Lucian	Seth
Charles	Herbert	Marcus	Sylvan
Clarence	Horace	Matthew	Silas
Cyrus	Hiram	Michael	Stephen
Claude	Hugh	Neil	Thomas
David	Ira	Nicholas	Thaddeus
Donald	James	Norman	Victor
Duncan	Jeffrey	Owen	Vincent
Elwood	Jeremy	Oscar	Vivian
Edgar	Jerome	Oliver	Walter
Elwyn	Jonathan	Patrick	William
Elmer	Jesse	Paul	Winfred
			Zachary

Girls' Names

Abigail	Constance	Harriet	Lydia
Ada	Cynthia	Helen	Mabel
Adeline	Dora	Hester	Madeline
Agnes	Dorothy	Ida	Margaret
Alice	Della	Irene	Marvin
Almira	Edith	Isabel	Mary
Amabel	Edna	Jane	Matilda
Angelina	Ellinor	Janet	Maud
Anna	Elizabeth	Jean	Mildred
Annette	Ellen	Jessamine	Nancy
Barbara	Emily	Josephine	Novella
Beatrice	Esther	Judith	Olive
Bertha	Ethel	Juliet	Phoebe
Betsey	Eugenie	Julia	Phyllis
Blanche	Eunice	Katherine	Rachel
Caroline	Eva	Laura	Rosalie
Catharine	Fanny	Lenora	Ruth
Cecilia	Florence	Letitia	Susan
Charlotte	Geraldine	Lillian	Theresa
Christine	Gertrude	Louise	Vivian
Clarissa	Grace	Lucy	Winifred

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

A TASTY SOUP.—Save the liquor in which codfish has been boiled and add to each quart half a teaspoon of tapioca, a carrot, half a head of celery and a little parsley. If you have it. Cut the vegetable up very small and boil until they are cooked, then thicken with flour. Add pepper, salt and a little vinegar. Serve with dry toast.

POTATO CAKE.—Boil and mash four large potatoes; add one eighth of a cup of butter, one well-beaten egg, and five round tablespoons of flour. Mix well together, roll out into cakes, and bake in a very hot oven about ten minutes. When done split open and butter.

SOPHIE OWEN, Dudley, Jackson Co., Oregon.

CALF LIVER CHEESE.—Take a calf liver and put into a sauceron with just enough water to cover. Cook till tender, then bruise with a spoon or mash with a potato masher, add a cup of cream and season with salt and pepper, a little sage or sweet marjoram. Put into a tin or dish, weight heavily, let stand over night and slice.

MRS. DAISY TURLEY, Natoma, Kans.

CANNED RHUBARB.—When tender do not peal but wash, wipe and cut in small pieces. Fill glass jar about one quarter full, then with a clean stick mash until covered with juice. Keep adding and mashing until jar is overflowing with juice. Cover and set in dark closet.—Ed.

RICE PUDDING.—Wash half a cup of rice in cold water by rubbing it with the hands. Rinse in three waters. (Those who do not realize how unclean rice is, should note the difference in its appearance after being washed this way) add half a cup of sugar, a little salt, and one quart of milk. Soak one hour. Bake about two hours in a slow oven and then increase heat until it is lightly brown. Raisins, cocoanut or apples may be added.—Ed.

PEACH TART.—For each large peach allow one tablespoon of sugar and one of water. Fill baking dish with sliced peaches, add sugar and water, cover with pie crust and bake in moderate oven thirty minutes. Serve hot with cream.

RAISIN PUDDING.—One cup of finely chopped suet, one half cup sugar, two eggs, one half cup of milk, one cup entire wheat flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup floured raisins. Steam three hours. Serve with liquid sauce.

COCONUT COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of grated coconut, one teaspoon vanilla, two teaspoons baking powder and flour to roll. Bake pale brown.

ELLEN M. JOHNSON, Iron Mountain, Box 231, Mich.

PIE CRUST.—Take equal quantities of water and lard, let come to a boil and stir into flour to which salt has been added. Stir as stiff as possible and knead in dish. Will keep a week in cold weather. In making brown bread, etc., when out of rye meal try using a third each of rolled oats, corn meal and flour.

MRS. A. H. COOMES, Nashoba, Mass.

EGGLESS CAKES.—To a quarter of a pound of currants add half a teaspoon of nutmeg, some lemon peel finely chopped and an ounce of sugar. Roll out about a quarter of a pound of nice short paste nearly an inch thick, then spread the mixture over it; lay another piece of paste over this and bake a delicate brown. Serve hot with cream.

CAKE FILLING.—Take two cups of powdered sugar, and three tablespoons of butter and mix to a cream. Beat white of one egg stiff, add butter and sugar mixture. If too thick a teaspoon of hot water may be added. Flavor.

MRS. HELEN HAINQUET, Germantown, N. Y.

SAILOR CAKE.—Two cups of brown sugar, one half cup of butter, three eggs, one half cup of grated chocolate or cocoa, one cup of milk, two cups of flour sifted with two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in layers or loaf.

AMANDA LAHMAN, Hancock, R. R. 3, Box 47, Md.

SOFT CREAM FROSTING.—Three quarters cup thick sour cream, one large cup of sugar; boil about eight minutes, take off from stove, stir in one cup of chopped nuts; stir until cool. This is very nice.

COLD WATER CAKE.—One cup of cold water, one tablespoon of soda, a little salt, one cup of sugar, one tablespoon of butter and one tablespoon of lard (or two table-spoons of either), two cups of flour, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, flavoring.

A CHEAP MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one half cup of lard, one half cup of boiling water, one teaspoon of ginger, one heaping teaspoon of soda, a little salt, three cups of flour and two large teaspoons of cream of tartar, flavoring. Raisins may be added if desired.

LILA F. DOBSON, Gowanda, N. Y.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoon of soda, pinch of salt, two cups of graham flour, half cup each of raisins, currants and nuts. Steam two hours. Will keep a long time, and can be steamed over. Serve with pudding sauce or whipped cream.

MRS. CRISSIE HADAWAY, South Haven, R. R. 2, Mich.

CHEESE CAKES.—Eight ounces of pressed curds, two ounces of ratatou, six ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, yolks of four eggs, nutmeg, salt, lemon or orange juice. Press moisture from curd, mix sugar with lemon or orange juice, and then all together beating well. Add one half cup of sweet milk or cream. Line pans with puff paste, put in mixture and bake same as custard.

MRS. ELEANOR HORNISH, Hollister, Mo.

MINCE MEAT.—Use pint bowl for measure. Three pints of boiled chopped meat, five pints of chopped apples, one half pint of chopped suet, four and one half pints of sugar, one half pint of molasses, one half pint of strong vinegar, one and one half pints of seeded raisins, two pints of water, two pints of English currants, one heaping teaspoon of salt, three of cinnamon, two of cloves, two of allspice and one of nutmeg. Mix together and cook until done.

MRS. REKA ABELS, Grundy Center, R. R. 1, Iowa.

MRS. BELLE MILLS, Simms, Tex.

MINCE MEAT.—Use pint bowl for measure. Three pints of boiled chopped meat, five pints of chopped apples, one half pint of chopped suet, four and one half pints of sugar, one half pint of molasses, one half pint of strong vinegar, one and one half pints of seeded raisins, two pints of water, two pints of English currants, one heaping teaspoon of salt, three of cinnamon, two of cloves, two of allspice and one of nutmeg. Mix together and cook until done.

MRS. REKA ABELS, Grundy Center, R. R. 1, Iowa.

MRS. MARY E. NEGUS, Jamestown, R. R. 80, N. Y.

MRS. MARY E. NEGUS, Jamestown, R. R. 80, N. Y.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove rust spots, wet with vinegar, cover with salt and expose to sun; repeat until stains disappear.

A few drops of ammonia in hard water will not only soften it, but remove dirt better than soap.

MRS. LIZZIE WIGGINS, Robersonville, R. R. 3, N. C.

FAT VANISHES

ONE POUND A DAY
NEW DRUGLESS TREATMENT
GET MY FREE BOOK
COMMENCE REDUCING AT ONCE
Thousands of Grateful Patrons Praise My
Wondrous Drugless Fat Treatment.
\$5,000.00 IN GOLD IF I FAIL



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

NOW come the April showers that bring the May flowers, my dears, and may all the tears you ever have to shed be as the April showers that bring the flowers. And that's all I'm going to talk this time before getting to work because there is an awful lot to do this month and nobody ever got anything done by talking and not acting.

The first is from Hazel Eyes of Spottsville, Ky., and what do you think, girls? She wants to know if it would be proper to propose to a gentleman friend who really loves her, "but is too bashful to pop the question." Now did you ever, and this is Leap Year, too? Still, I don't think I would want a coward like he is, would you? Cupid's April Fool," in this number of COMFORT may give you an idea—it is a pretty story anyway.

Happy Sue of Salem, N. C. is another one of the cousins who has taken my advice and she writes a happy letter ending thus: "I thank you for your advice, and am sure if all the girls would take your advice we would all end well." I think so, too or I wouldn't give it.

Worried Mind, Bloomington, Ind.—I don't know how your affairs will turn out, but I do know that if you marry the honest young chap who wants you to marry him you will get a husband ever so much too good for you. Now settle it to suit yourself. Show this answer to him. He'll think I'm wrong, of course, but after he has been married to you a while he won't. Men are just that silly not to learn before it is too late.

Brown Eyes, Leadwood, Mo.—It is a great pity, my dear, that you are worrying about the man who doesn't want you, and will not accept the good man and who does. Suppose you wait about three years and let time have a chance to make all things even. In doubt, don't marry.

Cousin Grace, Union, Ohio.—Treat merely as a friend, and not a very good one, the young man who is very nice to you when he wants to be and isn't when he doesn't want to be. He is too unreliable and is not honest, besides.

Jack's Lass, Eureka, Mo.—You tell that grumpy old Dad of yours to go eat sunshine a while and smile on you and Jack. In the meantime, you get ready and tell paper he is to have a nice son-in-law soon and see that he gets him. You and Jack have my blessing—and that for Pop. I like your cheery style.

E. L. L., Canton, O.—When a girl gets to be twenty-three and is still in doubt about what man to marry, the chances are that she never will get her mind made up. I think if you really want to marry you had better choose the one you can get and forget the others.

Black Eye, Etta, Wash.—If you don't love him, don't marry him, no matter whether he is willing to take you unlovingly or not. Either man or woman is very very foolish to marry on such a condition. As you have two years to wait, the problem may solve itself, but don't marry the man you do not love if you want to be happy as a wife. It is much better for you to love a bad man and not marry him, than it is not to love a good man and marry him.

Ernestine, Becker, Minn.—My dear, when you have to write to a young man to remind him to keep his promises to you, don't write to him. He is not worth even a post-card.

Theo, Quitman, Ga.—Have you any assurance that the young man will not be drunk on his wedding day? I think, if I were you, I would wait five years before marrying him. In the meantime your sore heart may be somewhat healed. But let me tell you that marrying the man you don't love is no way to cure the hurt of losing the one you love. Why marry at all? Marriage is not the only mission for women in these days of progress.

Sunbonnet Sue, Marengo, Ill.—As your sister has neither right nor reason to object to your marrying this excellent young man whom you love and who loves you, simply ignore her objections and marry. You have my blessing.

E. S., Olmsted, Kans.—As you were prevented from giving him the present at Christmas, give it to him when you see him again, and I think he will be just as glad to get it. I know I would if I were he.

Jackie, Lott, Texas.—In view of the fact that the young man is nothing to you, and your people do not wish you to cultivate his acquaintance, why not do what they want you to do? They certainly mean much more to you than this young fellow and I think you are simply willful in wanting to dispense with them.

Olive, Tuscaloosa, Ala.—If the young fellow was foolish enough to marry at eighteen, I am not surprised that he is divorced now at twenty-two, and if you at thirty-two want to marry him you probably ought to to prevent his doing worse.

Anxious Inquirer, Brandon, Vt.—When a man of thirty-two who has never gone with a girl is shy, finally gets to smiling at one and studying her with his eyes I think it is a sure sign that Cupid has shot a dart right through his heart and he never will be happy till he gets her. Now if you like him, just give him a chance, and also ask his sister to help him along his bashful way.

Ruby, Valhalla, Miss.—Tell your mother and your brothers and sisters that if you have to slave for anybody you will slave for a husband and maybe that will frighten them into making less trouble for you. Your duty is no more than that of the others.

Heartbroken Girl, Rhinelander, Wis.—Your parents seem to forget in their objection to the young man whom they once consented for you to marry, that some of our best millionaires were once common laborers. For an educated girl to marry a common laborer requires courage, but if you have it, you are of age and can let your heart have its own way. You have my blessing.

D. W., Muldoon, Texas.—I haven't the least doubt that it was the scissors in the manicure set he gave you that cut your love in two. However, if it were that easy to cut, you keep the scissors and try loving some other fellow.

Oklahoma Maid, Aline, Okla.—The element of popularity is born in people, but it may be acquired to a large extent and as you feel better when you are entertaining people, then entertain them. People certainly feel better when entertained and entertainers are always popular.

L. D., Carter's Gap, Ga.—The next time a young man asks you if you intended ever to marry and whom you hoped to marry, you tell him you hope to marry a man who has the courage to come right out and ask you and not beat around the bush about it like that. Some young men are that way.

Anxious One, Wellsville, O.—You are too anxious about little things, but I am glad to know that you are "bitterly opposed" to promiscuous kissing. Until you are engaged to marry a man you are under no especial obligations to him as concerns your friendly relations, personal or by mail, with any other young men.

Blue Eyes, Laidenberg, Pa.—Well, if both the young men like whiskey and one wants you and you want the other one, I believe I would wait and see if I couldn't find a sober one somewhere, and if I couldn't, I wouldn't marry at all. I don't think you are very hard to please anyway.

A. E., Reading, Pa.—Under the circumstances it will not be necessary to have your father's consent and as the young man seems to be so willing to have you, by all means marry him when he comes home from the sea.

Hoppy-go-lucky, Echo, Wash.—Your cousin may not be green, but I think she has a yellow streak in her, or she would be more careful in acting and talking as she does with young men. It may mean nothing.

Special Offer. We will send two complete "Petite Plants" outfitts, for only one new 20 cents subscription to COMFORT for 15 months. If not convenient to send new sub, send 25 cents for your own 15 months renewal and two "Petite Plants," one you may sell at a profit or give to a friend.

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Carefully packed in a cute little flower pot the seed and earth come to you without the slightest suggestion of life or development. A little care, light, water, sun-shine and Fresh air you have a potential growth.

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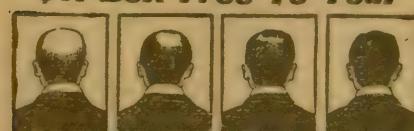
FAT GOES QUICK—NEW WAY

My friends were charitable and called it Obesity; others said I was STOUT, but I know, it was just bulky fat. I was miserable; so are you if too stout. To reduce your weight, you must do as I did. I FOUND THE CAUSE—THE REST WAS EASY. Before I succeeded, I tried everything within, and some things beyond reason. It was maddening, disgusting. All I had to do was remove the cause, and I guarantee, that by my simple treatment, without drugs, medicine, violent exercises, or starvation diet, I reduced my enormous weight permanently, quickly and positively without harm to myself while taking treatment or afterwards, and I guarantee that you can reduce as little or as much fat as you desire, with my treatment just as I did. **TRUE SUCCESS AT LAST.** With my safe, sensible and natural treatment quick results are pleasantly obtained without straps, belts, cups, wires, jackets, sweating, electricity, soap, salts, pills, oils, cathartics, drugs or medicines of any description, making it positively the greatest, most eagerly sought treatment the world has ever known. If you are interested in your own happiness, health and figure, you will let me tell you how to reduce fat—"Nature's Way," the true way—my way. **BETTER GET RID OF FAT BEFORE FAT GETS RID OF YOU.** It is astonishing the thousands of grateful letters I am receiving. J. E. Boiselle, Box 422, Great Bend, Kan., lost fifty pounds with my harmless treatment. W. L. Schmitz, Montevideo, Minn., lost 30 pounds. Mamie McNeely, Desloge, Mo., lost 55 pounds with this new treatment. Mrs. Daisy Smith, Los Angeles, lost 164 lbs. safely, and I can send you thousands of names of satisfied patrons.

I publish a book, entitled: "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," which I send free and prepaid so that you may know of my successful treatment and be able to permanently reduce your weight, secretly, without harming yourself. I offer \$5,000 in cash if I fail to prove that my great drugless treatment is anything but safe, quick and harmless in fat-reduction. Don't fail to write today for my free book.

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from the truss, being adhesive applicators made of self adhesive purpose to hold the parts wear in place.

No straps, buckles or springs—not

slip, so cannot chafe or compress

against the public bone. The

most obstinate cases cured.

These are especially treated

themselves without hindrance

from work. Soft as velvet,

easy to apply—Inexpensive.

Awarded Gold Medal.

Process of recovery is natural,

so no further use for

truss. We prove what we say by

sending you Price of Plapao

absolutely **FREE**. Write TODAY.

Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 24 St. Louis, Mo.

et al. and occupation in tending and watching them. Simple directions accompany each box containing the Pot, filled with the ready mixed, ready-to-grow preparation.

Special Offer. We will send two complete

"Petite Plants" outfitts, for

only one new 20 cents subscription to COMFORT for 15 months. If not convenient to send new sub, send 25 cents for your own 15 months renewal and two "Petite Plants," one you may sell at a profit or give to a friend.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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easy to apply—Inexpensive.

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et al. and occupation

This Wife and Mother Will tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her
And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 205 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a drunkard. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to know about this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

AGENTS: You need no money
We will send you prepaid, 1 Dozen
GOLDEN OINTMENT
a \$1.00 value to sell for 25c. each.
Guaranteed to Cure. Return us the money when sold, and you get these two Genuine Gold Filled Rings. Particulars sent with order and how to get a Gold Watch Free. Order at once and you will never regret it.
GOLDEN CHEMICAL CO., Medford, Md., Dept. 100

Trusses Like These Are A Crime

Get rid of Straps and Springs and be CURED

Simply write for our free cloth bound Book of Advice, containing facts which took us 40 years of day-after-day experience to learn. It tells how 290,000 people were benefited and cured in a simple and inexpensive way. Book explains why drug stores should not be allowed to sell their misery-making trusses. Explains the dangers of operation and why it is no longer necessary. Exposes the humbug "discoveries," "appliances," "plasters," etc., and puts you on guard against throwing money away.

Book tells how the wonderful Cluthe Self-Massaging Pad cures Rupture by strengthening the weakened muscles while holding continuously with ease. Sent on 60 days' trial to prove it—how it is waterproof—no leg-straps—no body spring—how it ends all expense on account of rupture. 5000 Public Endorsements sent with the book. After you have read this book you'll know more about your condition than if you had gone to a dozen doctors. You'll know how to get immediate relief without risking a penny. When writing, please give our box number.

Box 68—CLUTHE COMPANY
Bloomfield, New Jersey

YOUR HEART


Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness of Nerves, Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in Sleep, Nightmares, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful Breathing, Dropsey, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. K. G. Kinsman, Box 662, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

A Remarkable Offer THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "stock in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your Own and Family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you, including the latest ideas in Shirr-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc., besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x28 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French samping preparation.

MORE STILL, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Fillet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider.

Did you ever read so extensive a SPECIAL OFFER? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-months subscriptions to Comfort at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

B. L. B., New York.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and having no descendants, or widow, his estate would go to his father, unless the inheritance came on the part of the mother. In which case, if the mother be dead, he takes a life estate with reversion to such brothers and sisters of intestate as may be living, and descendants of those dead; and that relatives of the half blood inherit equally with those of the whole blood, unless the inheritance came to intestate by descent, will or gift of an ancestor, in which case all those not of the blood of such ancestor are excluded.

E. B., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that ten years' peaceful possession of real estate, cultivating, using and enjoying the same, paying taxes thereon, gives to the possessor, without evidence of title, full title to one hundred and sixty acres, and to all beyond which he has in actual possession. (2) Under a deed conveying so many acres more or less, we do not think the grantor can be held for a small shortage of acres. (3) We do not think that persons not licensed to practice law have any legal right to practice and receive fees for legal services, but we do not think any action would lie against a man, who charged a fee for drawing a deed unless he claimed he was a lawyer and held himself out to the public as such.

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Mrs.

How John Quit Drinking



The Happy Reunion—
Golden Remedy Did It

Costs Nothing to Try.

Golden Remedy Is Odorless and Tasteless—
Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home
in Tea, Coffee or Food.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
2910 Gleno Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

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Street.....
City.....
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THIS THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH \$3.75
Elegant housing case beautifully engraved and finished throughout, case wind and stem set, fitted with 7 jeweled American made lever movement, guaranteed 20 years, with long gold finished chain for Ladies, vest chain or fob for Gentlemen.

\$3.75

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—10
other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German
American Institute, 954 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Get Rid of Rupture.
ABANDON TRUSS WEARING!
None Too Young or Too Old to Be
Benefited by this Genuine, Liberal
Offer of a Proof Testing
Treatment Free!



His Rupture Cured Eleven Years Ago.

This portrait is of the veteran, Wm. C. Waterstreet, Napoleon, Mich., a well known and highly respected farmer who had been suffering for a long time with a severe rupture. He had tried one thing after another without a cure. Trusses were of no use—he was greatly distressed and discouraged; when he heard of the Rice Method, became convinced, upon investigation, that it is genuine and practical. Then he proved it for himself. Nearly a dozen years have passed and Mr. Waterstreet is still free from the rupture, enjoying good health. This is but one of a great number of such cases. Let no one who is ruptured remain in doubt but ask me to prove what my Method is capable of doing. I am willing to send Proof Treatment.

Free To The Ruptured.

Put aside your prejudices against advertisements for this is one that truly means what it says and my success depends upon what my Method actually accomplishes for men, women and children. Don't put this off. There is always danger in rupture—you can never tell when it may be strangled and cause a lifetime of misery or horrible death. So act now!

Fill out the Free Coupon and send with your full address at once; let me send you something that will surprise and delight you.

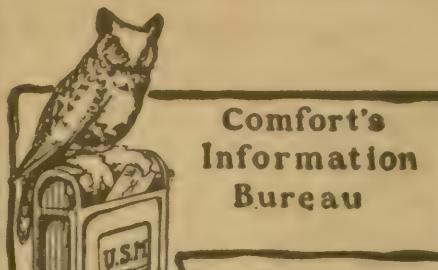
FREE COUPON

Where is Rupture?

Mark location of
Rupture on this
Diagram

Age.....
How long Ruptured

Cut this out, or copy it, and send with a few general particulars of your case to
W. S. RICE, Expert, 10330 Main St., Adams, N. Y.



Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time and labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the subscriber's name and address. Initials only, a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

M. J. R., Garfield, Wash.—To this and all inquirers who have relics and curios for sale, we advise that the best way to get them to the notice of possible purchasers is to advertise them in the city newspapers nearest them. Collectors are looking for such things and will pay good prices when they find what they want, while dealers, who take the risk of selling again, necessarily pay as little as they can. Another thing to remember is that sales cannot be made by letter—the goods must be shown. One letter goes to one person; one advertisement goes to thousands.

L. B. P., Martin, Tenn.—Information concerning all government lands for homestead or sale may be had by writing to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C. The Secretary of State, Guthrie, Okla., will inform you about lands in that state, other than government lands in that state. The Attorney General Frankfort, Ky., will inform you about the inheritance laws of that state. In making inquiries of any kind to government or state officials, give all the particulars so it will not be necessary for them to guess at what you want. All COMFORT readers make a note of this.

Pedagog, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—The sunflower always turns to the sun because it is such a large flower that if it didn't get all the light it could, it never would get into full bloom. You know flowers have to have light to live at all and the sunflower has to have more light than any of them. (2) Critics are undecided as to who is our greatest living poet. In our opinion, which we consider perfectly reliable, James Whitcomb Riley of Indiana is.

Mrs. D. M., South Point, O.—New Mexico and Arizona are now states of the Union, Arizona coming in on Valentine day, Feb. 14, and will be known as the Valentine state. (2) Write to advertisers in COMFORT about coins.

W. E. S., Greenfield, Ia.—An autograph of Gen. U. S. Grant is of no especial value unless it is an autograph letter containing matter of interest historically or personally.

Miss L. M., Columbia, Pa.—The United States exports to England, the Netherlands, Germany, France, Spain, Italy and Turkey and receives from them such a variety of products that we haven't space to list them. In value we shipped to Great Britain last year, over 576 million dollars' worth, and received over 260 million dollars' worth; Netherlands, imports, 33 millions; exports, 96 millions; Germany, imports, 163 millions; exports, 287 millions; France, imports, 115 millions; exports, 135 millions; Spain, imports, 20 millions; exports, 25 millions; Italy, imports, 47 millions; exports, 61 millions; Turkey, imports, 8 millions; exports, 3 millions. For details write to Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. E. E. S., Lewistown, Pa.—To register any home-made product under the Pure Food Law write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. who will furnish detailed information.

L. M. H., Turtle River, Minn.—Esperanto is an interesting language study even if you do not acquire great efficiency in it and is worth studying. Write to Esperanto, Washington, D. C. for information. If you will inclose a two cent stamp you will receive, free, a pamphlet now being issued on the subject.

C. K., Richmond, Minn.—Labor day is a legal holiday and legally you should be entitled to pay on that day and might compel your employer to pay you, but you would be apt to lose your job for your pains. Each state has its own laws about schools and paying teachers, so you had better ask a lawyer what a teacher's status is in your locality.

Pension, Bee, Ind.—You can get details of your husband's war service by sending his name and what information you have to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

D. A. H., Grover, Colo.—To secure a patent send drawings and detailed description of invention to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. It will cost fifteen dollars to file an application for a patent. If you will describe your invention the commissioner will tell you whether or not such a patent has been granted already. But probably you will require the services of a patent lawyer before you are through.

A. H., West Plains, Mo.—Napoleon's most famous charger was named Marengo. (2) The P. O. department has declared the diving rod business to be "fraudulent" and mail will not be delivered.

Two Boys, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We wish there were more boys in the East who wanted to go to a Western farm and work, even if for no longer than the summer, as you two want to do. Farm labor is in great demand all over the West during harvest, and while the work is not easy and the life not always pleasant, the outcome to the sober and industrious is worth all the trouble. We don't know how you will get out there free, unless you work it from farm to farm, but we endorse your plan fully and hope you will do so well that you will stay on the farm. At any rate, the experience will be most valuable to you if you do come back to the city. Why not organize a party of a dozen or more and put an advertisement in Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska papers asking for farm work in the same locality if not on the same farm? Then your job will be ready for you when you get to them. We recommend that other COMFORT boys and men consider this matter, and try the farms in the dull city season.

Mrs. A. N., Fairmount, N. Dak.—The President's cabinet is as follows: Secretary of State, Philander C. King of Pa.; Treasury, Franklin McVeagh, Ill.; War, Henry L. Stimson, N. Y.; Attorney General, Geo. W. Wickes, N. Y.; P. M. General, Frank M. Hitchcock, Mass.; Navy, Geo. von L. Meyer, Mass.; Interior, Walter L. Fisher, Ill.; Agriculture, James Wilson, Iowa; Commerce and Labor, Charles Nagel, Mo. (2) Some civil war veterans, Federal only, receive pensions whether injured or not.

Mrs. F. J. G., La Grand, Ore.—Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, died in 1907. For many years she

BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS
Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges
The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat
Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta

The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large stunning bows, so this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

For Children's Hair this Ribbon makes Ideal Bows. The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat. You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, green, black, white, red and

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

was a very popular writer of love stories which found great favor among the younger class of readers. She was a first-class writer of novels of that kind. Her books are a permanent part of American literature. Biographies of her may be found in cyclopedias of biography.

Mrs. O. J. C., Walkersville, Mich.—It is very commendable in you to wish to mark the unmarked graves of dead soldiers, and if you will write to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. concerning monuments for such graves you will get full information.

D. R. L., St. Peters, Mo.—An inexperienced person cannot properly install electric light in a house and the safe way, unless he wants to burn his house down for the insurance, is to have the work done by an expert electrician. Some states require the work to be done by a licensed electrician, as it should be.

O. B. G. L., Wilton Junction, Ia.—A majority of states more than half, and when the by-laws of any organization say a candidate must receive a majority of the votes cast, he is not elected until he gets that many. With five candidates in the field, ballot must be taken until one receives the majority. An election by plurality, that is declaring the candidate elected who received the largest number of votes, unless he had more than half, would not be legal.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER

We want to show you free of cost what MAGNOLIA Blossom will do. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), womb or ovarian troubles, or any form of female complaint, write at once for our free box of MAGNOLIA Blossom. We know what it has done for others and we know what it will do for you. Write today for this simple home treatment, FREE. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box 4, South Bend, Ind.

24 HOT AIR CARDS.

"Lots of Fun." 10c. Sun Book Co., Sept. 21, HARRISON, MICH.

CACHOO

Send a little in the stamp box. The one big for a year. Sample box 10c. Order from Dr. Percy Ewing, Decatur, Ill. Jackson for stamp. PERCY EWING, DECATUR, ILL.

MONEY (\$\$) UNK \$ SECRETS, ETC. KEY FEE.

E. ROGERS, HORSESHOE, N. C.

LADIES

make supporters: \$12 per 100; no canvassing; material furnished. Stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., 2825 F. CHICAGO.

FITS I CURED MY DAUGHTER.

Doctors gave her up. Will send FREE express paid; give EXPRESS OFFICE. T. LEPSO, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FITS I HAVE CURED CASES OF 20 YEARS' STANDING.

Trial package free by mail. DR. S. PEERY, Dept. Park Sta., Chicago, Ill.

25 EXTRA FINE POST CARDS

Silk Rose, Sentimental, Motto, Greetings, etc. Catalog free. Gross Onard Co., 2147 Arthur Avenue, New York.

I WILL START YOU.

earning \$4 daily at home in spare time silversing mirrors; no capital; free instructive booklets, giving plans of operation. G. F. EDMOND, Dept. AA, Boston, Mass.

10,000 MEN WANTED

BY MAIL CLERK Examinations everywhere MAY 4th. Coaching free. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. W. 12, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

25 BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS

Birthday, etc., with outfit of envelopes and Hidden Name Cards, premium Catalogue. All for 10c. EAY PING CO., North Haven, Conn.

32 NICE POST CARDS

Different Subjects, good Magazines for one year. THE WHOLE THING FOR ONLY TEN CENTS. WILLIAMS & CO., MC KINLEY PK., CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS Watson E. COLEMAN,

Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

You Can Make \$6.00

neighbors names for our Directory all kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. ROCKWELL DIRECTORY CO., OGDEN PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive

cure. Trial treatment mailed free. DR. KINSMAN, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

PILES, RECTAL DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND NERVOUS DISORDERS POSITIVELY CURED

The Natura Automatic Medicating Dilators

At small cost, our Dilators, with Ointment, will CURE YOU. Safe—Permanent—Convenient—Inexpensive. Write today for our Free Booklet. 214-216 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

SisterWoman! READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the home without any inconveniences and the best of it is that it will not sit in the heart interfere with your work or play. Balm of Figs Compound is the most wonderful medicine ever made for women strong, and I can prove it—but give it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything so quickly and surely curing woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulcerating Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove my splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe in sending out boxes to those who do not desire it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconveniences and the best of it is that it will not sit in the heart interfere with your work or play. Balm of Figs Compound is the most wonderful medicine ever made for women strong, and I can prove it—but give it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything so quickly and surely curing woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulcerating Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free.

Address: MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box E3, Joliet, Ill.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, complexion feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds.

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all free and easily mailed the necessary OXIEEN REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxieen Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxieen Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxieen Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxieen Treatment literature, etc., and the full sample Oxieen Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$240.00 by advertising on only \$2.00. We have the best money-making agency proposition today.

THE GIANT OXIEEN CO., 39 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

DEAFNESS

7.00 SOLID GOLDFIELD BROOCH PIN for only 25¢. The latest novelty out, with your initials engraved on free. Sent direct from factory. Money back if not satisfied. MESROPIAN JEWELRY MFG. CO., 57A. L. BOX 148, BOSTON, MASS.

OLD COINS WANTED \$7.75 paid for rare 1853 quarter; \$20. for half dollar. Keep money dated before 1890, and send 10c. for new Coin Value Book. May mean a fortune. A. H. KRAUS, 252 KRAUS BLDG., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUREKA CO., Sept. 21, Kalama, Mich.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCER! A. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.

"**Bliss'** Superfluous Hair Remover

The best preparation on the market for the removal of superfluous hair from any part of the body. Permanently destroyed. Perfectly harmless. Guaranteed under Pure Food and Drug Act. Postpaid \$1.50 for complete outfit. Write in confidence for free booklet explaining. MRS. BLISS, Box 4, Sta. S, N. Y. City.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832—21 E. Van Buren St. Chicago.

FITS

EIGHT REMEDY IS FOUND AT LAST. Let Us Prove It.

\$2.50 WORTH FREE

If you are suffering from Epilepsy or Fits let us send you \$2.50 worth of our wonderful new treatment free as a test. Thousands have used it with remarkable success, and if you have sought in vain for a cure of your affliction, you should give this treatment a trial. Write today for the free test treatment, and let it speak for itself. Address Dr. Peebles Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich., 70 Madison Street.

Get Rid of Your Asthma

I Will Send You a Free Trial of My Treatment to Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma—and are still gasping—clutching for breath.



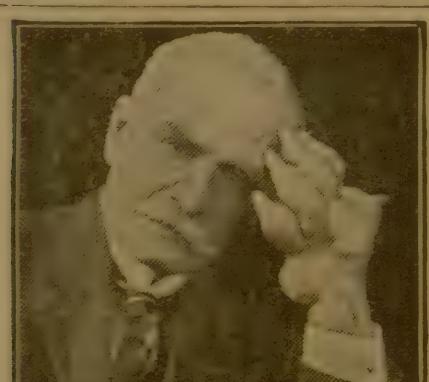
Mine Is the Treatment That Makes for a Complete, Permanent Cure.

Most so-called "remedies" give only temporary relief and some contain deadly cocaine. My long knowledge of materia medica enables me to know what is safe and genuinely curative. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death were clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I studied medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I devised my own treatment, used it, and if I had discovered a gold mine worth millions, I could not have been more surprised and delighted at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me without proof. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment with a wonderful record of cures is what you are seeking! Do not send a cent; merely give me your name with address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you. My method is safe, reliable, genuine, quick-acting, guaranteed.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, 177 A Walrath Bldg., Adams, N. Y. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove what can be done? Not only asthma but hay-fever and bronchitis have been cured gloriously by the use of this method. Write me today.



I CAN CURE YOU OF RHEUMATISM FREE

This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

After spending \$20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free.

Don't send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it.

Your absolute satisfaction at all times is positively guaranteed.

Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 323 B, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

Remedies

QUINSY.—Slice six good-sized onions very thin, add enough cider vinegar to cover and boil soft. Thicken with oat or corn meal. Place in cloth on chest and between shoulders. Renew as they cool. Also valuable in pneumonia.

MRS. E. SIMMONS, Tabor, R. R. 1, N. C.

BURNS.—Wash clean some poke roots and fry until very brown in pure hog fat. Remove roots and pour fat into can. Keep well covered. Will heal burns.

HEMORRHAGE OF LUNGS.—To one cup of sour buttermilk, add one large tablespoon of salt. Drink very slowly until bleeding stops.

MISS CALLIE NUNLEY, Summers, Washington Co., Ark.

PNEUMONIA.—Equal parts of rye meal and chopped onions mixed together, and made into a poultice with pure apple vinegar. Make flannel bag, fill with mixture and heat in pan with a little vinegar, and apply to chest. Have change ready to use every one or two hours.

MRS. ALBERT MOORE, Marion, R. R. 8, Ohio.

DANDRUFF.—Make a strong tea of garden sage, and to each pint add a teaspoon of borax, half a teaspoon of flour of sulphur and three tablespoons of alcohol. Rub well into scalp morning and night.

MRS. NETTIE STOGSDILL, Junction City, Oregon.

When you make a mustard plaster, use no water, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, the result will be a plaster that will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant.

MISS RETTA C. SAGEE, 2520 W. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Requests

J. A. Santee, Ridgefield, R. R. 2, Wash., poem, "The Neighbors," by Eben E. Rexford.

Janie Wilson, Thebes, Ill., reading matter for lonely mother with little children who has lost husband.

Mrs. Mary F. Grider, 1632 Central Ave., Columbus, Ind., song, "Forty Years Ago."

Mrs. Vinnie Walker, Eureka Springs, R. R. 1, Ark., letters.

Mrs. Belle Mills, Simms, R. R. 2, Texas, how to prepare a good floor paint.

Mrs. Laura F. Clay, Golden City, Ark., a shut-in, letters.

Mrs. W. H. Stewart, Cloverdale, R. R. 2, Ala., what kind of coal or other fuel to use in the fire pot which comes with a canning outfit? Have trouble in heating the irons.

My Mother's Prayer

"As I wandered 'round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Bro't within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard-meadow, yonder—
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old moss-covered bucket.
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

"Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in.
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my trundle bed.

CHORUS.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

"Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long;
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother,
To me in that trundle bed;
'Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name.'

"While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again;
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

"Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
'Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name.'

"Prayer is over; to my pillow
With a 'good night' kiss I creep,
Scarce waking while I whisper;
Now I lay me down to sleep,
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild;
'Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!'

"Yet I am but only dreaming,
Ne'er I'll be a child again;

Many years has that dear mother

In the quiet churchyard lain;

But the mem'ry of her counsels

O'er my path a light has shed,

Daily calling me to heaven,

Even from my trundle bed."

Sent in by Mrs. JOHN STRAIGHT, Cuba, Box 176, N. Y.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; as in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 18-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 18-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 18-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Want to hear from Virgil Casper, last heard from in Oklahoma, age twenty-four. Write his mother, Mrs. Luella Casper, Llano, Texas.

Wanted.—To know whereabouts of B. J. (Jack) Spurlock. Last heard of in Va. Anything concerning him will be greatly appreciated by his wife. Address Mrs. Addie Spurlock, No. 1405 Drayton St., Newbury, S. C.

Joseph Biele, last heard from San Francisco, Calif., in 1893, please write Mrs. Mollie Biele, 1415 S. State St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Want to hear from Cordelia C. Robinson, last heard of August 2, 1911, Prescott, Arizona. Has bright red hair, dark eyes, heavy set. Kindly write H. L. W. Rose, Sagle, Idaho.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange list it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for postage. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Bernard H. Feldewert, Gilmore, R. R. 1, Mo. Miss Priscilla Thomas, 435 14th St., Scranton, Pa. Mr. Neil Irvin, Grafton, N.Y. John Sarkiven, Gackie, Box 141, N. Dak. Miss Lena Coley, Blue Springs, Mo. Bertha Guisinger, Lancaster, Box 143, Okla. Miss Amanda Werner, 100 Roxford St., Blue Island, Ill. Miss Susie Brady, 305 East 1st St., Cleburne, Texas. Mrs. Emma Cokenour, 1016 W. 7th St., Bearden, Tenn. Miss Mary McNamee, 58 Madison Ave., Sharon, Pa. Walter Hawkins, Harrison, R. R. 2, Ark. Marion E. Hinman, Fort Kent, N. Y. Beryl Thomas, 1738 So. 4th St., Leavenworth, Kan. Maude Winters, 808 Harvard St., Akron, Ohio. Miss Florence Westra, 1708 Charles Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. Mrs. Minnie Eaton, Jessie St., East Toledo, Ohio. Mrs. Viola Oesterholt, 106 Albany Ave., Kingston, N. Y. Miss Nora E. Karns, 725 N. Main St., Peoria, Ohio. Charlie H. Busch, Washington, R. R. 6, Ind.

COMFORT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)



Are You Troubled

with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so far over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 240 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND
Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Clearing Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Industrial Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail \$6.00. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 223 St. Paul, Minn.

FAT is Dangerous

It is Unsightly, Uncomfortable, Spoils the Figure, Causing Wrinkles, Flabbiness and Loss of Vigor.
Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; I Have Safely Reduced Many of Excess Fat, a Pound a Day.



Note what my treatment has done for others; let me reduce your weight.

Lost 51 Pounds. Mrs. W. D. Smith, Box 84, Abbott, Me., writes: "I have lost 51 pounds by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and shortness of breath; now I am well and can walk and work with ease."

Permanent. M. E. King, 5834 Spalding Ave., Chicago, writes: "By the Bradford Method I reduced 81 lbs. eight years ago; haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism cured."

Lost 112 Pounds. W. C. Newburn, Contact, Nev., writes: "I have lost 112 lbs. am wonderfully benefitted in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains easily now."

Lost 98 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Wooldridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved; have lost 98 lbs. Friends amazed."

Many other testimonial from well known persons will be mailed with FREE PROOF TREATMENT.

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients. There is no one who has tried my treatment who is disappointed. It is safe, comfortable, and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult and the mind is less active.

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a Diplomated Practising Physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

32 BULBS FREE TO YOU FOR EARLY SPRING BLOOMING

The great demand and flattering results obtained by our subscribers who received the premium collection of bulbs we offered last Fall has induced us to purchase double the quantity this year. But we would not advise you to delay sending your order as this increased supply will soon be consumed and you may be one of the disappointed. This entire collection of 32 bulbs consisting of six of the most popular and beautiful varieties of winter blooming house plants and early flowering Spring bulbs can be obtained with very little effort on your part. We are just realizing the value of these pretty bulbous plants which give such an air of refinement and add so much cheer to home surroundings, rendering them attractive and interesting and we want every reader of COMFORT to possess this rare and beautiful assortment.

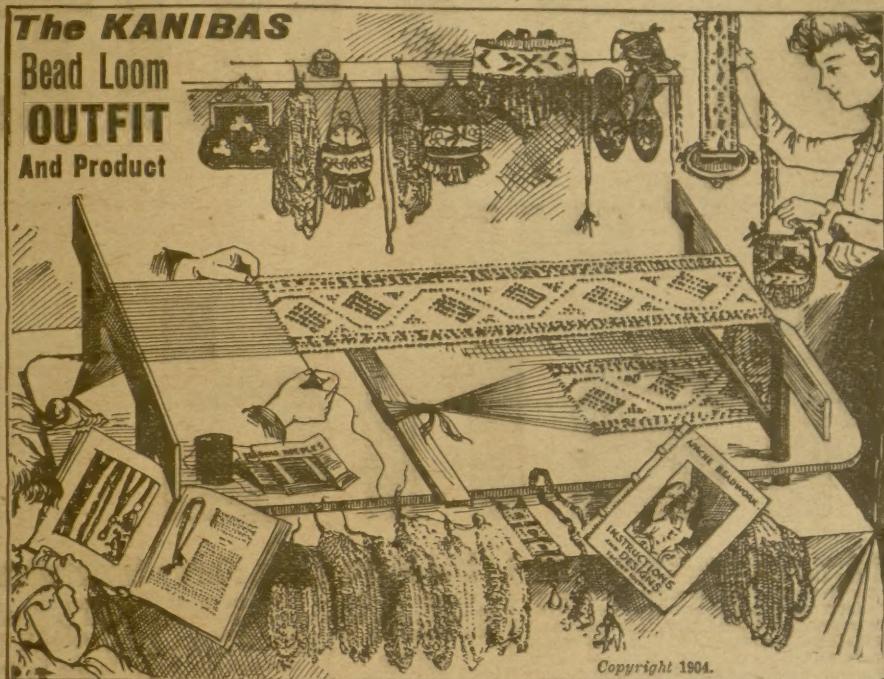
We guarantee all bulbs to reach you in good growing condition and no matter how fastidious your tastes are they can't help but be pleased with this combination of exquisite colors and delicate plants.

2 - IV ACINTHES - 2
Acintus has been a popular flower for centuries and there is none more deserving of greater popularity. It has merit being beautiful and easy of culture and is without doubt one of the best of our hardy spring bulbs for general use. It blooms early in the season, remaining in flower for an extensive time and ranges through so many shades of rich and delicate colors that they please everyone. They may be grown and bloomed in the house by planting in pots or vases of pure water, their delicious fragrance and beauty adding cheer and brightness when the winter days are long and

14,000 BEADS & LOOM OUTFIT FREE

PROFITABLE BEADWORK AT HOME MAKING BAGS, CHAINS, NECKLACES, PURSES, BELTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SHIRT-WAIST SETS, SLIPPERS, WATCH CASES, FOB WATCH CHAINS, CARD CASES, POCKETBOOKS, WRIST BAGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.

The KANIBAS Bead Loom OUTFIT And Product



Copyright 1904.

The great revival in Art Beadwork has brought about a **Wonderful Loom Invention** for easily doing this fascinating work. The product of the Penobscot Indians of Maine as well as the Apache Tribes, has made them famous the world over. For thousands of years Venice has produced wonderful beads. Columbus first brought articles of **Venetian Beadwork** to America that completely fascinated the early settlers. Now the most dainty and artistic costumes are not complete without a dash of **beautiful color** such as can only be gotten from these same exquisite shades of artistically arranged beads. That beadwork is entirely practical can be proven by its **thousands of years** of usefulness. No art in existence has given the world more **profitable employment** or genuine happiness than Bead working; the articles that are now being made with beads sell for **many times** the cost of material—all that is necessary is a little time and patience for any one to become proficient in the art. With the **Invention of this Bead Loom**, the mechanical possibilities of which are nearly unlimited, the simplicity of weaving the beads is at once astonishing and rapid. The old-fashioned work was mostly knit after the beads were strung yards at a time, when the miscount of even a single bead would throw the pattern out all over the design. All of our **grandmothers' beautiful designs** can now be reproduced with half the expenditure of energy and nerve force. Another wonderful help is the use of the **regular Bead Needle**. These are long and slender and have a very long eye built especially for holding a lot of beads at one time and doing the work easily and rapidly. The **Kanibas Loom** as illustrated shows the method of working, the hands holding the needle and thread, giving an idea of the progress of the warp in making a Belt or Woven Chain. The Outfit consists of 1 Kanibas Loom, 5 Bundles Black Beads, 2 Bundles Green Beads, 3 Bundles White Beads, 2 Bundles Pink Beads, 2 Bundles Blue Beads, 1 Paper containing a dozen Special Bead Needles, 1 Gold Swivel Snap for chain, 1 Spool Special Strong Bead Thread, and the Apache Beadwork of Instruction and Designs. This great book was gotten up especially to show some of the wonderful possibilities of Artistic Beadwork. It has a beautiful photogravure cover and contains **seventy-five different cuts and designs** in popular beadwork, giving full easy detail instructions just what color beads to use and how to work them; it shows some of the **Lady Washington Bags** illustrated from these old **Revolutionary articles** themselves that cannot now be bought for hundreds of dollars. It shows how to make all sorts of **Chains, Bags, Collars, Cuffs and Dress Trimmings, Purses, etc., etc.**, giving full directions for all designs. All the popular **Secret Order Emblems** can be worked with great effect in beads for Fob Chains, etc., and this book shows Masonic, Odd Fellow, Royal Arch, and other styles with directions. Some of the Bag designs will bring \$12.00 or \$15.00 when worked out and the extra beads cost so little that very large profits come from doing the work. It only requires your time to make a lot of money doing these designs. You get these **Fourteen Thousand Beads** with the **Loom and Book of Directions, Thread, Needles**, in fact, the entire outfit above described absolutely **Free**. So popular and instructive has beadwork now become in teaching color schemes that the educational boards have adopted Loom Bead instruction and introduced it in all large city schools.

Club Offer. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver the entire outfit free. Get up your club now.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

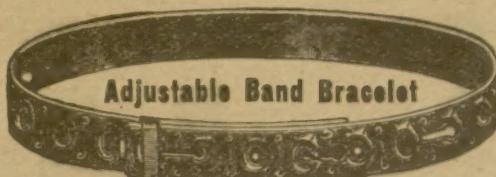
The Smaller Round Dish
for Candy, Olives, Nuts,
Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the Set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 8 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Adjustable Band Bracelet

WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS

'Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years;** meaning, the gold finish is durable for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

Club Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Complete Household Cabinet

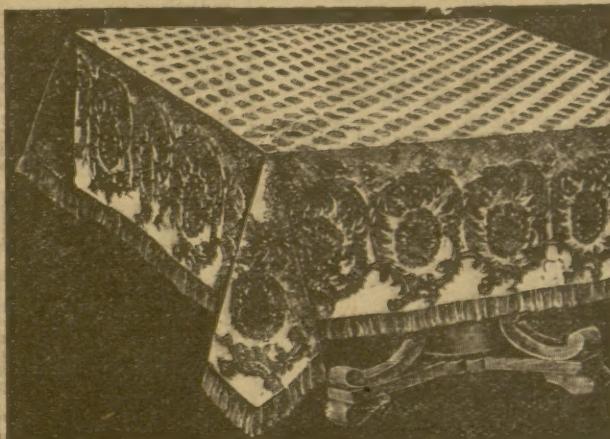
Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

Aluminum Thimbles, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebutton. 1 Paper with 2 doz. Best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lentil Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 60 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality Straight Hairpins. 6 skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Thread in assorted colors. 6 skeins of 5 yds. each Dollies in assorted designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8/10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tapes Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curliers. 1 Spoon Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoehorns. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-mo subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid.



Imported Scotch Turkey Red Cloth.

A superior quality genuine Scotch imported Turkey red damask table-cloth, fringed. These table covers are of heavy weight, closely woven material, with heavy fringe, and the designs are all up-to-date floral effects that are very attractive, guaranteed fast color. Size 60 x 60 inches.

Club Offer. Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months and receive one of these Scotch Turkey Red Table-Cloths. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS

FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILTS" making is again very POPULAR. Many ladies now have a bargain that will last with a dash of taste, handsome odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods account very fast at all SEWING FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many HIGH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out here. We have 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great montly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and fancy work. Many ladies sell old silk face pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order your sample subscription lot now for only 25c.

Grand Offer. If you order AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain.

Five Skeins Embroidery Silk Free. In order to move your stamped satin pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONCE we will sell many at your price.

BEST WAY. We see one of the above complete assortments lots FREE as a reward to all who send 25 cents for 15 months' subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book "With Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of CRAZY Patchwork," or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up edges with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates one hundred and fifty of the best directions for making A CRAZY QUILT, with STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitches, the Macrame and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Painting.

REMEMBER we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the asserted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 25 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00.

Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.

FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

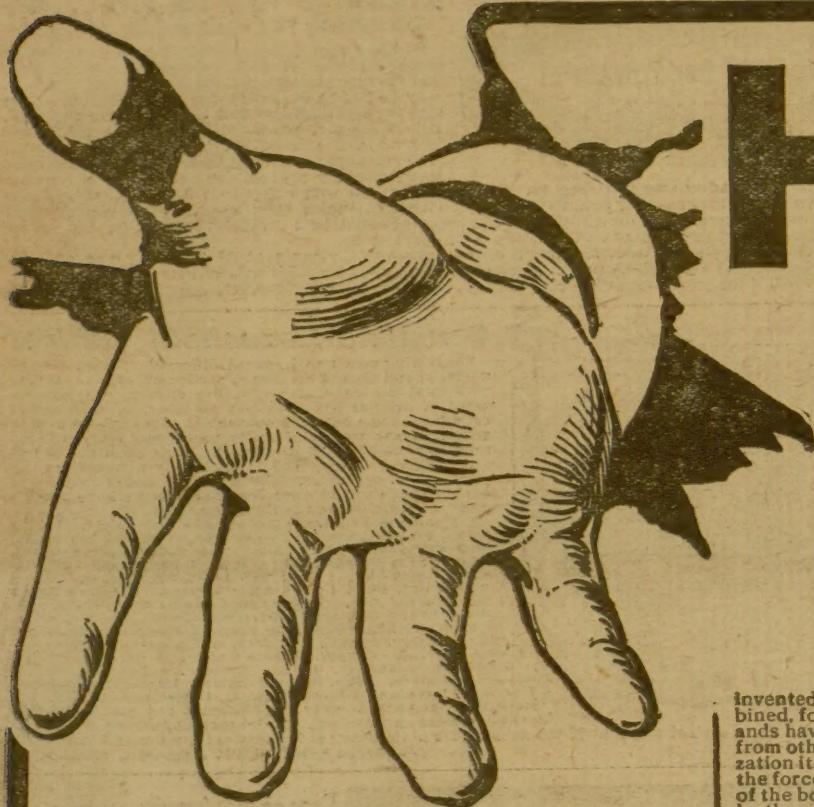
Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



It is Yours!

No matter where you are, whether you are a man or woman, twenty years old or seventy, whether you live in the town or country, whether you are rich or poor, all you need do is hold out your hand for it. Give us the signal that you want it, say the word, and it will be sent right out to you, without a penny from you. If you need it if you want to try it and see what it will do, if you are ill, poorly weak or suffering, hold out your hand and get it as thousands have done during the past three years. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to send references, money or stamps. It is yours to try at our risk, yours for the asking, no matter who or where you are. If you will hold out your hand for it, so we will know you want it. We place it right in your hand, deliver it free at your door, and are glad to do it when you ask for it. But we cannot know you need it, cannot know you want it, unless you give us the word, and so we ask you to "Hold out your hand."

Clip the coupon, fill in your name and address, and we will send you a dollar box of Bodi-Tone without a penny from you.

This is how a quarter-million people have already tested Bodi-Tone, many from your own state and neighborhood, including thousands of the readers of Comfort, and this is how we want you to try it. We know Bodi-Tone, we know how quickly it acts in the body, how it makes its great power felt soon after you begin to use it, how it sends the glow of returning health into every nook and corner, and we want to prove it to you, absolutely at our own risk. If you are entirely satisfied when you see what the trial box of Bodi-Tone does for you, pay a dollar for it. Otherwise, that ends it. We leave it all to you. You have all to win and nothing to lose by trying Bodi-Tone in this way. You need not pay us a penny at any time unless you find Bodi-Tone all we claim for it, unless you find that it suits your own individual case and condition.

Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—cures disease by toning all the body, and we want you to try a box at our risk and see what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days' use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it cures stubborn diseases by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tone is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and are performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and strength, new vigor and new vitality.

What it is

Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such ingredients guarantee its merit and power in the body.

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is good and safe and know you are taking the kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It is a pure medicine that satisfies the most exacting. It contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs, nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membranes and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their absorption into the blood. A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for health.

All From Nature

Each one of these ingredients serves to assist, to help, to build upon the others work. Each adds a needed element from nature to the body. Each has its work to do and does it well. They are used because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world. We simply claim the credit for the successful formula which we

Hold Out Your Hand

Invented, for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which, thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from other remedies. Most of these ingredients are as old as civilization itself, for the curative forces which Bodi-Tone ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed in some form by the medical profession for various diseases and irregular conditions, being used either separately or in combinations with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among the doctors of various schools. The exact combination used in Bodi-Tone is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.

Try It and See

If you are tired of ceaseless doctor bills and wearied of continual dosing without results, you need Bodi-Tone right now. If your local doctor has done you no real good, if you have given him a chance to do what he can and the ordinary medicinal combinations he used have failed, give this modern, scientific combination of special remedies a chance to show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women with chronic ailments who had tried physicians and specialists at home and elsewhere without lasting benefit, and for this reason all chronic sufferers are invited to try it at our risk.

Bodi-Tone offers you its services if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right and natural tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—to restore health, vigor, vitality and strength by restoring tone to the body.

If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the health-making ingredients in Bodi-Tone go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby preventing a continuance of Rheumatic poison and putting new activity into muscles, nerves and joints. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any Female Ailment, for its toning properties have been found especially valuable in such ailments.

Old Folks

All elderly men and women need Bodi-Tone, even though they have no chronic ailment. Bodi-Tone acts as a vitalizer for the aged, helping to renew the blood, steady the nerves and promote a good appetite. It aids in digestion, elimination and other important functions and causes sound and refreshing sleep, which is so much needed by all old people. Its special action in the Kidneys is helpful to any elderly person, whether or not there be any known Kidney trouble. Repeated failures to get any real benefit from the ordinary medicines have caused many old folks, variously afflicted, to believe that all kinds of sickness and disease is a necessary part of old age, but the success of Bodi-Tone proves how good health may be enjoyed even during advanced years. We want to send a box of Bodi-Tone on trial to every elderly person to prove through Bodi-Tone that age is no barrier to health. We want to prove how it benefits the aged as well as the young, how it does good work in the body that has carried the weight of eighty years, the same as it does for the body at half that age. This trial offer is open to all "old folks" who are in poor health or suffering from the weaknesses and infirmities of old age. Thousands of elderly men and women have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, without paying a penny, and found it put flesh on their bones, vigor in their minds, vim in their muscles, victory in their hearts and vitality in every vital function.

Only a Stamp

Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking. Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days' trial treatment of this great remedy which has already restored thousands to health. It just costs a two cent stamp, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, for such work as Bodi-Tone does in the body is of value in any chronic ailment.

Thousands of cures of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsey, Piles, Catarrh, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone.

Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of toning all the body is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a real aid to nature. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have found that one single box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Read the reports, showing how Bodi-Tone makes new life, health and strength, send for a box on trial at our risk and see if it will not prove the right thing for you.

Your Own Opinion Decides!

satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it. You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning to your body. If you are not sure, don't pay. We don't ask for pay or due you. You need not even report unless you wish. Your silence can be your answer. Can anything be fairer? We know Bodi-Tone and take all the risk, because we know we can depend on it to make fast friends and win hearts wherever it is used, by the way it cures, by the way it rebuilds wasted bodies, by the way it restores lost health, vitality and strength. None but a real curative medicine could be so offered. Send the coupon today for a trial box on these liberal conditions, and learn just what Bodi-Tone will do for you. ADDRESS US AS PRINTED IN THE COUPON.

Did More Than Three Specialists

CARTERS, GA.—I have been diseased for the last fifteen years with what the doctors called Catarrh of the Head, or Systemic Catarrh. Some called it one thing and some another. I had pains all through my body, in my Bowels, Stomach and Back, and my Heart would flutter and beat and smother so it appeared that I could not live. I had Indigestion and Constipation with blind spells. Everything I ate soured on my stomach before I would get through eating. It seemed that I could not stand it much longer. I tried all the doctors in my settlement and three specialists of Atlanta, Ga., and most of the patent medicines and drugs that I heard of, without any relief, until I got Bodi-Tone. By the time I had taken a treatment of Bodi-Tone I could eat anything I wanted, and there was not a pain in my body. Bodi-Tone has done more for me than all the doctors could do. I am seventy-five years old. My wife, who is in her seventy-fourth year, has also been greatly benefited by its use. J. F. PETTY.

Gall Stones Dragged Her Down

THOMASVILLE, COLO.—A year ago I gave birth to a baby girl who lived only a very short time, and I was sick and not able to work for six months. I tried three different doctors and got worse all the time. I had Liver and Kidney trouble and was ever so weak and nervous. I had no appetite and had such a hard feeling in my chest that I would have hard work to get my breath. I also had Gall Stones. My next-door neighbor came in one day and told me about Bodi-Tone, and wanted me to try it. I had taken only five or six doses when I felt so much better that I sent at once and got a treatment. I haven't taken anything since but Bodi-Tone, and it has brought me out of my trouble. I now do all my work, for six in the family. I walk to our store and back without any trouble or fatigue, a distance of two miles. I am 42 years old. I recommend Bodi-Tone to all my friends. MRS. N. MOONEY.

Doctor Said He Had Bright's Disease

DANA, IND.—I doctored for four years for Bowel, Stomach Trouble and Rheumatism and gradually grew worse. One doctor told me at last that I had Bright's Disease and could not be cured; then I went to a specialist at Indianapolis. He doctored me for a long time and finally told me to go to the Springs at Martinsville, Ind. I did so and stayed there for some time, but no cure. I commenced taking Bodi-Tone ten months ago and went to work four days after I commenced its use. I am well now and weigh 20 pounds, for I am a large-boned man. I believe that I would have been under the ground if I had not taken Bodi-Tone. G. M. HILL.

Free from Pain at Eighty-One Years

GLEN ROSE, TEXAS.—I have been in poor health for thirty years, and at times it seemed I was afflicted with most every trouble flesh is heir to. I had Catarrh of the Head, Asthma, Stomach Trouble, My Liver was bad and Kidneys and Bladder were deranged. At times I would lay in a cold sweat for hours with Bilious Colic. I suffered in this way until a year ago, when I saw the Bodi-Tone trial offer, sent for a box and began to take it. I am now in my eighty-first year, and have been altogether free from pain and any distress since I took the first few boxes. Every body speaks about how well I have been this year, and all realize the great good Bodi-Tone has been to me. MRS. E. RAMFIELD.

Female Weakness for Five Years

FORT SILL, OKLA.—For five years I had been troubled with Female Weakness. I always had trouble during menstruation. I doctored all the time, but was only throwing my money away. I sent for a trial box of Bodi-Tone, which helped me so that I took two more. My periods became regular and my health was benefited generally. I always speak a good word for it. MRS. C. R. BODMAN.

Trial Coupon

Clipped from Comfort
Bodi-Tone Company,
Hoyne & North Aves., Chicago.

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

St. or R. F. D. _____